



"Look at me, Don, six feet one"

"If you conquer the Tiger, you will be master and he will draw your chariot for you. If the Tiger conquers, he will be the driver and you will draw his wagon for him."

Conqueror or Conquered or The Sex Challenge Answered

A Revelation of Scientific Facts from Highest Medical Authorities, Based Upon the Relations of Sex Life to the Mental, Moral and Physical Welfare of Both Sexes—Young and Old. A Dramatic Story of Real Life Written in a Fascinating and Entertaining Style, Describing the Tragic Results of Ignorance Surrounding the Mysteries of Sex

Together with

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION FOR

Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives, Young Men and Young Women, and a Thrilling Appeal for the Promotion of Happiness, Success and Honor for the Boys and Girls of the Present Generation and the Unborn Millions, Depicting the Impending Disaster to Health and Character from Lack of Knowledge Essential to Safety

By

BELLE KEARNEY

Author, Lecturer and Traveler

Volume I
of The Personal Help Library

This set is comprised of Volume I, The Sex Challenge Answered; Volume II, Personal Help for Married and Parents; Volume III, Personal Help for Boys and Young Men; Volume IV, Personal Help for Girls and Young Women

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PREFACE

While all civilization was still standing aghast at the appalling destruction of life and property wrought by the World War, and while the unspeakable ravages upon unprotected women, innocent girls and helpless children, who by the multiplied thousands, were the victims of the barbarity of the Huns, was still fresh in the minds of the peoples of the earth, a well-known authority on moral and social problems announced, after an exhaustive investigation, that "in the villages and cities of our own country are destroyers of women and children, whose toll of victims in the long years of peace is greater and more terrible than the victims of German madness."

That a condition had been in existence or could exist in our country which could be classed as "more terrible" than the ravages of the World War, was one of the discoveries of the War itself; and the most appalling fact is that entirely too great a proportion of the victims of these ravages of peace times

are innocent young women, unsuspecting wives and mothers, piteous children and unborn babes.

"We do not see the wounded victims of venereal diseases, nor do the newspapers display the casualty lists of the dead and wounded," writes an eminent authority whose statements have been made official literature of the Government. But "the casualties are there," he goes on to say, "hidden among the death notices, and many more unrecorded victims destroyed before birth or dead at birth. The wounded victims fill to the doors our institutions for the insane, the blind, the helpless; these are real casualties: people dead, bodies wounded, minds destroyed—not heroic victims adorned with gold chevrons, but victims as innocent as the refugees of France and Belgium. In our homes, hospitals, and public institutions this year there will be found more injured and killed victims of venereal diseases than the United States lost during the entire war in France."

Dr. John H. Stokes, of the Mayo Clinic, and author of "Today's Problem in Disease Prevention" says, "A partnership between intelligent and well-informed public opinion and the physician as leader is a logical ulti-

mate expression of the trend of the times." "Tuberculosis mortality is falling," says Dr. Stokes, "not alone because of new conceptions of its treatment, but because of the tremendous force of public knowledge and sentiment. The same fate awaits venereal diseases, now the scourge of humanity. They need only be understood and their course is run."

"Conqueror or Conquered"; or, the Sex Challenge Answered, is irresistible in its powerful appeal to young men and young women, boys and girls; above all, to fathers and mothers; for the protection of health and chastity and for the promotion of happiness, honor and success for the present generation, and for the unborn millions. It is, therefore, a volume with a far-reaching purpose, declaring as it does, the scientific facts bearing upon the relations of sex life to the welfare of the individual, and the dangers that beset the present generation. A more fascinating story has never fallen from the pen of the most popular novelist, weaving into the fabric in pleasing and entertaining style, the adventures of both Youth and Maturity in love and courtship and in marriage and parentage.

The story contrasts the experiences of those who are allowed to remain in ignorance of the

most fundamental facts with those who are intelligently instructed in the science of life and the sex nature. The characters portrayed in this volume represent real people who have lived nobly, and others who have died in shame because of neglect upon the part of their parents to give them proper instruction. On the whole, it is the most powerful appeal that has ever been written for protection against ignorance of the sex life. This is the first of a series of four volumes; the second of the set is for parents and all married and marriageable men and women; the third is for boys and young men, and the fourth is for girls and young women, furnishing the most exhaustive and timely study and instruction concerning the vital facts of life ever published in any age.

Cincinnati, Ohio,

January 4, 1921.

INTRODUCTION

Every period of the world's history has been marked by some striking activity, some dominating influence. At one time deep religious fervor stamps the age, only to be followed by an era of spiritual neglect and a seeking after material, worldly things. Art, chivalry, invention, discovery, learning, war, licentiousness, polygamy, riches are but a few of such forces that have left their impress upon respective ages. These periods have merged into one another and after centuries of time have even been repeated in almost identical form, thus proving a most interesting study to the earnest student of human history.

Today we find the sex appeal universal and one of the most powerful dominating forces. In the sexual instinct rests the source of keen human desire. For this reason sex is commercialized to a startling degree. The theater is built upon this appeal to sex; the screen depends upon it largely for its popularity; fashions are regulated by it; amusements naturally drift toward it; the press is saturated with it;

publishers employ it, while all commercial life, governments and even the church are influenced by it.

Sex is the creative force in man considered either individually or collectively. In his procreative power man is a partner with God himself. All nature is throbbing with sex force. The coloring of the flowers, the perfume of the rose, the singing and plumage of the birds, the fleetness of the deer, the strength of the horse all come from sex. Without sex powers man would be a weakling incapable of growth or advancement. The sexual life is by far the most essential and important department of man's being outside of his soul. It is this force rightly directed and conserved that builds a man, a city, a nation, a world, and produces in social life every element for the highest happiness and greatest good of humanity.

But this same force wrongly directed and dissipated brings misery, disease, degradation and failure. The very worst evils have their source in the fact of sex. Both men and nations decay through sexual dissipation and excess. Prostitution, white slavery, commercialized vice drag many thousands of our girls and women into sin annually, while millions of

boys and men are their patrons. The double standard of morals condemns with severest penalty in our girls what it condones and quickly forgives in our boys. The venereal diseases, the result of unholy sex relations, afflict directly not less than one-half of humanity, while indirectly they cause the larger part of our physical disease, insanity, broken homes and unhappiness.

The Social Purity Movement or Sex Hygiene Movement is probably the most important of all organized efforts for the betterment of humanity outside of religion. It seeks to develop and maintain in man those higher qualities of superb manhood and perfect womanhood that are commensurate with his station as a social, reasoning, procreating and worshipping being, and to eliminate from his paths those customs, habits and tendencies that lead to degradation and shame. To this movement some of our strongest social, reform, philanthropic and religious organizations are devoted, while the leading civilized nations of the earth are lending their co-operation in the annihilation of the white slave traffic and the suppression of venereal diseases. No longer is the "Crime of Silence" associated with sex subjects.

"Conqueror or Conquered" has a great purpose: To present in entertaining, serious form the truths of sex—its glorious possibilities, its dangers and perils. The book will immediately take its place in the sex hygiene and purity movement. I have often thought that the sexual knowledge of which the world stands so in need, could be best presented in story form. This volume makes more certain that fact. If you wish to portray the highest type of young manhood and show the effect of dissipation on character and health, follow through this story the careers of John Stuart Granville and Donald Gordon. If you would reach parents with the necessity of purity instruction in the home, point them to the homes of Colonel Granville and Doctor Gordon. A high type of womanhood will be found in Helen Granville and Miss Randolph. Thus the several characters, so wisely selected, present in a most fascinating manner that which must impress itself upon minds and hearts, the hygiene and truths of sex.

The gifted author of this book is well fitted for the task undertaken in the development of its plot. Her scholarship, culture, years devoted to the lyceum platform and reform; her extensive travels and opportunities for investi-

gation throughout her native country and abroad; her refined, sympathetic, womanly nature, have all contributed in preparing her for the production of this masterful story—a work also true to the latest scientific research in the realm of sex.

Here is a book that should be found in every home for every member of the family, and considered more as a companion and friend than merely a piece of literature, however excellent it may be rated in that respect. It may be read once with keenest interest and expectancy to the end; it may be read a second time with profit, and it may be referred to many times as sex problems arise. Give it the opportunity that it deserves—that of reaching people with its message, and it will assist mightily in saving our country and the world from those sex evils that appear so formidable now.

B. S. STEADWELL.

La Crosse, Wisconsin, U. S. A.,

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Memory Is Awake

Conqueror or Conquered

CHAPTER I

MEMORY IS AWAKE

An autumn day of unusual splendor was drawing to a close. Two horsemen appeared at the crest of a hill and lingered for a moment to gaze upon the scene of loveliness that stretched before them.

"We did well, Doctor Gordon, to come so far before night. I can see Strathmore in the distance; and, just this side of it, the dim outlines of the Mansion. I wish, sir, that you could have seen that stately dwelling in its prime, and its owner before he was broken by misfortune." It was Judge Randolph who spoke—half in reverie.

"Have you known Colonel Granville many years?" asked his companion. "Practically all of my life. We were born in the same county; we had our university training together at Harvard, and a post-graduate course at Oxford, England; we fought in the

same regiment of the Confederate Army, and now we are neighbors." "Remarkable!" "Yes, quite out of the ordinary in many respects. Soon after I received my Master's degree, I was married to a young English girl. Warren was called home by the death of his father, from whom he obtained a princely inheritance. I came back a year later to find my friend an established factor in the slaveholding life of the South."

"Where did he meet his wife?" "In New Orleans. She was a reigning belle. Her father was the renowned jurist, Lawrence Stuart." "Mrs. Granville seems to be younger than her husband." "She is—very much. Warren made an ardent suitor and the girl was captivated by his classic face and fascinating manner. After a romantic courtship, their marriage was celebrated."

"How I wish that I could have been present!" exclaimed Doctor Gordon with the fervor of a boy. "It must have been royal." "Royal? That is inadequate," the Judge replied with enthusiasm; "no words could describe the grandeur of that wedding. I shall never forget how the bride looked. She was arrayed in heavy white silk, over which was white illusion embroidered elaborately in sil-

ver: a costume, sir, which queens would do well to duplicate."

"How did the groom appear?" "He wore a pair of white-satin pantaloons and a white, embroidered, satin vest. The black, swallow-tail coat was lined with white satin. A high collar and satin stock were about his neck. The shirt, of finest material, was beautified with narrow tucks and graceful ruffles. Warren was clean-shaven and his long hair fell impressively over the coat collar. This gave an intellectual cast to his countenance which did not fail to be noticed by the numerous guests."

"He must have been distinguished-looking." "Quite the most distinguished-looking person present in that patrician company; but a close second was found in his great-uncle, Captain Valentine Granville, who had come over from Charleston to attend the wedding. A veritable sensation was created when he entered the drawing-room wearing knee-breeches and a queue exactly like the ones worn by the men in early colonial times. He had been decked in this fashion at his own marriage and desired to repeat it at that of his nephew."

"How were the other gentlemen dressed?" "In broadcloth suits. The trousers were extremely loose about the hips and somewhat tight around the ankles. Many had on white, others nankeen waistcoats, standing collars and white, black or colored stocks. All wore boots with tall heels and leather tops, which reached nearly to the knees, but were carefully hidden by the long trousers. Each was the possessor of a high, silk hat which was taken with marked care by a man-servant at the Stuart residence."

"The costumes of the ladies, doubtless, were picturesque," observed the Doctor. "Some were attired in broad-plaid and great-flowered silk dresses; others in costumes of tissue and lace. The skirts were distended over voluminous hoops. Some wore long, V-shaped, sleeveless bodices, but the more staid and elderly ones were styled in short cottage waists with belts."

"The ladies' hair, I presume, was demurely smoothed down on each side of the forehead and brought out in immense elevations over the ears? Daguerreotypes show that to have been the mode of those days." "That was the fashion at Warren Granville's wedding. It was charming to see the slim hands of the

ladies encased in short kid gloves or silk mits, and their feet shod in satin slippers or French kid shoes. All came wearing flaring poke-bonnets and valuable, quaint shawls, which were quickly thrown aside in the dressing-rooms."

"Did the costumes of the ladies and gentlemen impress one as being gaudy?" "Not at all, sir. They were characterized by simplicity. The material was rich and the jewels rare; but there was no lavish display, nor excessive ornamentation. Their dress was the expression of their character, which was peculiarly one of unostentation. The entire atmosphere enveloping the guests was that of quiet elegance." "I can easily imagine that."

"Soon after the marriage of Warren Granville, I returned to England," continued Judge Randolph; "my little daughter was born there. When I realized that a civil war was imminent in the United States, I left my family in London with my wife's parents and came back to the South to fight for what I had been taught were our rights, because slavery was protected under the Federal Constitution." "You could have done nothing less." "That may be true, but it cost me dearly. My precious wife died from heartbreak

through our separation. My daughter had to be reared in a foreign land. I could not bring her to America until a few years ago."

In the fading, evening light, one could see that the Judge was deeply stirred. "Your daughter is very beautiful, sir; especially in character." "She is my adoration." Hoping to draw his mind away from unhappy thoughts, Doctor Gordon remarked casually, "I came here from Baltimore at the beginning of the Reconstruction Era; consequently, I know nothing of the ante-bellum customs of the people in this section, except what has been told me. Hospitality must have been lavish."

"You have used the only word, sir, that could possibly describe it. The doors of every manor house stood wide open to welcome friends and relatives or to afford shelter to any stranger, regardless of his station in life." "Those were the days of house-parties; dancing in the private ball-rooms, theatricals and large game hunting, were they not?" "Yes, but above all, those were the days of sumptuous dinings." "My grandfather, who spent much of his time in Mississippi, used to be amused at the little negro boys keeping off the flies." "They certainly made a picture.

At convenient distances, they stood about the dinner-table waving long, peacock feathers. Occasionally one of the dusky cherubs would fall asleep and down would go the peacock feathers across the festal board."

"The history of the South is highly attractive to me—from the smallest incident up to the most stupendous event." "It is my delight!" cried Judge Randolph warmly. "Isn't it interesting to know that during the English Revolution of the sixteenth century, many of the followers of Charles I came to southern, colonial America as to their home?" "Through those cavaliers, I presume, the South received its stamp of opulence and of aristocracy?" "Precisely. Numbers of the governors who were sent from England brought with them the grace of speech and courtliness of manner of the Old World life which gave so much of charm to the society of Virginia in those early times and which characterized that of the far South in after years. One of those English governors, sir, was a great-grandfather of Colonel Warren Lyerly Granville." "Indeed?"

"Why, certainly. When his term expired and he returned to Great Britain, his son, who had become enamored of the New

World, decided to remain." "He was heroic to brave the perils of the wilderness and come into the remote South at that period to cast his lot." "It was a splendid adventure, sir. He acquired a vast landed estate and purchased hundreds of slaves. Other men of his position and nationality did the same."

"Throughout the broad expanse of territory, reaching from Maryland to the Gulf of Mexico, I presume this fine element projected itself?" "Quite right, sir. By degrees, in this way, was the Old South founded. The same sort of civilization was established which existed in the Southern colonies on the Atlantic seaboard preceding and following the Revolutionary War. Here we are at the park gate of the Granville Mansion!" cried Judge Randolph, in surprise. "I shall have to see the Colonel on business. I thank you, Doctor, for your escort." "I have thoroughly enjoyed your society," was the hearty response. "Good evening, sir," and the handsome old gentleman disappeared in the deepening shadows.

Family pride with Colonel Warren Granville was as elemental a part of his higher nature as salt was a primal constituent of his physical being. From generation to genera-

tion, his people had clung tenaciously to their ideals of honor. They had been strict in rectitude. There were some features of their ethical code that were observed with such scrupulous exactness as to make them stand out like mountain peaks: honesty in dealing with their fellow-men; loyalty to their marriage vows; fidelity to their patriotic instincts; devotion to their religious faith.

The Colonel could trace the beginning of his line back to the Vikings; afterward the tone grew pronouncedly Scotch; finally appeared a transfusion of English. There was iron all along the way: the sort of iron that remains to fortify without rust. As Colonel Granville was the incarnation of the strength of his ancestors, so was he the representative of their weaknesses. His love of ease came from the luxurious lives of his later predecessors who were titled noblemen of Great Britain. His intolerance had developed as an inheritance consequent to the possession of wealth and power in the hands of those who had reigned before him. His ungovernable temper was the outcome of the autocracy of his class.

At the close of the first year of Warren Granville's married life, the Civil War be-

gan. He gave to the Confederacy his devoted allegiance, and entered the Southern army as an officer. At the end of the four years of strife, he returned to his ancestral home. Through the exigencies of the cataclysm which destroyed the Old South and instituted the New, he lost his health. The bulk of his great fortune, and that which was inherited by his wife, had been destroyed. All that remained to them was the mansion, with a few hundred acres of woodland upon which some cattle roamed.

In utter helplessness, Colonel Granville confronted the changes which had taken place. The mixed society that came with the going of the aristocratic families and the coming of the plebeian repelled him. He had no profession. He knew no more of commercial life than his kinsmen who had preceded him. He had never worked a day in his life, and thought it was now too late to learn. In his humiliation, he stood more erect than ever. More closely he buckled the belt of his pride about him. With the most minute carefulness, he hid the sight of his poverty from the world.

In the sale of some cotton soon after the fall of the Confederacy, Colonel Granville

had a misunderstanding with his commission merchant in New Orleans, from whom he received an insulting letter. Immediately he sent him a challenge to fight a duel, which was accepted. His friends intervened and with the greatest difficulty saved him from an incident which might not only have proven disagreeable, but tragic. The merchant was persuaded to apologize and the affair was settled, apparently to the satisfaction of both parties; but deep down in the Colonel's heart the memory rankled and tended to increase his irritability.

Through cruel privations, Warren Granville and his wife had managed to survive the bitter period of the Reconstruction. After the close of that troublous era, a son was born to them—their first child: John Stuart Granville. Two years later came their second and last—a daughter.

**The Colonel and His
Daughter**

CHAPTER II

THE COLONEL AND HIS DAUGHTER

With a smile upon her lips, but with a dark foreboding in her heart, Helen Granville walked reluctantly by the side of Donald Gordon. "Let me carry your flowers for you," the boy urged. "Oh! no. You have the basket of fruit. I'm not tired—just worried." "What's the trouble?" "A month ago, Miss Alice Randolph invited me to spend this day with her. I had planned for it and dreamed about it." "Well?" "Mrs. Allan promised to go with me. When I went to her house this morning, she said she was too busy to leave," and the little girl's lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why didn't your mother come with you?" "She never goes anywhere." "Couldn't the Colonel have brought you over?" "We have no buggy and no carriage and only one horse. Father wouldn't think of allowing me to ride behind him. He never walks beyond the park." "Oh!" "I should have gone home

from Mrs. Allan's, but she thought Mrs. Gordon might go with me; and I had so set my heart on this visit to Miss Alice." "Mother had unexpected guests and couldn't get away. She sent me in her stead; and now you are sorry." "I came with you, Donald, because there was nobody else." "Thank you, Helen. You know how to give compliments, don't you?" and the lad chuckled. "I should have gone home," the child persisted. "Father will be angry. I know that he will."

"Why?" "Because I am with you, and you are a boy." "But I go to school with you five days out of every week. Why shouldn't I be with you on Saturday?" "There are others going to school with us and this walk is so long." "Long? Why, it is less than a mile." "Donald, this is my birthday." "No!" "Yes! I'm twelve." "Splendid! Guess how old I am." "Fourteen. I don't have to guess. I know. You and John are the same age." "By the way, Helen, why didn't your brother come with you today?" "John doesn't always do what I want him to do. That's all," and again the sadness crept into her face.

Detecting the change, the boy said quickly, by way of diversion, "That's a darling little dress you have on." "I made it myself, Don-

ald, except that mother fitted it, of course.” “Did you make those short, puffed sleeves?” “Yes, and I sewed the berthas about my shoulders. Mother had this lace when she was a little girl in New Orleans,” slipping her fingers lightly under the valenciennes with as much pride as if it were duchess and old point. “Where did you get your pretty, white hat?” “Mother made it out of a piece of old canvas that she found, and embroidered it. I didn’t need flowers on it; only the ribbons.”

“Fine! I like the way you are wearing your hair today: in two, long plaits. You don’t have to tie your braids like most girls, do you?” “No.” “Your hair is so wavy that the ends just crinkle up and hold together. It is so fair that it looks like corn silk in moonlight.” “I like your hair, too, Donald. When I see it in the sunshine, it looks like brick-dust mixed with gold.” “I don’t care for red hair, myself.” “But your hair isn’t red. Poets would say it is bronze.” “Good! Your eyes never looked so blue as they do today, Helen. I love blue eyes.” “But brown eyes, such as yours, are better, Donald; and you have such kind eyes. I would never be afraid of you.”

Deftly changing the subject, Donald began to tell Helen of his garden and of how the flowers come in their seasons. He talked about the butterflies and the tiny creatures of the soil at their feet. He showed her the nests of birds and had her listen to their cries. He drew her attention to the festoons of gorgeous, yellow jessamine bending to greet them; to the dog-wood blossoms glinting like stars through the deep, green woods; to the white cherokee roses trailing in riotous profusion over the fence-rows.

He grew especially eloquent as he pointed to the blazing bushes of pink azaleas and the creamy blooms of the luxuriant bay; to the violets that formed a carpet of blue and white; to the wild wistaria clinging, as in mirth, to the enameled leaves of the magnolia trees; to every shaft of grass and graceful drapery of the Spanish moss. While he talked, the little girl forgot her presentiment of coming evil. Her spirit responded in ecstasy to the resurrection call of earth. She laughed and sang and danced in glee.

As the repression of Helen Granville departed and her happiness increased, she unconsciously assumed an erectness and queenliness of bearing. Her cheeks were flushed.

Her red lips were half apart as if drinking in the glory of the spring-decked earth. In her arms she was holding a cluster of long-stemmed Easter lilies. She would have made a bewitching model for a portrait by Romney. Donald Gordon was gazing at her in undisguised admiration, allowing his eyes to feast upon the beauty of the figure before him. Not one feature of the girl's attractiveness escaped him, from the exquisite coloring of her refined face, to the delicate, highly-arched instep of her small feet. His soul was steeped in adoration. He could have fallen before the child and worshipped her.

With eyes glowing with delight, Donald exclaimed, "This is not the Strathmore forest, Helen! It is paradise in springtime!" Without knowing it, they had reached the border of the Randolph park. The girl's hat had fallen to the ground. She was holding the lilies to her heart in a sort of rapture. The April sunlight rested full upon her. "You look like a goddess, Helen," the boy called out to her. "Wait; I must crown you." "Donald, you do say such funny things!" and in sheer ecstasy, the child threw back her head and laughed; the kind of laugh that rings like silver bells and drives

away all tears. Hastily throwing aside the burden he was carrying, Donald broke off a slender vine, covered thickly with rich, green leaves, and hurriedly twisting it into a wreath, ran toward the girl. As he stood before her he was seized with a wild impulse to push back the clinging masses of blonde hair and kiss the white forehead; but he restrained himself.

With steady hands he placed the emerald chaplet upon the head of Helen Granville, saying in even tones, "I crown your life with joy and peace and love." "Thank you, Donald," she answered simply; her spirit calmed by the benediction. "Now, we must go," the boy said. "Here is your hat," swinging it over the arm of Helen that carried the lilies; then caught up his basket of fruit. He had long since lost his cap. So, with bared heads, side by side, they left the enchanted woods.

Colonel Granville had gone for an early visit that morning to Judge Randolph. The two gentlemen were seated on the veranda discussing politics. Their voices were rising with growing excitement, when suddenly they were startled by a shout of childish laughter. Looking in the direction from which it came, the two men witnessed the coronation scene

through the thin veil of trees that skirted the edge of the park; the younger man with a sense of gentle sympathy, the Colonel with an anger so fierce that his throat ached and his lips became parched and speechless. Motionless, they had watched the boy and girl as they walked together.

When Helen reached the steps of Judge Randolph's residence, he was standing to receive her. She gave a hearty hand-shake, then turned to address her father; but when she beheld the pallor of his face and the blazing light of fury in his eyes, the words died before they were uttered and she went quickly into the house. Bowing to both gentlemen with frank, manly courtesy, Donald Gordon presented his basket of fruit to Judge Randolph, with the compliments of his mother to Miss Alice, and left immediately.

In a few moments, the Colonel went away. As he rode home, his anger increased. "My daughter!" he muttered, "my only daughter! strolling through the country like a gypsy girl, with a half-grown boy for guard and no woman as chaperone. Shame upon her for such an outrageous disregard of conventionality!" The proud blood of a thousand years seethed through his veins. He gave his horse

a stinging lash, dug his stirrups into its flanks and galloped down the road.

Colonel Granville's fury gave place to gloom as he approached the mansion, the magnificent house which had been built by his grandfather and which he could now see standing in majesty back from the highway. It was surrounded by acres of live oaks, through which the tall columns gleamed like sentinels of the past. Broad verandas stretched across the front and right sides. At the left was a porte-cochère that had once commanded a charming view of a garden of flowers enclosed, English fashion, by a high, brick wall.

While the Colonel looked at the dwelling so dear to him, he vividly recalled the day he had brought his bride to this palatial home, hallowed by the exalted lives of the men and women whose portrait faces smiled down upon them. With an exultant spirit he had called her attention to objects of especial interest: the double parlors radiant in brocette, suggestive of a wheat field at sunset; the music-room rich with costly instruments and carved heads of the old composers; most fascinating of all, the library, with its treasured volumes. From its mammoth windows, tempt-

ing glimpses could be gained of the dreamy forest and the still lake sleeping in its depths, the row-boats rocking upon its surface calling to rest.

There was a line of servants to do the bidding of the master and of his bride. The stables were filled with thoroughbreds and the kennels with pedigreed dogs. Nothing was lacking to make the situation ideal. Since the awful war everything had changed. The Colonel observed with a pang of bitterness that the weeds had grown knee-deep about his residence. The once well-kept hedges were brown and dead. There was not a flower in sight. Far in the rear of the house he could see into the kitchen garden. Not a vegetable was there. The stables were empty. Not even the bark of a hound was heard. Desolation brooded over the scene. There was no slave to meet the Colonel as in the old days, to catch the reins as they were thrown aside. He had to dismount unassisted. Drawing the bridle from the horse's head and unstrapping the saddle, he threw them both with a heavy thud upon the back porch and stalked into the house.

When children had come into the life of Colonel Granville, he decided to rear them

with the utmost strictness. He had consistently followed his clear-cut plans; and had applied to his daughter, at least, the same rigidity of discipline to which he had subjected the soldiers who had served under his command. Sitting now in his study, he permitted his mind to revert with a renewal of anger to the occurrence of the morning that had so infuriated him.

As a hostess, Miss Alice Randolph was perfect, but her art as an entertainer failed her today. She had been an unseen spectator of the rustic drama while standing in the hallway of her home; and she had noticed the withering look in the eyes of Colonel Granville which had so crushed his daughter. In her soul she felt a strong sympathy for the child.

"Come, dear," Miss Randolph said, "let me sing for you," leading the way into the living-room; but her music fell on deaf ears. "I have a charming book all about animals—beautifully illustrated. We must look through that." But Helen saw nothing. There was a delicious, old-fashioned, Southern dinner of gumbo soup and chicken cooked in half a dozen ways; sweet yams baked with layers of sugar and butter; all kinds of vegetables and

fruits; with a dessert of silver cake and boiled custard. The feast was scarcely touched.

Helen gave wan, pitiful smiles in return for her friend's generous hospitality, while an infinite pathos settled in her big, mournful eyes and etched itself in furrows about the sensitive mouth. Early in the afternoon she asked to be taken home, but it was five o'clock before Judge Randolph and Miss Alice left her at the mansion.

Colonel Granville met his daughter at the entrance. The pallor of the morning had deepened into a steel-gray. His lips seemed shrivelled to cords and were drawn across the teeth. The expression on his face was something terrible. Trying to control himself he hissed, "Remove your hat, my lady, as quickly as possible, and go into the library." Whenever the Colonel was angry with his daughter, he addressed her as "my lady." When Helen reached the appointed place, she found her father standing in the middle of the room, holding his riding-whip.

Without a word he clutched her by the left arm and began to beat her, frightfully, mercilessly, as he would have lashed a runaway slave or a disobedient dog. The stinging,

cruel blows rained upon the body of the child in brutal ferocity, until the whip slipped from the hand of the enraged man and he sank exhausted into a chair. Quivering with horror, and with the blood dripping from her shoulders, Helen staggered, half-blinded, into her mother's room. While leaving the library, she was acutely conscious of being thankful that John had not been in the house to hear her moans of anguish and to witness her degradation.

At the Breakfast Table

CHAPTER III

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

There was a kinship of spirit between Louise Granville and her son which was stronger than that of the body. The characteristic which rendered them strikingly alike was a strange stubbornness which brought an opaqueness of vision similar to that of fish coming into life in rayless caverns. Against it a more delicately constructed mind would beat itself into insensibility without leaving the slightest impress or gaining a jot in the way of progression.

Fine lines of ethical demarcation were not seen by them; subtle shades of humor were never detected. There were no neutral tints in their mental sky-views. Their soul-tones and psychical colors were pronounced and elemental. The great out-of-doors had saved the boy to normality. The indoor life had marred his mother physically and dwarfed her temperament. The loss of fortune incident to the Civil War and the hatred born in

those troublous times, and in the days of the Reconstruction, had eaten into her heart like poison.

John was her one consolation. When she looked at his handsome face and ran her fingers through his dark, shaggy hair, her being was suffused with pride and she smiled in satisfaction. "Ah! my darling," she would say to him, "you resemble your mother's people. You are broad-shouldered, straight-backed and of powerful frame like my father. Your health is perfect." The boy would kiss her face and whisper, "I'm glad that I belong to you, mother, for I love you best of all."

Warren Granville and his wife were alone at the breakfast table. John had not returned from the stable and Helen was still at the cowpen. The Colonel bowed his head reverently, and, with his customary solemnity, asked the blessing. Then, looking about his plate with a perplexed expression, he said irritably, "Where is my napkin?" "Isn't it there?" languidly inquired his wife. "No, it is never here. At each meal I have to ask you for it." Springing to her feet, Mrs. Granville began a hasty search, looking in the butler's tray, the china closet, over the sideboards, finally on the floor. "I don't know

where it is!" she exclaimed petulantly. "I can't keep up with it. You will have to learn to eat without a napkin, Warren." "I will not. It would be impossible." "You will have to use your handkerchief now, for there is no napkin in sight."

"I would like to ask you some more questions, Louise. Where are the towels? I haven't had a fresh one in my room for a week. Where are the sheets and pillow-cases? The linen on my bed hasn't been changed for a month. Where are the things?" "Go ask the free negroes. Every time I put the washing out, some articles are lost." "How could they get lost? Don't you count the pieces when the laundress takes them, and count them when they are brought back?" "Count? Ha! Life is too short. Count, indeed!"

Glancing about him, the Colonel remarked frigidly, "I see only six chairs in this room. There should be, on the smallest reckoning, one dozen. Where are the chairs?" "Stolen." "Stolen? Who stole them?" "I leave that to your imagination. You know perfectly well that stray negroes are constantly trailing through this house. I have to snatch at anyone that I can get to help me with the heavy

work." "But it seems to me that you could see them taking off an article of furniture as large as a chair." "See them? You forget that this breakfast-room is in one part of the house and my living-rooms in another."

"You spoke a moment ago of doing hard work. What is the nature of the work which you call hard? You have never laundered so much as a pocket handkerchief in all your days. You have only the cooking to do and to see after the few rooms into which your household has retired." "And you don't call that hard work? I insist that no lady has ever been forced to perform so much labor as that which has fallen to my unhappy lot. I detest it and am resentful because of it."

"That is very evident. There would be some excuse for it if you did the work thoroughly. The table is always unclean and always in confusion. There are never enough dishes nor spoons nor knives nor forks. Invariably someone has to get up, after being seated, to look for an article which should have been in its place." "I was not trained to be a cook, nor a dining-room servant, nor a chambermaid."

"May I ask you a few more questions?" persisted the Colonel, not deigning to notice

the scornful outburst. "Certainly. Don't stint yourself," was the reply given sharply. "Not only have the elegant chairs disappeared from this room, but I have missed other valuable pieces of furniture. Can you tell me where they have gone?" "I gave one of the black women a bedstead and different things to others. I have no money with which to pay them for their services." "Indeed?" "Quite so."

"There is never anything on the table except the commonest of crockery. Where is that dainty china set of white and gold with which we began our housekeeping?" "Broken. Nothing left of it but a tea-pot, a cup and saucer." "Really?" "Really." "Where is that china set of pure white that I ordered from the city five years after our marriage?" "I have only two mammoth roast dishes which belonged to it. That set of china went the same way as the first, except that I gave a good many pieces to friends as they were married." "I'm afraid, Louise, that your inclination to give can hardly be regarded as a generous impulse so much as a lavish tendency to waste." "Thank you, sir." "Is there no china in the house now?" "Yes, there are quantities of Sévres. It was here when I

came. You told me that it was used by your father and grandfather on state occasions." "Why don't you use it now?" "I'm keeping it for my children."

"Do you object to my asking one more question?" came from the head of the table. "Please don't stop. You are making the morning so delightful for me. What is it?" "For breakfast, we have only corn cakes and a cup of coffee. It is the usual *ménu*. Is there nothing left in the store-room?" "Very little. You are not a liberal provider, Warren. The pantry is generally empty." "But not always. Two weeks ago, I bought a kit of mackerel. I have seen only one on the table. Where are the others?"

"Several days after you sent the fish, Mrs. Allan called to see me with her two, boisterous boys. In my effort to keep them quiet, I led them to the store-room and told them to play with the mackerel. I presumed they would take two or three. When Mrs. Allan's visit ended, I went to the back gallery to call the boys. To my amazement, I found that they had tied every mackerel to the clothes-line, at short distances apart, and were chasing each other through the park. Nothing

remained of the fish but their heads and spines."

"You are to be commended," the Colonel drawled, "for your admirable judgment and touching frugality. Seriously, through lack of carefulness, there is loss all along the way. You will have to confess that you are a woman without method." If anyone else had said that to Louise Granville, she would have been astonished and probably would have cried; but her contempt for her husband was so deep-seated, because of his inability to support his family, that she had grown totally indifferent to him. She made small effort to conceal her disgust.

"What a difference there is in women!" announced the Colonel with the same aplomb he would assume if he were stating a long-accepted law of mathematics. "For instance?" his wife sneered. "For instance," the Colonel repeated severely, "with some, housekeeping is a sealed art. They imagine that every detail has been conquered; when, in fact, chaos reigns. They are incapable of recognizing grime when they see it. Cooking is so utterly beneath them, that only food is placed upon the table which can be prepared most hurriedly; food which is not only uninviting but

positively revolting." "That's a charming description, Warren. Do you think it fits your wife?" "That's for you to decide, dear. To continue my analysis, there are some women who possess a genius for the creation of numerous and tempting dishes from a comparatively empty larder." "Mrs. Gordon, for example." "Eh? Well, yes, Mrs. Gordon. There are other women who could produce only the poorest and scantiest fare if the world's harvest lay at their feet."

A vivid flush of shame swept over the face of Louise Granville. She knew that her children had gone to school usually with nothing for lunch but fried bacon and half-raw corn bread. One afternoon, as Helen and her brother were returning home, all of the other pupils swept by them in a mad rush that had suddenly been suggested. One of the boys was nibbling at a slice of cake which had been left over from his noon-time repast. In his eagerness to join in the frolic he threw the morsel by the wayside. Helen saw John glance at the cake, hesitate a moment, then seize it with both hands and, hastily brushing off the dirt, devour it greedily. She walked on rapidly ahead, trusting that her brother

would think she hadn't seen him. She thought her heart would break.

Donald Gordon had started home through the field with the purpose of getting some special grasses for his mother to paint. Hearing the wild scampering of feet, he peered over the fence which divided him from the road. At that moment he saw John Granville eat the cake. Fortunately for all three, Donald's presence was not discovered. After that he had his mother prepare a double portion of lunch, and every day he invited John to go into the woods with him at the noon recess and share his store of delicacies. The two would spread out their food in picnic style upon the leaves, John taking his from a sweating tin bucket, Donald drawing his from an airy basket which was lined with a fresh napkin. John's sensibilities were not so acute as to make him question an acceptance of "the gifts which the gods provided."

"Is this conversation never to end, Warren?" demanded Louise Granville from the foot of the table; "I have a frightful headache." "Morning, noon and night—night, noon and morning I have heard you give that wail of complaint through all the years of our married life," the Colonel answered; "you

have never acknowledged that you felt well for one moment. Usually you have a nervous headache. The table is the chosen place for you to air your disabilities. When others are trying to eat in comfort, you torture them by entering into a minute description of your physical woes. Are you never free from suffering?" "My dear Warren, are you making an effort to be cruel or facetious?" asked his wife. "I assure you that neither shaft could penetrate my armor," and pushing back her chair impatiently from the table, she left the room. Her husband followed.

Word Bayonets Unsheathed

CHAPTER IV

WORD BAYONETS UNSHEATHED

Passing into the hall, they were astonished to find a gentleman of military air standing at the entrance. The Colonel received him with extreme cordiality. "I am charmed to see you, sir"; then, turning slightly, "Allow me to present you to my wife: Captain Lindley, Mrs. Granville." The stranger bowed courteously and extended his hand in greeting. Louise turned her back to him and walked rapidly away.

When the visitor departed, Colonel Granville sought an interview with his wife. He was so angry that he felt nauseated. "Madam, you shamed me today in the presence of Captain Lindley. Why did you refuse to shake hands with him?" "Because he had been a Union soldier. He helped to destroy the South and rob me of my fortune." "That was no excuse for your rudeness. A guest is sacred and should be treated with consideration while he is under one's roof. It has taken you a long time to realize that the war is over."

"It will never be over with me. Before it occurred, I regarded the people of the North as foreigners. Now I look upon them both as aliens and as enemies. They are remote from my interest and sympathy." "Try to be reasonable, Louise. Despite your prejudice, you must acknowledge, as every one does who is conversant with American history, that the people of the two great sections are of one blood; that they are imbued with the same dominant principles and are the children of a common heritage. Until the Civil War, the North and South walked hand in hand in moulding the stupendous republic of the western hemisphere."

Mrs. Granville laughed. "It is true that the men who were sent out as settlers by the London and Plymouth companies, in 1607, to this vast, strange continent, furnished the real beginning of the foundation of the American commonwealth and established what is now known as the North and South. It is true that they were men of the same nationality, but with different habits of life; and, as the years went by, these differences became more pronounced and the character of the people utterly distinct." "That is all in perfect consonance with the facts of history," agreed the

Colonel, "but you must concede that, regardless of their dissimilarity, they were bound together by ties of a universal brotherhood and a mutual sorrow. The oppressions of the British brought them into closest sympathy. In contending for their liberties, they stood upon common ground."

"They had that to do." "Certainly; but they were no less noble for their necessity: and this dire need cemented their comradeship. Virginia and Massachusetts led the way to conquest. When the colonial legislature met, in opposition to the Stamp Act, two characters stood forth as leaders of men: Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia. Massachusetts and Virginia stood shoulder to shoulder in the formation of the first continental congress through Samuel Adams and Dabney Carr."

"I know all that," Mrs. Granville answered, "but please remember it was North Carolina that took the initiative in securing national independence by instructing her delegates in Congress to concur with those from the other colonies in declaring themselves free from the domination of Great Britain. It was Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, who made the motion in Congress as-

serting the right of the colonies to be free and independent states: advocating the idea of their being absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and total dissolution of all political connections between them and Great Britain." "Do not forget," interposed the Colonel, "that it was John Adams, of Massachusetts, who seconded the motion."

"What I shall love to remember," declared Mrs. Granville, "is that Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, wrote the Declaration of Independence; and the same peal of bells which rang out the glad news to the world of its adoption told also the joyous tidings that down in South Carolina the British had met with defeat in attempting to attack the city of Charleston." "I can not allow you to outdo me in patriotism, my dear," the Colonel observed cynically; "I rejoice that history tells us 'the first battle which was waged upon American soil in opposition to the governmental authority of England' was that of Alamance, in North Carolina."

"That was four years before the British fired their volley at Lexington, in Massachusetts," interrupted Louise. "Soon after the famous tea party, at Boston, the battle of Bunker Hill and the march into Canada, in

the winter of 1777, there was more fighting in North Carolina, in which the Colonists gained a complete victory over the British." "The Continental army was composed of recruits," remarked Colonel Granville, "from Boston to Charleston." "Yes," was the rejoinder; "with a Virginian as commander-in-chief, George Washington." "Who first took command of the American forces in Massachusetts," commented the Colonel, as if finishing the sentence for his wife; "and all through the desperate struggles that followed the colonies of the North gave their splendid quota of heroes."

"The Southerners surely did their part!" exclaimed Mrs. Granville; "beginning with the young Virginian, George Rogers Clark, who conducted those two masterly campaigns against the British, conquering as they went, down the glorious list to the dauntless leaders, Marion, Sumter and Pickens. Under Nathaniel Greene were the three illustrious Virginians: Daniel Morgan, William Washington and Henry Lee." "To make your brilliant word-picture complete," the Colonel said, with biting irony, "please don't fail to state that the last of the gentlemen whom you

have enumerated afterward became the father of the Southern Confederacy, Robert E. Lee."

"How gracious you are, my dear husband," Louise answered derisively; "I wonder if you have read that the historian, John Fiske, a Northern man, says that 'the five great men who stand before all others in making the government under which we now live are George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall'? All of those men," continued Mrs. Granville, with a note of triumph in her voice, "were Virginians except Alexander Hamilton! From this we must conclude," she added, "that the South was pre-eminently the nation builder."

The Colonel quietly replied: "You will find the thinking Northern men and women just as ready to admit that as you are glad to assert it. I have never known people with a finer, more magnanimous spirit than those of the North." "I presume you recognized that when you were a soldier in the Confederacy?" Louise asked with curling lips. "Exactly," replied Colonel Granville. "However, the historic characters whom you have quoted as having laid the foundation of this republic,

and who have shaped its future policy, were really British men and not Southerners."

"How absurd you are, Warren! It is ridiculous to attempt to argue with you," and Louise Granville coldly turned away her face, picked up a book and began to read. The Colonel's anger, which had cooled down somewhat, sprang into flames again. With a shaking voice, which he tried vainly to steady, he said, "Madam, I wish to tell you that Captain Lindley, whom you insulted today, is a gentleman of wealth and social position, and that he is down here looking for a desirable place in which to locate." "I am acquainted with his record. I regret to learn that he is considering Strathmore for one moment. I do not care to have the Northerners come South, especially where I shall have to meet them."

"Don't distress yourself about Captain Lindley. After your treatment of him this morning, I think you would find him just as averse to being your neighbor as you would be opposed to having him. He is going to make his home in Mobile." "What a relief! That's the best news you've brought me in months." "I am wondering, Louise, if your

happiness in the future will be dependent, in any way, upon persons in the North." "Hardly." "Dame Fortune has played stranger tricks. We shall see," and the Colonel stalked off, slamming the door behind him.

The First Hardening

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST HARDENING

Louise Granville, like many other women, made the inexcusable mistake of becoming utterly regardless of her personal appearance after marriage. Most of her superb trousseau had long since vanished. When she had desired a piece of cloth for any trivial purpose, she would slice it from the front width of a silk skirt or from the sleeve of an expensive waist. She had cut up several beautiful costumes to make doll dresses for Helen and her playmates.

Instead of the neat, attractive attire in which she should have been clothed, and in which every woman should garb herself so as to claim and retain the esteem of her husband and children, Louise Granville was always dressed in a dowdy, calico wrapper, and her hair was severely brushed back from her forehead. There was never so much as a white collar nor the faintest suggestion of ornamentation. With her, life was a changeless,

leaden cloud. If it had not been for her patrician face and bearing, she would have been classed as hopelessly commonplace.

Mrs. Granville was not a gossip, because she was not sufficiently interested in her neighbors to discuss them. She was cold and imperious to the world that stretched itself beyond the pale of her immediate circle of friends and relatives; and that had pitifully narrowed during the past decade. The few strangers who had called at her home since the close of the Civil War had been received by the lady of the house with freezing disdain; or, as in the case of Captain Lindley, with open insult.

Colonel Granville occupied the western side of the mansion, beyond the wide hall which formed a dividing line. There he met his friends in freedom. There they felt at ease, but none ever dared to stay for a meal. The coming of a guest for dinner, or to spend a day or two, would have thrown the whole house into confusion. Such misery would have been generated as to bring the deepest wretchedness to the family, and such a sensation of discomfort would have been conveyed to the visitor as to cause him never to desire to repeat his adventure. Helen and John

were deprived of one of the sweetest joys of childhood: the privilege of inviting friends to their home.

Colonel Granville and his wife were ingloriously uncongenial, but their tendencies met at four points: both loved literature; both had an uncontrollable temper; both were uncompromisingly stern in maintaining caste-distinctions; and both were attached to the church. Louise Granville luxuriated in her religion. She observed all the forms of the sect to which she belonged, fasting rigorously every Friday and at the different seasons which were set apart for abstinence. She had not learned the great truth that it is a higher spiritual duty to control one's spirit than to abstain from food. As the years went by and the health of Mrs. Granville failed to improve, Helen undertook to do most of the work. Every morning now she arose at day-break, milked six cows and cooked breakfast. Each week she did the laundry for the family.

It was mid-summer. The day had been distressingly hot. The humidity was almost unbearable. There was a stinging itch in the sticky air that was maddening. Helen had finished the washing by ten o'clock and had cooked dinner. All of the afternoon she had

been sewing for her mother. To the relief of man and beast, the sun, like a globe of molten brass, dropped out of sight and a cool breeze swept in from the Gulf of Mexico.

The time for evening worship arrived. Helen threw herself upon a reclining chair and closing her eyes with an expression of intense weariness, listened while her father read a short chapter from the Bible. Then she heard him say, "Daughter, sing a hymn for us." Without opening her eyes, the girl replied, "I am too tired." The veins in the Colonel's temples began to swell and he gave a sharp, rasping cough. Raising his voice, he cried out, "I have asked you to sing, my lady. I am not accustomed to disobedience." Still keeping her eyes closed, Helen said, "I am very sorry, father, but it is impossible for me to sing tonight."

Trembling with rage, the Colonel sprang to his feet and grasping his daughter by the shoulder he literally dragged her to an adjoining apartment, which he supposed was in utter darkness, and, pushing her across the threshold, closed the door violently and locked it. Helen dropped limply where she had been left. Drawing up her knees, she

flung her arms around them as a support and leaned her head against the wall at her back.

The room was the main guest-chamber of the house and opened out from the library. It was anything but gloomy. Two of the long, venetian blinds had been blown apart, and through the openings the white moonlight fell in a dazzling sheet across the floor and flooded the room with heavenly splendor. Through the great windows Helen saw the glint on the green leaves of the live oaks. She heard the tinkle of a bell echoing through the forest, and in the distance she caught the plaintive notes of a melody which was evidently improvised. Out upon the soft, night air came sifting the familiar words:

"I'm going away; yes, I'm going away,
To a land that is fairer than this."

It seemed ages to the girl since she had been thrust into that peaceful place; but it could only have been a few seconds, for the voice of her father in the library was distinctly heard, as he sang, in tones vibrating with an anger that had not spent itself, the lines of his favorite hymn. Then there was a shuffling of feet and again her father's voice rang out. This time in prayer.

When Colonel Granville had blazed in rage and dragged his exhausted daughter from the library, his wife remained perfectly motionless. Not an expression of her face changed except that her lips stiffened into a sneer. Her son also kept still, but in his throat was a keen sensation of strangling and a dull-red flame of fury surged into his face and crept to the roots of his hair. From that moment John Granville and Religion remained strangers to each other.

When Helen had grasped the thought that she had been cast into a deserted room, she was conscious of no sensation whatever except that of a deadly weariness. She was not offended. She had never been provoked with her father an instant in her life. He was her ideal. She loved to read about his bravery in the Civil War when he was a leader of thousands of courageous men. She admired his distinguished carriage, his deferential manner, his broad culture. His outbursts of anger were attributed to his frail health. His acts of tyranny and seeming cruelty were excused on the ground that his sensitive feelings had been unduly outraged. Even when he had given her that terrible beating she did not blame him, but herself.

So as she sat, a pitiful little lump of girlish helplessness, in that glorious, moonlit room, there was no resentment in her heart; neither was there fear. Her mother had usually kept the doors to this downstairs guest-chamber locked and the blinds bolted, and there were no visitors to disturb its serenity. To her amazement, Helen saw that every window had been raised to its full height. There were evidences that the room had been recently renovated and cleaned. By aid of the moonlight, she could see everything distinctly: the pictures on the walls, the massive furniture, the heavy carpet, the graceful curtains. On the center-table she noticed an antique china vase with decorations in gold and hand-painted flower designs, and a few books scattered around it.

As the gaze of the girl fell again upon the sheen of the oak leaves, and as she once more heard the tinkle of the bell through the forest and caught the soothing strains of the pathetic melody, she drew a deep breath. Forcing herself to her feet, she walked noiselessly across the room and stretched out her tired body in the full glare of the moonlight. Placing her hands under her head for a pillow, she sank into sleep. At eleven o'clock that

night, after Colonel Granville had finished reading a volume on Hindoo philosophy, he went softly to the downstairs guest-chamber and gently pushed open the door.

When he saw Helen lying fast asleep in the moonlight, her poor, faded, cotton dress transformed into a shimmering silk clinging close to her exquisite young body—when he beheld the calm of her face and caught glimpses of rare shades in her abundant hair, something seemed to clutch at his heart, and he caught his breath in admiration. “Her countenance has the aspect of a saint,” he whispered, “and she is formed like a sylph. In reality, she is only a disobedient child and must be made to suffer for her insolence.” With that he tiptoed from the room, leaving his daughter undisturbed in her dreamless slumber.

Miss Alice Randolph

CHAPTER VI

MISS ALICE RANDOLPH

The most beautiful event that ever occurred in the Strathmore neighborhood was the return of Miss Alice Randolph from England. Months before her arrival carpenters, painters and landscape gardeners were at work at Ingleside, the home of her father. From a wilderness, with its neglected dwelling, it was changed into a paradise. There was only one story to the house, but it covered much ground. The interior was tinted in pale water-colors and richly furnished, but in such a fashion as to convey to the mind a suggestion of comfort and freedom rather than that of display.

The brightly polished hardwood floors were partly covered with inconspicuous rugs. In the attractive living-room were couches, lounging chairs and a grand piano. From the huge brick fireplace slowly-burning logs threw out a dull glare. Lying loosely about the house were books and magazines. Every-

where there were flowers and wild grasses, and fruit lay piled in silver stands. It was just the sort of nook in which hobgoblins would be turned into fairies and demons into seraphs.

Judge Randolph had practiced law in the city in antebellum times, but had kept this country residence as a refuge from care. It was here that he had first brought his young English bride. His daughter had been taught to regard the place with passionate fondness and to invest it with romantic interest. Now, in these after-days, when she was almost alone in the world, she had come to it as a timid little child would creep at night into its mother's arms.

Alice Randolph was a cosmopolitan woman of the world: the essence of high breeding, the expression of refinement. In her manner was complete ease and self-possession. When one looked at her he thought only of mind and spirit and the beauty of character. The physical never presented itself. Her presence emitted light like radium. She seemed enveloped with magical tenderness. Her personality was suggestive of the subtle perfume of flowers; of the faint hues of a morning sky which come as heralds of the day-dawn. She

was like music heard in dreams from angel-choirs in passing.

The secret of her magnetism was human sympathy. In meeting a person she gave the impression that he was the one being in all the universe whom she desired most to see. She loved every created thing. While she gave love, she reached out for love in return. She searched every face, hoping to find love. Had it come to her, in that sweet, personal, divine sense that love can come, once only, and had it gone, too? As one gazed into her eyes he found himself always asking that question and feeling always baffled, with a consciousness of overwhelming sadness. Such wonderful eyes she had! long-lashed, shadowy, luminous! They made one think of azure pools in quiet mountain heights; deep, thoughtful, wistful eyes. They appeared as if a heavenly mystery had fallen over them to hide their glory and their heartbreak from the world. She had a student-face, the kind that men love to paint when their hearts are wrapped in holiness.

Alice Randolph was not a beautiful woman in the strict interpretation of that term. She was small and frail in body. Her eyes spiritualized her countenance, and her mouth,

indicative of firmness and sensibility, gave strength to it. Her light-brown hair, which lay in shining waves about the temples and nestled in a clinging mass of loveliness at the back of her head, added the last touch of the angel to her composition. She belonged to that type of gentlewomen who are wonderfully intuitive. She was the exponent of the womanhood that all men love and honor.

Alice Randolph was particularly fond of dogs and horses. She rode much alone. One afternoon while going through the depths of the wild woods near Strathmore, she came across a sturdy young boy vigorously piling up some wood which he had apparently just finished cutting. He seemed so robust and was so unusually handsome that she stopped her horse and sat gazing at him. Suddenly he looked up. Without the slightest show of surprise or embarrassment, he jerked his cap from his head, and, making a comical bow, said, "Howdy-do, ma'am. Are you the stranger lady over at Ingleside?"

Smiling, Miss Randolph replied, "I am, sir"; then leaning over her saddle towards him, "Come, little man, let's shake hands! You haven't given me your name yet, but, whoever you are, I want you to be my friend."

"Oh, I'm John Stuart Granville," he answered, almost crushing her fingers in his big, brawny paw. "And I am Miss Alice Randolph. Let me help you with your work." Before the boy's astonished eyes, she sprang from her horse, and throwing the reins lightly over the pommel, began to stack the sticks of wood. John was captivated, but too amazed to speak.

"How do you spend your days, lad?" Miss Randolph asked. "In hard work, as a rule. The first thing every morning I have to feed the stock, but I don't mind that. I dote on animals." "Which do you like best?" "My little mules." "How many have you?" "Two. Oh, but they are dandies!" "Do you ever plow with them?" "Do I? Well, I reckon! Not only plow, but drive them to a wagon and make them do all sorts of things that other kinds of mules do." "Other kinds? Aren't your mules like other mules?" "No, Miss Alice. My mules are dwarfs. The men that I bought them from said they were too small to be of any use. That's the reason I got them so cheap."

"How much did they cost you?" "I paid fifty dollars for the fat one and got the lean one by trading off a heifer and paying ten

dollars to boot." "That was smart; but I think fifty dollars was a good price for a boy so young as yourself to pay. How did you make the money?" "By selling molasses. I deal in sorghum, *I* do." "Do you, John? Please sell me some." "Glad to do it, ma'am. Father wouldn't like it, if he knew it. He wouldn't sell anything if he could have his way. He would give it. He lets me have a few acres every year to work as I please and I raise sugar cane on the land and get the fellers across the creek to make the sorghum for me. I divide the cane with them."

"Good! Where is 'across the creek'?" asked Miss Randolph. "It's the other side of a little stream which divides father's land from some other land. That other land is what we call across the creek. Nobody lives on it but red-necks and hill-billies. Father and mother think they are awful, but, gosh! to me they are a jolly lot. I like them, *I* do." "Tell me something else about your animals. Which do you like best after your mules?" "My bull calves. I can hitch them up, too, and make them plow." "What are you raising stock for, John?" "To sell and trade—to get rich. I must get rich. I have lately bought a brood mare. She is a little bit old, but young

enough, I think, to have one or two more colts. I had to give a cow for her and some sweet potatoes."

"Splendid! I love horses." "So do I. You will have to know my mother, Miss Alice. She is the greatest yet. She likes the church and the preachers." "Don't you?" "I'll tell you something that happened when I was a very small boy, then you can judge. Speaking of horses made me think of it." "What was it, John?" "A big, protracted meeting was on one summer which lasted three weeks. Brother Simmons and two other preachers stayed at our house all that time. Brother Simmons had a horse and I had to attend to him." "That was good of you, John." "Oh! not so good as you might think. I had a tall time riding him over the country when everybody else was at church."

"Oh!" and Miss Randolph opened her eyes. "When the day came for Brother Simmons to leave, I said to him, 'Brother Simmons, what is the name of your horse?' 'Sally.' 'Sally? Why, I've been calling him Pete all this time.' Father and Brother Simmons laughed. I don't think that was anything to laugh at. Do you?" "But you didn't get mad with the preacher about that, did you, John?" "No,

ma'am; but you just wait until I finish my story. On the morning that Brother Simmons left, I thought I had better ask him about taking his horse to water. I knew he would have to pass by the creek going home and he might like to water his own horse." "Of course."

"Well, I went into the room where he was at the breakfast table with my family. I stuttered a little when I was a very small boy and was much flustered. I said, 'Brother Sim-Sim-Simmons!!! Do you want me to ta-ta-take your horse to water to-to-today?' 'Take my horse to water?' he answers. 'You had better take yourself to water. Have you washed your face this morning?' Ever since then, Miss Alice, I have been against preachers. I wouldn't harm them, you know, but I just don't hanker after them."

It was excruciatingly funny to see that dimple-faced fourteen-year-old lad standing bare-headed and with clenched fists expressing his scorn for the clergy. Miss Randolph bit her lips to keep from laughing. "John! John! Surely you are not at outs with all the ministers simply because Brother Simmons—" "Yes, I am, Miss Alice," broke in the boy; "I am through with the whole bunch. When

I take a stand, there I stand." "Well! well! come over to see me, won't you? and bring your little mules." "Glad to do it, ma'am. I'll hitch them up to a spring wagon that I traded for last week and take you out for a drive. We'll have a ripping good time." Miss Randolph and John Granville became boon companions. They tramped over the fields and through the forest together. He gathered fruits and flowers for her and stored up nuts by the bushel, something he had never done before for mortal being.

Dr. Gordon and His Son

CHAPTER VII

DR. GORDON AND HIS SON

The Gordons were seated on their front porch enjoying the sunset, which was painting the heavens with gorgeous colors, when a messenger brought the news that old black Jerry, who had made their crop of corn, was stricken with paralysis. "Which means that you and I shall have to do the harvesting, Donald, for it seems impossible to hire a negro," said the Doctor, turning toward his son. "Mother will furnish us a lunch to take with us to the field. We must start early tomorrow morning and we shall not be back before night," and he glanced lovingly in the direction of his wife.

The next day, as Donald and his father were gathering the ripe ears of golden grain, the boy called out impatiently, "What is the name of this yellow stuff that falls from the corn as I pull it? My clothes are covered with it and it flies up my nose and keeps me sneezing." "Don! do you intend to tell me that you don't know what pollen is? Your

education has been more seriously neglected than I thought; and that is saying a good deal. Public schools have been so recently established in the South that they are farces and the private ones are not much better." "But what is pollen?" "Come, boy, it is noon-time. I am very tired. Let's go to the shade on the bank of the creek and we can talk with more comfort."

Doctor Gordon and Donald threw themselves down under a mammoth hickory and stretching out full length rested. "Son, it has just occurred to me that I have sinned in not telling you a great secret—the greatest in all the world—the secret of life. It should have been told you, little by little, through the years, beginning when you were only five." "A secret? What is it?" "Something that you will have to learn by degrees. Let's start with the pollen. Do you know that among plants and trees there are male and female elements—father and mother natures?"

"I had never thought of it." "The female part of Indian corn consists of the whole ear: the shuck and silks, the grains of corn and the cob itself. The father part is the tassel and performs the functions of the male. It creates pollen by the millions of particles.



Doctor Gordon Telling His Son, Donald, the Story of Life



"I am John Stewart Granville"

You were covered with some of those today."

"My, yes!" "Every grain on the cob tries to catch some of the pollen by pushing out from the shuck little strands of silks. The small corn germs that fail to get a grain of pollen never develop. It is necessary for the male and female elements to meet and mingle in order to produce corn." "Goodness!"

The Doctor reached out his hand and plucked a semi-tropical blossom of the lily family that was bending in beauty near him. "Where do you suppose that flower came from, father?" asked Don. "I never saw one growing wild before." "The wind or an insect brought the seed probably from a negro cabin or from the garden of one of our neighbors." Drawing out his knife, he cut the lily in two parts. "Here, Don; look." In detail Doctor Gordon explained to his son the nature of the constituent members of the flower: the calyx, the sepals, the corolla, the petals. With especial care he showed the boy the creative organs. "See, Don; these are the stamens. Observe the frail little things on the crest of each. Every one is filled with pollen. These fragile bodies that make the mealy substance are known as anthers. They and the stamens are the father parts of the

lily. The mother organ is the pistil which is found in the very center of the flower. It is composed of three parts: the pod, or ovary, which is topped by the style, a slender stem, and that is crowned by a spongy mass called the stigma."

"I see," and Don whistled. "In good time the anther cells of the father organ burst and the pollen with which they were filled falls upon the stigma, the mother portion of the lily. The grains sink gently into the opening pores of the sponge and the style, through its currents of water, carry them to the ovary and drop them upon the seed found there. The pollen fertilizes the germs and life begins in the seed."

"That's mighty interesting, daddy," and Don laid his hand on the Doctor's arm. "Does every tree and plant have the father and mother natures?" "No. Some have only male organs and produce neither fruit nor seed. Some have only the female parts and are barren." "Isn't it wonderful? How about the animals?" "In all of the females the sexual organs produce eggs. In every male they generate semen, which is a fertilizing fluid. The father and mother natures are

found in the same creature in animal life in its lower forms. The oyster is a sample."

"Is it the same with fish?" "No, indeed. They are single-sexed. Eggs are formed in the bodies of the females and a creative liquid in the bodies of the males. When the eggs of the mother fish are ready to leave the ovaries, the females usually go to a shallow place in the water and deposit their eggs in a thin, sticky substance which holds them close together. The males quickly follow and drop from their bodies a fluid called milt which contains sperm-cells. These unite with the eggs that have been deposited by the mother, and life is given to millions of little fish.

"Some varieties apparently go in pairs—a male and female. This is done at certain seasons also by such animals as frogs and toads, serpents, lizards, spiders and numbers of the insects." "Is there any affection between the sexes?" "No, the males and females usually part as soon as the eggs of the mothers are fertilized, and always after the eggs are hatched." "Have the males no conscience?" "None, it seems," answered the Doctor, laughing; "but occasionally they show a deep interest in the eggs and look out for the welfare of their young when they come."

"Now, daddy," Don pleaded, "tell me about men and women. I have read of bees and ants: how they live in colonies. I have watched birds mate, and know that in a way they marry; but there is a mystery about men and women which I have never been able to solve. Explain it to me." "That is the culmination of the great secret, Don, of which I have spoken." "Tell it to me, father. Ever since I was old enough to think clearly about anything I have wanted to know the sex truths concerning men and women. I have heard a lot of nonsense from boys at school and men on the streets that I didn't want to believe, and I felt ashamed to ask you or mother."

"I am so sorry, Don. I apologize to you for my stupid neglect." "Oh, it's all right, daddy. I haven't done anything wrong to my body, but I have so wanted to know." "We live under the reign of the same law, son, that governs the creation of all living things: the law of sex. After the talk which we have had we can sum up the situation very quickly." "Please do." "I have told you that among plants the sexual organs of the male are called anthers; among animals, they are known as testes. They generate a fertilizing

substance: pollen in plants, semen in animals. The ovaries are the female organs of sex. Those of plants produce seeds; those of animals form eggs." "I understand that."

"When the pollen unites with the seed, new plant life is formed. When the semen of the father comes into contact with the egg of the mother; a new animal is created, whether among fowls or brutes or human beings. Do you understand my meaning?" "Yes, sir," and a deep flush passed over Don's face.

"If the eggs in the body of a hen should be laid before they are fertilized by the semen of the cock, they would never hatch. If the eggs in a woman's body are not reached by a man's sperm-cells, no baby is conceived. So, you see, a child is part both of its mother and father, but more of the mother, for she has to carry it about in her body for months before it is born; then she has to feed it from the mammary glands of her breasts." "As the child is part of both its parents, as you have said, I think the mother and father should be very good. Don't you, daddy?" This question gave Doctor Gordon a fine opportunity to enter deeply into the question of heredity, which plays a major part in the drama of life. He first explained to his son

the mechanism of his own body, entering into detail.

"You are almost fifteen, aren't you, Don?" "Shall be next month." "You are just entering upon the adolescent period in a boy's life." "How long does it last?" "Up to the early twenties. When you get to be about seventeen, you will start on the puberty stage, the beginning of manhood. The transition will continue two or three years before that age." "I have been miserable for weeks and I didn't know what it meant." Don groaned. The Doctor told him of the two glands in his body, the seminal vesicles, and their secretions. He made it plain to the boy how the right use of that endowment led to strength of character and physical force, and the wrong use to depravity and lack of development.

"Really, Don, a man's power for good or evil is found in his testicles, which manufacture two different substances: semen, which holds spermatozoa, the life-producing cells, and the secretion which is kept internally, being absorbed into the blood and producing manhood's fulfillment." "That is all new to me, father." "The knowledge of this truth will be your shield. Up to this time your life forces have been directed into your body's

brain and muscle. I am proud of you, son. You are my inspiration. I am planning for you a great future." "I love you, daddy. I shall try not to disappoint you."

The Doctor's eyes gleamed with contentment. "You are now leaving the boy that you have been, Don, and are beginning to take on the young man that you are soon to be. There are a few things for you to remember as you cast off this splendid boyhood for your approaching manhood." "Tell me everything, father." Doctor Gordon then instructed his son about caring for his body. "It's a holy possession, Don. If you keep yourself free from vice, you will be strong and well. Otherwise you will be destroyed and those who come after you. A boy can learn to control all the forces which will characterize the children that shall be born to him, and his grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

Don's interest was deepening. "Do you mean to say, father, that I can so live as to bring about, in the coming days, bright, happy, healthy children?" "Yes, and you can so live as to be the father of sickly, wretched, crippled and feeble-minded children. No organ has been given to you for a wrong purpose."

At this point the doctor described the hideous consequences of immorality, vividly picturing the loathsome, agonizing, disabling maladies that accompany it. Don remarked dryly, "You have never mentioned these diseases to me before, although you have taught me the danger of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other troubles." "I know it, son. Forgive me. I am doubly regretful because venereal diseases are so horrible. Infection from them can be readily acquired and in such numerous ways: through combs, toys, pipes, cigars, whistles, plasters, pencils, handkerchiefs, chewing gum, soap—" "Surely not soap, daddy?" "Why, that is one of the surest conductors for the transfer of disease germs. While away from home one should always carry an individual soap case. I'm not through with my list yet.

"Infection can come by touching hotel towels, used bed linens, tooth-brushes, dishes in restaurants and at soda fountains, dirty razors and bathtubs in barber shops, public drinking cups and suits for rent at bathing resorts, postage stamps, dressings, instruments and surgical operations."

"What a list! You frighten me." "I only wish to make you very careful, son, to avoid

the terrors of venereal infection." At the close of their conversation, Don said simply, "I thank you, father, for giving me this talk. What time is it?" "Two o'clock!" exclaimed Doctor Gordon, consulting his watch, "and we haven't yet had our lunch."

The Gentlemen Disagree

CHAPTER VIII

THE GENTLEMEN DISAGREE

A week later, as Colonel Granville was taking his customary late-afternoon walk, Doctor Gordon joined him. Following their exchange of courtesies, and the never-failing discussion of politics, the master of the Mansion said: "For several nights during the past five weeks I have found John absent from his room between the hours of ten and twelve. I have made no inquiries from him nor any one else, nor attempted any punishment; but the outrage is becoming intolerable. I am at a loss to know just what to do. Have you the faintest idea, sir, as to where my son goes?"

"I have been told," Doctor Gordon replied, "that he attends dances across the creek." "Across the creek, with those wretched creatures! I have never heard of such complete ruffians as those men who live on that hell's-acre; and the women are as common and as ignorant as it is possible for mortals to be. Do you mean to tell me, sir, that my son seeks such companionship?" "It is true, Colonel."

"Then I shall put a stop to it in short order." "Permit me, Colonel Granville," entreated Doctor Gordon, "to urge that you deal very gently with John. He is not yet fifteen—two months younger than Donald. He is just at the age when he should be treated most considerately. Undue sternness on your part now might wreck his life." "Why so?" "Because he is at the parting of the ways in his physical being. He is leaving his childhood and is entering upon the initial stage of young manhood. Don't you think it would be well, sir, for you to take the boy into your confidence and reveal to him the nature of his body, the relentlessness of his sex challenge, and how this demand should be met so as to prevent moral and physical disaster?"

"No, sir, I do not," the Colonel answered firmly; "my ideas on those questions may be old-fashioned, but they are fixed. Every boy and man has a right to indulge his animal instincts. He will be all the wiser for his experience. After marriage he can settle down with contentment, because his passion shall have spent its first imperious force." "After marriage?" gasped the Doctor. "Why, don't you think that it is a man's duty to preserve his sexual organs from exhaustion and con-



Doctor Gordon Pleading with Colonel Granville to Explain
to His Son John the Secrets of His Sex Life



"Across the Creek"

tamination for the sake of the woman he will marry and the children who will be born to them?"

"Doctor Gordon, you amuse me. If an accepted suitor of my daughter should spend the night previous to his marriage in a house of prostitution, I would not object to his wedding her if he had wealth, education, social position and other requisites that bring happiness." "Bring happiness!" echoed the Doctor. "How could there be happiness in a home where the husband is a libertine and probably diseased?" "Diseased? That's your hobby—being a physician. I have seen much of life in my day, both in this country and in Europe, but I must say that I have met with few venereal cases. I hold that if men are such blackguards as to go for indulgence of their sex natures where infection is probable, they deserve to suffer for their folly. Disease? Why, I don't know of one case of venereal disease in this whole county!"

"That's because you haven't looked for it. Sex plagues are all around us. They constitute a perpetual epidemic. There is such a fear in the minds of men about having the truth uncovered that if I were to proclaim publicly the names of my patients who are

afflicted with venereal disease, I would have my brains blown out before tomorrow morning.

"Fortunately, for the salvation of the race, facts concerning sex, which have been hidden since the foundation of the world, are now being brought to light." "To whom are we indebted for this gracious revelation?" Colonel Granville asked sarcastically. "The honor belongs to the medical science of this generation. The significance of sex diseases is being shown in all its sinister aspects. The social evil is now the most imperatively live issue before our nation." "I do not agree with you."

"I'm sorry. Covering up conditions has intensified the situation. Every other problem has been discussed and grappled with; but upon this subject the press, the pulpit, the platform, the medical fraternity, have been silent until recently." "What factors, in your opinion, have been active in leading to this silence?" "Ignorance and a stupid prudery have kept the race in the chains of vice and disease. Through false modesty, parents have concealed the vital truths of life from their sons and daughters, leaving them to discover the secrets of nature from low-minded

servants or evil associates found at school or upon the streets."

"I hardly think well-bred children would take such a course." "Regardless of breeding, it is inevitable, unless they receive the necessary instruction in the home, from a teacher or a refined friend. With some persons, no barrier can stem the impelling power of racial sex-instinct. They delight in their sexual wilfulness. Morality is laughed at; idealism is slain." "Oh!" and the Colonel tapped his stick upon the sod. "Instead of having an exalted idea of the creative functions, and holding their bodies in reverence, millions of young persons have been influenced to regard the whole question of sex as a light matter; and millions have slipped into ruin from a lax viewpoint."

"You are vehement." "I have a right to be: both as a physician and a man. I see the case so clearly that I'm impatient because others are blind. Sexual impurity is the age-long curse of the race. It has brought more of shame and sorrow than all other evils combined." "My dear Doctor!" "I'm not exaggerating. The sex question is at the bottom of everything. When children are very young, their mothers and fathers should be-

gin to tell them the meaning of sex-life, starting with little talks about the nature of plants, fowls, fish and insects. As they grow older, lead their minds to grasp the understanding of their own conception and birth."

"There are few parents who would be willing to undertake the task." "In neglecting that duty, they are sending their children out upon the sea of life like ships without a compass. Sex-hygiene should be taught in all our schools. Boys and girls should be led to see the wisdom of choosing mates that are without moral or physical blemish." "Impossible!" "No, it is not. Early marriages should be encouraged; but the meaning of marriage should be explained."

"Don't you think that most young persons understand the mystery before entering the wedded state?" "Comparatively few. I knew a beautiful young woman who died in childbirth; and while she was dying she upbraided her mother for not having told her what marriage meant." "That was an isolated case." "You are mistaken, sir. I saw another young wife die cursing her husband for having infected her with venereal disease. She had been decaying inwardly for years. She knew nothing of sex diseases before she was mar-

ried, and she didn't know what marriage meant."

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders incredulously. "Infection is everywhere," persevered Doctor Gordon. "Not long ago a germ of syphilis was found on a communion cup. I presume you have heard the story of how individual drinking cups were introduced on trains?" "No. It is all so repellant, that I do not allow myself to read articles on the subject; neither do I usually indulge in conversations dealing with it." "A tremendous reaction has set in from the light-headed way in which the world has regarded these questions. Advanced thinkers are now agreed that it is criminal for parents not to tell their children the deep secrets of life."

"Bah!" "These same thinkers," continued the Doctor undisturbed, "have branded the sex-necessity lie. One's mental and physical health does not depend upon the exercise of the creative function." "Well, what solutions do you present for the sex-problems?" inquired Colonel Granville; and he yawned behind his shapely hand. "Primarily, education; after that, legislation. The law should make it a crime either for a man to traffic in

a woman's body or for a woman to rent or sell her generative organs."

"Indeed!" and the Colonel coughed. "There should be a law upon the statute books of every state requiring men and women to undergo a physical examination before they can obtain a license to marry; and the physician who examines them should be appointed and paid by the state. There should also be a law requiring that ministers and other officials shall not be permitted to perform a marriage ceremony until the health certificates of both the contracting parties are shown." "That would be radical indeed."

"Merely safely conservative. I think that venereal men and women should be interned just as lepers are. They should be forced to live in segregated houses. If soldiers infected with sex diseases are placed in prodigal camps, so men and women in civil life should be compelled to live apart from the rest of the inhabitants." "Do you think that the government of the United States should take the question in hand?" "Yes; both for moral and economic reasons."

"What can the government do?" "It can class the transmission of venereal diseases among crimes with extreme punishment at-

tached. It can make the treatment of venereal diseases compulsory, and it can establish hospitals and clinics where indigents suffering with these diseases may be treated free of cost." For a moment the ghost of a smile haunted the lips of Colonel Granville. "That sounds visionary to me." "In reality, it is eminently practicable." "What other plans have you for the protection of the race?" "Permanent custodial care or control. The day is not far distant when the treatment of both the prostitute and the criminal will be not only segregation, but sterilization."

"Some foreign governments have made efforts to control venereal diseases, but they have never succeeded." "They have failed because they attempted it in the wrong way. They have legalized prostitution and have subjected the inmates of resorts to medical inspection. Government control of sex diseases in the United States can be made a success by means of the methods I have mentioned."

"You and I could never agree on these subjects, Doctor Gordon. It is useless for us to dwell on them." "As you will, sir; but before our conversation closes, I would like to say something more to you about your son, who

is very dear to me." "Certainly, Doctor." "If you are not willing to enlighten John about himself, and the temptations which will assail him through his sex-nature later on, will you not allow me that privilege?" "No, sir. I do not wish to have my son's mind corrupted. Pardon me, Doctor Gordon. I am sure that you would handle the subject as delicately as anyone could, but there is no refinement connected with a discussion of sex-functions. Besides, you would make little impression upon John. You don't know the boy."

"I officiated at his birth, and I have seen him almost every day of his life. Don't know him?" "You do not, sir. You could not unless you lived under the same roof with him. He belongs to the earth. Its very smell pleases him. He spends most of his time in the woods with the wild things." "To me that is glorious!" cried Doctor Gordon. "To me it is disappointing!" exclaimed Colonel Granville. "My son has a temperament which is difficult to describe. With his manliness, generosity and unselfishness, there is a peculiar contrariness that closes doors of thought to him and dwarfs his sensibility. Spiritually, he is absolutely blind. It seems

impossible for him to grasp the most remote conception of the Creator. Lately, I requested him to define the nature of God. He could not do it."

"Who could?" asked the Doctor. The Colonel looked displeased. "The simple, theological teachings which are generally given to children fall on his mentality and soul-structure like grains of sand on an iron bar, to be blown away by the first gust of unbelief." "The love which he has for his mother constitutes his religion," Doctor Gordon ventured, "and I assure you, Colonel, there are worse forms of worship known to the human heart. This adoration which your son has for his mother is profound. I believe it will be indestructible. It is the tenderest, most beautiful feature in his composition."

An expression of supreme boredom crept over the face of Colonel Granville. It was like the sudden dipping down of twilight into night. His manner assumed a strange chilliness. "I am sorry, Doctor Gordon, to have approached you with this confidence relative to my son. I do not often surrender to such a weakness." "I regret, Colonel, if I have failed to help you," and the physician, who was everybody's friend and comforter, turned his steps toward home.

The Precious Things Are Sold

CHAPTER IX

THE PRECIOUS THINGS ARE SOLD

Colonel Granville's existence was harassed by corroding poverty. He might as well have had so much blue sky as the land which he possessed, because it was covered by a dense forest except the few acres which John worked. The cattle that found their shelter and food under the giant trees and in the matted cane-brakes had furnished the only source of income for the family at the mansion.

One winter the snow remained on the ground for several weeks and some of the cattle died from starvation. The following spring the floods came and numbers of the herd were drowned. The summer was one of drought and more cattle fell by the wayside through thirst. By autumn all had perished but fifteen.

The Colonel was in despair. He and Mrs. Granville were discussing the appalling situation. They felt themselves totally incapable

of grappling with it. They would have died rather than appeal to their friends and relatives. They were in the music-room. The Colonel was pacing up and down in feverish restlessness. His wife was sitting bolt upright, looking like a frightened thing from the woods that had been hounded to its last cover. Suddenly she exclaimed with angry vehemence, "In our extremity, it will have to be done, Warren, and we might as well accept the bitter truth!" "What will have to be done?" the Colonel demanded. "Sell the furniture and the portraits, the silver, the piano—even your valued Strad!" she hurled at him with blistering rapidity. "Sell everything you have except your wife, the children, this house and the land." After she had poured forth this volley of inspiration and withering scorn, she bent her head and sobbed. The Colonel was crushed. He argued that he could not be blamed for this piteous culmination of increasing financial embarrassment. He had done his best to stem the tide which now engulfed them. He had managed, by grinding economy, to keep his home and the acres that might have been sacrificed. He had never compromised his honor. He had never lowered his dignity.

He had retained the respect of his neighbors. There were men of his acquaintance who had lost, not only their property, but had become moral and physical wrecks.

The Colonel asserted that he could not be censured for his lack of business sagacity. He was simply the victim of unfortunate circumstances. As he reviewed his life, dwelling upon its triumphs and its failures, tears stood in his eyes. When the full import of the present awful tragedy seeped into his consciousness, the soul of the old warrior quailed and he acknowledged that he was vanquished. With quivering lips he said to his wife, "You are right, dear. There is nothing left for us to do except to sell the furnishings of our home; but another difficulty presents itself. Where are we to find a purchaser?"

"In New Orleans, of course," was the curt reply, "among the dealers who thrive by buying antiques at low cost and selling them at enormous prices to the rich creatures of the North, who now have a craze for old, Southern things." With that Mrs. Granville left the room. If she had spent decades in searching for words that would most deeply have cut and shamed her husband, she could not

have been more successful than in those which she had used that day.

Colonel Granville had a passionate fondness for music. He had been taught by the best masters of Europe. In the home of one of these he had found a Stradivarius which he had purchased at an extravagant price. The instrument had been lovingly conveyed to America and laid in a sequestered corner of the music-room at the mansion, where no vandal hands could reach it. In all the years of suffering and humiliation that had come to the Colonel after the close of the Civil War, he had never ceased to love his violin. Morning after morning he had devoted himself to it; far into the nights he had played, finding a solace in its strains that none but a musician's soul could know. "Sell my violin!" he cried in a convulsion of anguish; "my precious Strad? Impossible! If it were not for that and my books, I would go mad."

He drew the instrument toward him, and, striking a few notes, poured out his grief in pathetic melody. Louise Granville had never touched a musical instrument after the first year of her married life. She had refused steadfastly to be accompanist for the Colonel. When she heard the strains of his violin, a

hatred for music crept into her heart. John had the same abhorrence for it. Neither the Colonel nor his wife had thought to give music lessons to Helen, and the child felt afraid to enter the music-room.

The advice which Louise Granville had given to her husband was followed. First the hand-carved rosewood in the sitting-room was shipped to New Orleans and sold; next a superb bedroom set of solid mahogany. After that single pieces, almost priceless, were parted with; inlaid cabinets hundreds of years old; miniatures and famous oil paintings. In the coming days, as want pinched, more dearly loved articles were sacrificed, for neither the Colonel nor his wife knew how to drive a bargain. They were at the mercy of the city dealer who felt that his fortune was made through their ignorance and their extremity.

The rooms upstairs became denuded except one that was kept for John's occupancy in his manhood; but all on the first floor were undisturbed. Mrs. Granville had told her husband that if these were not dismantled, the visitors who chanced in would never know but that the mansion had been kept intact. After the different rooms were stripped, the

doors to each had been locked, the keys hidden and the blinds closed and fastened.

One morning, late in September, Louise Granville had packed some bits of the most ancient family silver and had seen the Colonel ride away with the box to have it expressed to the city. As she watched him go down the long driveway under the live oaks, a deadly anger filled her heart. She was standing on the veranda that faced the east. Her attention was arrested by the sound of voices. Glancing toward a group of pecan trees, she saw her daughter coming through them from the cow-pen. A young girl, several years older than Helen, was walking with her. They had slipped a piece of strong grape vine under the handle of the heavy bucket of milk and were staggering in the direction of the dairy. As they swayed back and forth under their uncertain load, they were gaily laughing and talking.

Helen's companion was one of the poor whites who had, within the past two years, settled upon the land across the creek which had been lost to Colonel Granville through mortgages. It was now rented to these people by the owner who had his residence in the city. The name of the new girl was Dora

Morris. She was a slim, little creature with yellow eyes streaked with green, and the most bewitching tangle of tawny hair that was twisted into a hard knot on the top of her head. Her face was tanned until it looked like a strip of leather. She loved Helen beyond all on earth, for she had helped her with the most difficult lessons at school and, in a thousand ways, had showed her favors.

Helen had been hoping to cultivate in the girl's mind a love for reading and had secretly loaned her some books which she thought would be tempting. While they swayed up the path, she said, "How did you like the Arabian Nights, Dora?" The girl's brain was rather hazy on the subject, but, determined not to let her ignorance be too glaring, she replied bravely, "Just splendid! Wasn't they fine old fellers?" Helen compressed her lips to keep from smiling and gravely asked, "What old fellows, Dora?" "Why, them Arabian Knights," the girl responded. It was too much. Helen lowered her end of the grape vine and holding her hands to her waist threw back her head and screamed with laughter. Covered with confusion and not knowing what else to do, Dora seized the pail, dashed to the dairy, strained

the milk and washed the vessels, then scampering to the fence, jumped over it and ran in the direction of her home.

When Mrs. Granville saw her daughter with the girl across the creek she became enraged. Her anger was intensified by the mortification of the morning in sending the silver away to be sold. As Helen sprang upon the back porch, her body still shaking with laughter, she was met by her mother. Insane with fury and outraged pride, Mrs. Granville seized a large pail of water from a stand near by and threw the contents full into the face of her daughter. The child was deluged from the crown of her head to her bare feet. She gasped for breath and reeled as if she had been struck a stunning blow. Trying to steady herself, she heard her mother say, in a high-pitched voice, "I will teach you a lesson, Miss."

Whenever Mrs. Granville was angry with her daughter she called her "Miss," as the Colonel, in his moments of rage, addressed her as "my lady." "I have told you again and again that I would not allow you to associate with those poor whites; and here you are today, right under my eyes, laughing and talking with that common Morris girl with

as much familiarity as if she were the most intimate friend you had in the world. Now, go change your clothes, Miss, and march into the breakfast-room and wash the dishes. Nothing has been touched today."

All this time, Helen had been drawing her hands rapidly over her hair and down her garments to press out the water. She was wringing the bottom of her skirts, when her mother with an acceleration of displeasure hurled forth her order for the second time: "Go change your clothes, I tell you; then walk into the breakfast-room." Helen drew herself up and looking straight into Mrs. Granville's eyes, she said, "I am willing to wash the dishes for you, but I shall not go to my room until the work of the morning is done."

It was the first time in her life that she had openly defied her mother, who saw that she was obdurate. There was something in the expression of the child's mouth, too, which made the woman hesitate. "Do as you please, Miss," she replied; and turning sharply away, went rapidly upstairs. Helen not only washed and wiped the dishes, but she polished them. Then she cleaned the breakfast-room with scrupulous exactness,

working as if her life depended upon the accomplishment of her task. After that she went to her bedroom and took a thorough bath. When she had put on clean clothes, she unplaited her hair and sitting in the sunlight spread it over her shoulders to dry. Then she rebraided her abundant locks and tied the ends of the plaits tightly with wrapping cord.

She was beginning to feel horribly ill. There was a violent pain in the back of her head and every bone in her body seemed breaking. She dragged herself into the library, unable to go further, and fell helpless upon a sofa. In one hour's time, blood was gushing from her nostrils and she was raving in delirium. There she was found by the Colonel on his return from his morning ride. He took the child tenderly in his arms and carrying her into an adjoining apartment laid her gently upon the luxurious bed which the young girl's form had never touched before. It was into that guest-chamber, a few weeks previous, that he had angrily thrust his daughter.

Doctor Gordon was called. He asked to be left alone with the child. When he sat down by the bedside Helen cried out wildly,

"Don't tell John that mother threw a pailful of cold water all over me. He would laugh. He would never understand." Then she sat up, and grasping the ends of the sheets, began to wring them as if they were dripping wet. When the physician went into the hall a few moments later, he was confronted by Mrs. Granville. In a hurried, half-frightened voice she asked, "Is Helen going to be very ill, Doctor Gordon?" "Going to be?" he repeated with stinging scorn, "going to be? Why, madam, for ten days your daughter has had walking typhoid fever and she is now lying at the point of death. The baptism of the morning did not improve her condition." Louise Granville winced and covered her eyes with her hands,

The Angry Baptism

CHAPTER X

THE ANGRY BAPTISM

When Doctor Gordon reached home he called his wife into the study and closed the door. She noticed that he was profoundly agitated. "What is the matter, Ralph?" "I am angry. I am more than angry. I am furious. I feel as if I would like to strike somebody." "Please sit down. You will make me nervous if you walk up and down the floor much longer. Can't you control yourself?" "I don't want to control myself. I want to scream." "Do it. Your tension will be relieved." To Mrs. Gordon's astonishment the doctor dropped into a seat and burst into tears.

The little woman was at his side in an instant. Alternately smoothing his hair and patting his cheek, she murmured, "There, there, dear. You have been working too hard. You are tired out. You are unstrung. Lie here on the sofa and rest while I bring you a glass of hot milk." "No! No! I

have not been working too hard. I am not tired. I am not unstrung. I am simply mad—that's all. I am mad through and through." "Who or what is the offender? Tell me. Won't you? Let's talk it all out. You will feel better." Then he told her of his experience that morning at the Mansion. "You must know, Pauline, that what I am going to say about some things does not reflect upon you at all. As a wife you are adorable. You are the sort of person whom everybody with a soul wishes from the bottom of his heart that he might have had for a mother. In that capacity you are perfection." "How ridiculous you are, Ralph!" "You are a quiet, intuitive, comfortable, all-round woman. You are a methodical, fastidious housekeeper who keeps the family machinery running without a jolt." "Now, Ralph!"

"Don't interrupt me, please. You don't whine when you are facing hardship. You forget yourself in seeking the happiness of others." "But I have no tact." "What is tact?" "The flower of good breeding." "You possess it, Pauline, in its fullest bloom. Your tongue never leaves a sting. Your heart is the home of all the gentle humanities." "That's

enough, my dear Doctor. My head is being turned. Now proceed to the real subject of the hour. What is it that you so earnestly desire to thresh out? I am all attention. What is it?"

"Motherhood!" "Motherhood? So!" "Yes, motherhood. Nothing less than that. Motherhood is a subject that artists have immortalized, and about which poets have sung. Clergymen have reached the hearts of their congregations through magnifying its sainthood when all other themes have failed. Lecturers have been kept on the platform by appealing to the emotions of audiences in eloquence created by the magical word." "They couldn't have done better." "Doubtless; but as humanity has often been blinded and led by false religions and absurd philosophies, so it grew to fall before the shrine of motherhood and worship it." "Ralph!"

"Why should a woman be praised for becoming a mother any more than a female among the lower animals, when she has produced her offspring?" "Every birth is a miracle; but because in the being of a child God's highest expression for the race is found, a certain awe is inspired which leads to veneration of the creative faculties." "You

are idealizing, Pauline. Veneration! You make me laugh. If men and women generally possessed that sentiment, the race would grow into perfection."

"I presume there are few men and women who bring children into the world through a sense of consecration to duty," conceded Mrs. Gordon, "or because they really desire parenthood." "You are right. Most children have been born as the result of the gratification of sexual passion. Because they have been thrust into life by no volition of their own, they are in no sense obligated to their mothers and fathers." "Now, Ralph, aren't you going too far?" "No, I am not. I believe it. The burden of responsibility rests upon the parents alone." "Happily, the contrary concept has taken possession of humanity."

"Happily? Mercy! Men and women have heard so much about the divinity of motherhood and the holiness of fatherhood that they have brought themselves to believe that the production of children bears with it the stamp of godliness." "I presume we love our mothers and fathers because we have been led to do so." "Certainly; it is one of the outgrowths of civilization. When children have

been separated from their parents in their babyhood and never trained to think of them, there is not the slightest affection for the producers of their existence." "I have always contended that love for one's mother and father is not a question of instinct, but of education." "You can go further, Pauline, and say that a parent's regard for his child is no more natural and praiseworthy than the love and anxiety that the brute has for its young. The instinct is strong, for it springs from a prompting of defense and protection."

"I will not permit myself to think of parenthood from such a viewpoint." "Just as you like, dear. Constantly we hear the plea made that one should help these men and those women because they have large families. I knew a man who became the father of four children. After the death of his wife he married a widow who was the mother of three. During the second marriage four children were born to them. Upon the ground of having eleven children to support, the man was constantly appealing to the clemency of his creditors."

"He was a coward." "There are many of his mold. No one forces men and women to bring children into the world. Why should

they expect or demand sympathy for the result of the indulgence of their appetites?" "Ralph!" "Some old-fashioned men have used the scriptural injunction to 'replenish the earth' as a cloak for the production of their numerous progeny. Some pious women have thought that they were doing God service by giving birth to numerous sons and daughters. Both creatures of this class are regardless of whether they are able to support their children or to have them educated." "It is a good deal better, my dear husband, for a couple to honorably produce stacks of children, if they are unable to control their sex impulses, than to produce abortions."

"That is simply child-murder!" the Doctor objected impatiently, "and is not worthy of discussion." "How about the prevention of conception?" "That is less criminal, but equally loathsome." "What, then, is your solution of the sex problem when it comes to a question of not desiring children?" "It lies in one word, continence." "I agree with you; but the world is far from an acceptance of that gospel." "Then the world must be brought to it. That will be the last, long growth for the race, but it will arrive."

"What are you so rebellious about now?" "It is the sad fact that so many parents, after placing a child here, seem to think they have a perfect right to neglect it or abuse it because it is a product of their flesh, expecting in return honor and devotion." "Isn't it abominable?" "Another kind of mother," Doctor Gordon went on, following the main idea of his theme, "besides the virago, but one equally obnoxious, is the woman who spoils her children—allowing them to dictate to her; refusing them nothing which their idle imaginations may demand; coddling, wheedling them; putting up with their insolence in utter inanity." "Yes," interrupted Mrs. Gordon, "making them insufferable nuisances to every one in the home, and, later, burdens on society." "As misanthropes come from the tyranny of termagant mothers, so criminals are developed from the mushy-willed mothers who never attempt to control their children. Honestly, Pauline, the only divine thing that I can see about the whole transaction of parenthood is the child itself."

With an air of severity which his wife had rarely seen before, Doctor Gordon said: "Some of my theories concerning life have been verified today. Think of a civilized

woman, in this century, becoming so transfixed with rage as to dash a pailful of cold water over a little daughter!" and he shuddered. "If Helen Granville recovers, it will be a marvel." "Ralph! wasn't it terrible?" "Pauline, every time I look at our son I feel inclined to take off my hat to him and apologize for having been a factor in giving him existence."

At this moment Donald entered the room and approached his father. Doctor Gordon pushed back the sunny hair from the boy's forehead and kissed him reverently upon it. Then he arose and, throwing his arm about Donald's shoulders, walked with him into the flower garden. The mother stood looking at them with gladness stamped upon her face. "We do owe all to him, our boy," she whispered, "but, oh! it is happiness from heaven itself to have him."

Louise Granville was a woman who should never have become a mother. She had never given one thought to the way in which a child should be reared. She had never recognized the sanctity of the rights of childhood. She had never punished her children except when she was violently angry. There was no inspired leading, no firm resistance in moments

of trial. For disobedience or any act that offended her answer was a blow. She would scream at her children and threaten them, flourishing a switch over their heads. Until Helen was past eleven, her mother had carried a whip to the table; but that was done only in the absence of the Colonel. Profound as was her contempt for her husband, in her heart was an undefined fear of him. John Granville grew to despise marriage. It was always connected in his mind with visions of a dark cell in a deep dungeon.

After Doctor Gordon had told Mrs. Granville that Helen had typhoid fever, she crept like a guilty thing to the bedside of her daughter. When she saw her flushed face and listened to her moans, she recalled, in one swift stroke of reminiscence, the neglect and unkindness with which she had usually treated her. With this came a sweeping recollection of the child's patience, her unselfishness, her uncomplaining performance of laborious tasks that often would have staggered a strong woman. As memory stabbed, she dropped upon her knees and wept and prayed in a tempest of remorse.

For two long, weary months Helen Granville lay helpless in the shadows of typhoid

fever. When the tide turned toward life and consciousness once more, she opened her eyes and looked about the room as if dazed, then her glance fell upon her mother who sat near. With the recognition Helen closed her eyes and turned away her head. She felt sorry that she had not gone on to another country. The quick tears sprang to the eyes of Louise Granville. She arose and left the room. Mrs. Gordon, who had witnessed the incident, hardly knew for whom she felt the deeper compassion—the mother or the child.

The Humiliation

CHAPTER XI

THE HUMILIATION

The following February, Colonel Granville said to his wife: "This month Helen will be fourteen years old. She is not strong enough to begin her studies. I shall never send her back to the public school. I have made up my mind to teach her and John." Nobody but himself ever knew what making up his mind to perform the duty of instructing his children meant to Colonel Granville. No one would have been so discourteous as to call him indolent, but his inertia was tremendous. The better part of a lifetime spent in a semi-tropical climate had not tended to conquer the inclination to avoid unnecessary exertion. However, he had made up his mind, and that was the victory.

Day after day the Colonel spent hours with his son and daughter, drilling them in what he regarded as the essentials of an education. He poured out the wealth of his learning upon them and gave them the benefit of the

rare knowledge that he had gained in travel. This instruction continued for three years.

Helen was now seventeen. She longed to help her parents in their piteous struggles with continuous poverty. She decided to teach a summer school in the neighborhood of Strathmore, and, after she had gained some experience, to go in for a larger place. Her father surprised her by giving his ready consent to the enterprise.

To the astonishment of every one, Colonel Granville decided that John should go to school to Helen. She was far in advance of her brother, although two years younger. Her mind was stronger and more brilliant. She had the student instinct. If there was anything which John Granville hated above another, it was a schoolhouse. He had often said that the very sight of one made him sick; that he would go a mile out of his way to avoid looking at one. He loathed books.

When he had attended the public school in his earlier days, he had dawdled away his time, studying just enough to keep from being dismissed. He had been compelled to apply himself while his father taught him, because, while he was never conscious of being afraid of him, he knew intuitively that

there was a danger-line which it would be unsafe ever to attempt to cross. Now for him to be condemned to attend a school that would be taught by a girl—and that girl his sister—was a disgrace too shameful for him to contemplate. In his soul he determined upon revenge.

It hadn't dawned on him that Helen had undertaken to teach for the purpose of helping their mother and father. He thought that she was actuated by a spirit of vain-glory. He had never cared for his sister. If anyone had asked him why, he would have been at a loss to explain. Dimly he realized that she was superior to him in every way; that she was made of finer material and his heart was full of envy. There had never been any congeniality between them; something inexplicable held them apart.

John Granville decided that he would break up his sister's school. He began his tactics in a quiet way, by covertly making a boy or girl occasionally burst into a sudden explosion of laughter. Then he brought mice and lizards into the schoolroom and at the most inopportune moment turned them loose, producing a pandemonium. After that he would incite students to riots at playtime and

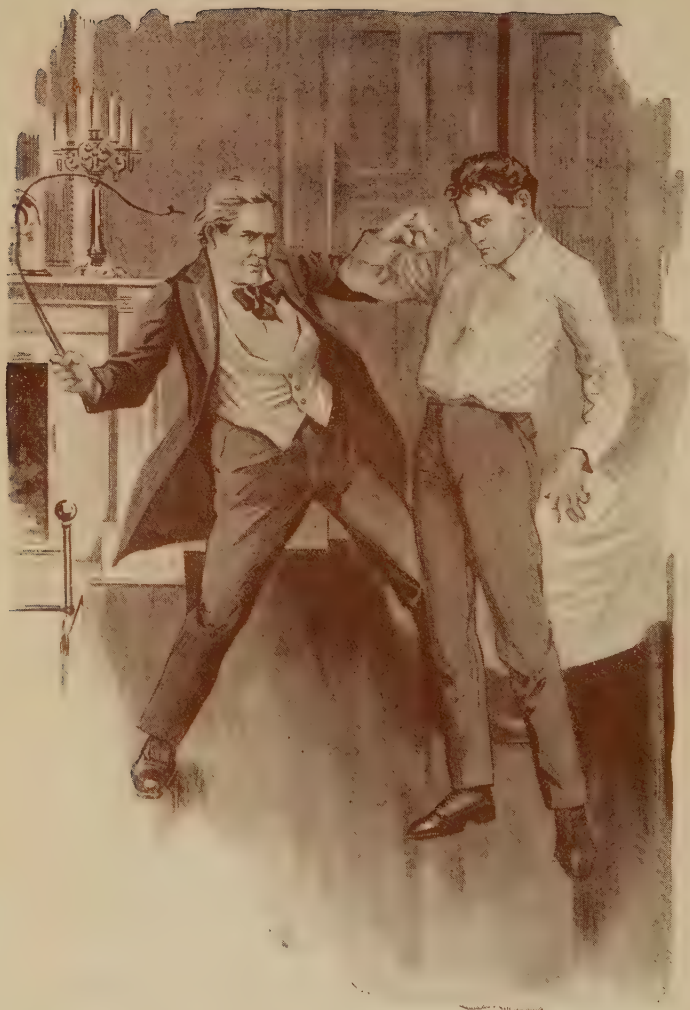
have them engage in the most brutal fights. One day a number of half-grown boys were sitting on one of the long, rough benches, apparently in deep study. Utter stillness prevailed. At a signal given by John, through a prearranged plan, the boys tilted as far back as they could, then bounced forward, every fellow projecting his feet into the air, letting the bench fall forward with a terrific thud, throwing the occupants into a tumbled heap upon the floor.

The culmination had been reached. The patience of the teacher was at last exhausted. That night, while the family was at supper, Helen told the story of her brother's efforts to destroy her school. When she finished, she dropped her face into her hands and cried. The Colonel sprang to his feet. Looking angrily at John, he said, sternly, "Follow me, sir." The father led the way into the library, and there, where he had flogged his daughter five years before, he now began to beat his son in the same way—with a riding whip.

Without a word of admonition, the man rained blows upon the body of the boy—cruel, horrible blows. He lashed John in the impetuosity of his fury until the leather thongs cut through the skin and the flesh



John Granville Meets Gertrude Hammond—His Downfall



Colonel Granville Brutally Punishes His Son John—
A Tragedy

quivered in agony. Great drops of sweat gathered on his brow and poured down his face, but he neither cried nor groaned. He stood like an ox in his stall and silently received his chastisement. He could have felled his father with one stroke of his strong right hand, but it was not lifted.

The crucifixion was complete. Colonel Granville made the most ghastly mistake of his life in giving that terrible punishment to his son. There is never an excuse strong enough to cause a parent to inflict such extreme punishment. It would never have been necessary, if the proper training had begun in the cradle—gentleness coupled with absolute, unswerving firmness. With a beating something fine drops from a child's nature, like the whiteness from a flower that has been crushed. A certain hardening comes which dwarfs and coarsens. It may be all right to whip a dog or horse, but it is all wrong to whip a child. To beat a half-grown boy or girl is an unforgivable infamy.

Colonel Granville had never struck John before. Often, when he had reprimanded him, the boy would whistle in his face and be allowed to go unpunished, his father smiling over his effrontery. In these later years espe-

cially he had permitted his son to do very much as he pleased. He had never spoken to him about his night escapades across the creek. At this time he had not stopped to realize the inconsistency of his course, nor to consider the question of temperament. He allowed himself to be swept on to the committal of an outrageous cruelty by a blind rush of rage.

While John Granville stood in the library receiving the most excruciating degradation that had ever come to him, the affection which he had entertained for his father died; he also lost his respect for him. With this swift transition of sentiment came a deep-seated resentment toward his sister. "She has been the cause of my humiliation," he thought, and his soul shrouded itself in sullen anger. As these emotions surged through him, there came strangely with them the determination to be a man, to be perfectly well-educated, to achieve the highest success. It was the turning point in his existence. He left off his boyishness; he became serious and thoughtful; he treated his father and sister with deference, but with marked coldness. His mother he enthroned anew in his heart with a throb of unutterable satisfaction.

Colonel Granville announced to his son that he would again teach him.

As Helen went to her little schoolhouse in the woods, the idea presented itself that it would be a sensible enterprise to have some of her father's land cleared and put under cultivation. When she suggested the plan and offered to pay for the work, the Colonel heartily agreed, but stipulated that enough of the forest should be left to furnish the mansion forever with fuel, and that his favorite walk through a dense growth, reaching from the dwelling to the creek, should not be disturbed.

He said to Helen, "I had thought before of having the land prepared for cultivation, daughter, but hesitated because I supposed you and John would need the income from it more when you are grown than now." "We could never want it as much in the future as at the present time, father," the girl replied. "John has to be sent to college and so do I. An education is the most important thing that could be given us. Besides, you and mother should have all the comforts you can secure in these later years of your lives."

The Colonel's position was in consonance with his idealism, which was always far re-

moved from the practical. Through the assistance of John, who secured the necessary laborers, the giant trees of the primeval forest were cut upon one hundred acres. Then came the problem of getting the heavy timber removed from the land. Again a bright idea flashed through the mind of Helen. She would put an advertisement in the city papers announcing that cut timber was for sale on the plantation of Colonel Granville, and have the lumber merchants or their agents come and buy it. When she laid this plan before her father, he was indignant. "No, daughter, I shall not have my name in the papers of New Orleans, nor in those of the towns of my own state, nor anywhere else, advertising my property for sale. Have a match struck to that timber and let it burn."

Helen obeyed. Day after day, for weeks, immense clouds of smoke told the story of the consumption by fire of the mammoth trees which would have brought enough money in the city market to keep Colonel Granville and his family in comfort for months. When the land lay gray with ashes, it was turned over for a year to a few negro families, without cost, to break and free it from stumps; after that it was rented to them. These black

people lived in the cabins at the quarters. The houses were sadly out of repair, but on the whole were habitable. The negroes had long since crept back to their old friends, their former masters, and begged for employment. Among them was Rachel, who went to see Mrs. Granville and said, "Mistiss, I'se come ter ask yo' ter let me cook fer yo' same as I did 'fore de surrender." The lady who had once owned her, body and soul, replied, "You are free now, Rachel, and must be paid. I have no money to give you for your work." "Dat don't make no diff'unce, mistiss. Jes' let me come and wait on yo'. I won't charge yo' nuthin' but sumthin' ter eat an' my cloes."

"You are late in the day making your offer, Rachel. Where have you been all these years since the war ended?" "Down in Roanoke County, mistiss. De Yankees took me off, yo' 'member, an' I didn't know how ter git back home." "It doesn't seem to have troubled you very much. You are the happiest-looking person I have seen in a long time." "Don't yo' know de reason fer dat, mistiss?" Rachel inquired laughingly; "I done married er preacher. He pastures down at Ellsburg." "If you come back here," Mrs. Granville asked, "how about your husband? He will

have to come also. We could never feed two extra mouths." "No, mistiss, no, ma'am; my ole man got ter keep up his pasturing. He wouldn't come here only on 'casions. Den he wouldn't bother." "What became of your first husband, Rachel?" "Lor', Miss Louise, I gin him up long ago. He was so turribly triffin' I never could case him. He warn't nothin' more nor a pair uv ole, worn-out over-hauls."

"Haven't you children?" "I done bore my las' husbun' ten head, mistiss, but some died an' I give de uddens er-way; all excusin' Moze an' Archie. De two boys what's left wid me is both brothers. I'd like to bring Archie an' let him stay here to 'tend on marster."

"Were all your children boys, Rachel?" "All but one; but she done married. She sutenly did have one big weddin'; so many colored folks come to it dat de road looked black wid um. But before dey got ter de house, I et up de weddin' cake. I sho was hongry."

Mrs. Granville smiled. "Go on to the kitchen, Rachel, and stay there until you want to leave me again." "Praise Gord, mistiss, dat I will!" and back to the kitchen she went.

Several weeks later, Rachel's husband, Ned Rustman, came over from Ellsburg to pay his wife a visit. Colonel Granville noticed that he had a handkerchief tied about his head. "What's the matter, Ned?" "One ob de sisters at de prar-meetin' las' week got ter shoutin' and bus' out my eye, sar." The Colonel looked grave. "Ned, are you an educated minister?" "Ya'as, sar, Marse Kurnel, I is," he replied, but with humility in his voice and demeanor; "dat is, presupposed to be, sar." "Well, then, I would like for you to settle a serious question for me. Did Jonah swallow the whale, or did the whale swallow Jonah?" That was a poser. Ned scratched his head, plunged deeply into thought for a moment, then said, "Marse Kurnel, does yo' know dat in all de yurs sence I been preachin' de Word, dat I ain't yit been able ter absolve dat problem ter de ratification uv my own conscience?"

"How did you learn to read, Ned?" Clapping his hand over his heart, the old black man exclaimed: "De Holy Sperit led me! Some pore nigger, who knowed jes' a little more nor I did, larnt me my letters. Den I tuk down de gorspel uv John, and spelt it out frum de beginnin' ter de eend. Frum de fust

dare was sumthin' sprong up in me dat tole me ter preach; and dat sumthin' has hoped me all erlong ter sarch de Scriptures. Dat acorn of configuration in my heart has now growed ter be er tree. Praise de Lord! It larnt me ter read!"

A Bright Pathway Opens

CHAPTER XII

A BRIGHT PATHWAY OPENS

Toward the close of a day that had been packed with hard work, John Granville strolled down to the creek. He sat on the bank, leisurely fishing. There were full two hours before sunset. The sound of voices was heard on the other side of the stream, but the speakers were hidden from view by a thick strip of woods. The boy was thankful for the seclusion. Life was beginning to grow serious to him. He was thinking of his future. It seemed anything but bright. Nothing but drudgery stared him in the face. As land had been cleared on his father's place, he had worked more than before in the field, raising crops of corn and cotton.

John Granville was a fine manager and made every dollar count. He had become a successful trader. Long ago his diminutive mules had been swapped for other brood mares, and he had gathered about him several horses and a fairly good herd of cattle.

Everything that he touched seemed to turn into money, but his heart was not satisfied. He longed to acquire a thorough education. When his mind dwelt upon the difficulties which confronted him, his soul sank into gloom.

While he sat that afternoon trying to figure out some plan of action, Miss Randolph came slowly walking through the woods. Seeing the boy engrossed in meditation, she sat down at the foot of a giant tree back of him, and, opening a book, began to read. Rex stretched himself out by her side. Miss Alice was always accompanied by her faithful shepherd dog. With a sudden jerk of his rod and a half-smothered exclamation of delight, John landed a prize from the water. The fish fell at the feet of Miss Randolph. When the boy turned to follow the pull of the hook and saw his friend, he smiled broadly and said with as much ease as if he had been preparing the speech for hours, "That's a spanking catch, Miss Alice. You came just in time to get him for your supper." Then placing the perch in a basket in which were several others, and winding up the line with deliberation, he sat down on the ground near Miss Randolph, on the side opposite from Rex,

leaned his head against the tree and lapsed into silence.

Miss Alice continued to read. She understood the boy thoroughly; for weeks she had seen John Granville for a short time almost every day. After awhile she said, musingly, "I have thought much of you lately, laddie. What do you intend to do with your life?" "What can I do with it?" he asked bitterly. "I suppose I ought to stay here the rest of my days and slave to support mother and father, but I do want to be educated"; and he drew a deep sigh. "Does your father ever speak with you about going to college?" "Often; but he offers no suggestion as to how it can be accomplished. He has no money, you know, and no more idea about making it than a whippoorwill. He has his notions, too, as to what a gentleman should do and what he should not do. It's awfully hard to appear like a prince and live like a pauper." Miss Randolph laughed.

"I'll tell you a fact, Miss Alice," growing confidential; "I'm tired of hearing so much talk about family pride and blue blood and all that." "Aristocracy is certainly out of place in a republic," remarked Miss Randolph. "The only real patricians in the Uni-

ted States, when it comes to a question of ancient lineage, are the Indians." "There you are right. I despise caste!" came with abruptness from John Granville. "The test of blood with me is the doing. Frank Gleasan told me about a fellow who used to lounge around Strathmore and brag about his pedigreed mare. When Frank couldn't stand it any longer, he roused up one day and called to the man with the mare, 'Can she trot?' 'And do you believe me,' said Frank, 'she couldn't. It was all hot air.'" "There's nothing like the test," agreed Miss Randolph. "I reckon there's a common streak in me; I've never stopped liking those people across the creek," and John smiled.

Miss Randolph looked sympathetic. "If you were to run for office, boy, you would be elected by an overwhelming majority. I hear that you are the favorite of the entire countryside, and that the lower classes especially adore you." "I don't know about that, but they are good to me. Last week old Jeff Perkins said, 'John, I hears you wants to go to college. To hope you on, sonnie, I'll sell my two Jersey cows and give you the money. What do you think of that?'" "I call that generous."

"Oh! I'll go in for the red-necks and hill-billies any old time when it comes to ringing true. I love to think of the nights when I used to go 'possum hunting with those men, and the gilded hours I spent in their log cabins dancing with the poor white girls. It was all delicious!" "Because forbidden?" "Just that exactly; but the charm has gone. I don't know what is the matter with me. I ache. My mind, my soul, my body aches. Don't think that I am going to sit down and whine away the hours. I'm in the fight up to the dagger-hilt, but where to begin is the problem." "You must get away from here, John. This country lacks stimulation for a young man. Tradition stills the pulse of the people. You must go where the future beckons. Have you made no plans?" "None. I'm at a dead standstill; but in my heart there is one call that never lets up: 'College! college! college! college!'"

"Would you like to be a professional man?" "No, indeed! I'm commercial. My leaning is all toward trade. I hear the clink of dollars in my brain as musicians hear anthems thundering in their ears. I can't wait to climb by low stages to competency through law or medicine or any other profession. Is

there a school in the United States where a fellow can go and pay his way through by working?" "Numbers; but do you think that your parents would like for you to gain your education in that way—by working?" "I suppose not; but I would go in for it all the same, if I had to run away." "That would never do."

"Tell me where to find one of those colleges, Miss Alice; I'll get to it if I have to crawl." "I think I can do better than that for you, John. What would you say if I were to offer to send you to college?" "I would say that you are an angel and I would worship you. But how could you send me?" "By letting you have the money, of course, you dear boy." "But could you spare it?" "Oh, I think so. I have a private fortune which I inherited from my mother. I am free to spend it as I choose. I am financially independent of my father." "Glorious! But if I were to accept money from you for my college education, would you be willing for me to pay it all back to you?" "Yes." "And with interest?" "Certainly, if you wish it." "Then I'll go to college," said John, and he dropped his face upon his knees and sobbed. Miss Randolph bent over Rex and patted

him and laid her cheek against his fuzzy coat, while the tears streamed from her eyes.

When the storm of grief and gladness had spent itself with the boy, she spoke to him. "How would you like to attend the University of Virginia, John?" "Better than anything else on earth. That's where my grandfather Stuart was educated. It would make mother so happy to have me go there." "When does Donald start?" "Next week." "Can you be ready to go with him?" "I could catch the train tonight, if necessary." "It will be well to make some preparations, lad, and say a few farewells to your friends and neighbors. You will not be back soon, you know," and Miss Randolph laid her hand gently on the boy's.

"In your university life you will be confronted with temptations that you never dreamed of before, John. Did your father ever talk to you about the strong, impelling power of sex and of how you should keep your body free from impurity?" "Father has never mentioned those subjects to me. He would regard it as beneath him, but I have heard other men talk." "Probably you have not heard the right things." "I am sure of that." "Has your mother never explained to

you your sex nature and warned you against violating it?" "Never." "I don't intend to preach to you, John, neither am I going to ask you to make me any promises; but please remember that your destiny lies in your generative organs. If you conquer the tiger, you will be the master and he will draw your chariot for you. If the tiger conquers you, he will be the driver and you will drag the wagon for him."

"I have been struggling with the beast for some time," John answered slowly. "Mother has always told me that I had nothing but blue blood in my veins, but for several years I have felt that it was as red as a cock's comb and literally on fire." Miss Randolph felt that her cheeks were flaming. "But you must be the victor, John. On one hand stands perfect manhood, strength, success, happiness; on the other lurks wreckage, ill health, failure, misery." "I'm not a saint, Miss Alice. Like most fellows of my age, I have tried most of the gaits. I'm nineteen." "I do hope, lad, that in morals you have not yet gone across the creek." "You have been good to talk to me like this, Miss Alice," the boy replied evasively. "I love you for it," and taking her hands in his he kissed them.

The Farewell Supper

CHAPTER XIII

THE FAREWELL SUPPER

Miss Randolph entertained at a farewell supper given in honor of Donald Gordon and John Granville. Knowing that they would not return at Christmas, she gave the house at Ingleside as much of a holiday appearance as was possible for the early autumn. Masses of flowers from the fields and woods furnished the decoration. When Don arrived an hour ahead of time, laden with roses from his own garden, his hostess asked him to arrange the centerpiece on the supper table and sent Helen Granville, who had been her guest for the day, to assist him. Miss Randolph had planned all along to give the boy an opportunity for this coveted interview.

As the two were assorting the flowers and placing them in order, Helen said, "Your mother will miss you sadly while you are away at the university, Donald." "Yes, but she is so glad to have me go." "You have a beautiful mother. I shall love her forever

because she nursed me through that long spell of typhoid fever. She is more angel than human." "Thank you, Helen. Do you think that you have fully recovered from that awful attack? Father says it takes one a long, long time to get over the effects of typhoid fever." "I think I am stronger now than I ever was in my life. I want to thank you again, Donald, for all of those flowers that you brought me during my illness, and for those fresh eggs and the fruit with which you supplied me when I began to get well. Every time I see you it is in my heart to thank you."

"I was in hopes you would never find out, Helen. I left my offerings at the front door of the mansion each morning before anybody was about." "Dora Morris told me. She is an early bird," and Helen laughed. "Did you know, Don, that she cooked for mother during the whole of those two months when I was ill?" "Yes, I knew it." "She acted as housemaid, too, and really did all the work. Wasn't it blessed of her?"

"She deserves a crown. I must tell you a little incident about Dora which perhaps you haven't heard. Mother told me that one day the girl entered your room to bring some cream of corn soup that Miss Alice had sent

to you. Her thumb was bound with a handkerchief and the ends were tied about her wrist. Thinking she had met with an accident, mother said, 'Dora, let me look at your right hand.' The girl promptly extended her left. 'That's not your right hand!' mother demurred. 'Ain't it?' Dora asked, looking troubled and perplexed. Mother feigned astonishment. 'Can't you tell one hand from the other?' Dora replied, 'All my life ma have been vexed with me because when she said, "Use your right hand," I would use my left; and when she said, "Use your left hand," I have used my right. Ma, she says, I'm "amber-dextrous."'

"Mother looked serious. 'We have been taught that, at the last day, the goats will be at the left hand of God and the sheep at the right. If you can't tell your left hand from your right, what are you going to do at that time?' Without the slightest hesitation, Dora answered, 'I will keep my eye on Helen Granville and follow wherever she may lead. I am sure she will go straight to the sheep.' Wasn't that a fine tribute?" "It was lovely."

"Dora's instinct is true," continued Donald. "When she gives the cue at the last day, I am going to take it and follow in your footsteps."

too." "Donald, you are so foolish!" "But faithful." "Getting well is the worst part about having typhoid fever, Don. If Miss Alice hadn't brought me over to Ingleside in my convalescent days, and kept me here for such a long time, I think I would have died, after all." "Oh, no! Your time hadn't come. Wasn't it charming that when your father called to see you he brought his violin, and that he and Miss Alice together produced that wonderful music which would ring through the woods and make one feel like swooning with delight?" "It was heavenly. Poor father!" and the girl sighed.

"By the way, Helen, how are you getting on with your school?" "It closed last Friday." "I'm so glad. It was horrible to be boxed up in a tight little room all those hot days and attempt to instruct a lot of stupid youngsters. I hope you'll never try it again." "I have stood the examination for the public school and obtained a first-class certificate. I shall start on the fall term next week." "How brave you are!" "Not at all. I want to teach. I am helping father with the land, you know. Just as fast as possible I shall have more and more cleared." "Splendid!"

"The cabins are all rented. After John goes away, the father of Dora Morris will care for the stock." "What an expert manager you have grown to be! I admire you more than ever." Helen was silent, but she smiled as she held one of the roses to her lips. "It will probably be a long time before we shall meet again," Don ventured; "I hope you will not forget me." "That would be impossible," the girl replied, "for you are a part of my life." "You are almost all of mine," was the ardent response. "I am going to write to you, Helen, while I am at the university." "Please don't. I could not answer your letters. Father would be angry." "Why should he? Would there be anything wrong about it?" "Father would think so. I have often heard him say that girls should be reared like nuns; that all thought of boys should be kept from them until their education is finished."

"I don't agree with him!" Don replied hotly. "It is perfectly right for the sexes to be thrown together from babyhood until the end of life." "You will have to argue that out with father. I am only telling you what he thinks." "Surely, Helen, you wouldn't let a prejudice like that stand between you

and me, would you? It does seem that if you are old enough to teach you have enough discretion to enable you to choose your correspondents without dictation from any one. Please let me write to you while I am gone."

"No, I will not. You must take that for an answer, Don." "Would there be anything wrong about our writing to each other?" "I wonder what you mean by that?" the girl asked in mild surprise. "Nothing," Don exclaimed, "except that you are my sweetheart, that's all; and I want you to reply to the letters that I intend to write you." He picked up one of the flowers and began nervously to tear the petals apart. "I am sorry to disappoint you, Don," came the answer of Helen slowly and without confusion. "You could never be my sweetheart, and I shall never answer your letters." "Why not?" the boy demanded shortly. "Because I am your friend, Don, and only that. Don't spoil everything by asking for something impossible."

"You will not let me write to you, Helen?" "No; positively, no!" "Have you any other sweetheart, Helen?" "I have no sweetheart at all, Don." "Oh, well, then! I can wait."

There was a note of triumph in his voice. He turned suddenly away and going into the

drawing-room began to play Beethoven's Sonata in F with all his soul in his fingertips.

The sun was still shining when the supper ended. John Granville made his farewell speech to Miss Randolph and passed into the hall. His sister followed him. Very timidly she said, "I hope you will write to me while you are at the university, John." "I shall be too busy. I'll write to mother. That will do for the whole family."

"Oh, John! won't you? Just one little letter?" "No, I will not." "I ask you to forgive me for all the unhappiness I have caused you at home," and the girl hesitated. "Please don't rake up the past, Helen. I am so glad to get away from it all." "John—John—darling—" Helen faltered, with the tears raining down her cheeks; "I love you, I love you." "Thank you," came her brother's cold reply.

As the two boys walked away in the sunset light of that September evening, Helen saw only John. Linking her arm through Miss Randolph's, while they stood watching the rapidly disappearing figures, the girl said, "Isn't my brother the handsomest boy you ever saw, Miss Alice? See how tall and straight and strong he is!" "So is Donald, dear. He is precisely the same height as

John. He is just as straight and strong. I am sure his shoulders are just as broad. Looking at them now, as they walk side by side, I detect very little difference between them, except that Don's hair is auburn and John's is brown; and I know that Don's eyes are blue and John's are hazel. Don's complexion is fair, while John's is dark. They are both fine and I am very proud of them."

"Oh! so am I! But when John is around I fail to see any other boy. He is so beautiful and so masterful! I love him. It breaks my heart to be separated from him." "Ah! my dear," Miss Randolph answered, with a sharply-drawn breath, "I know, as few can, that as the years of our lives go by such blasting sorrows come to us that the lesser blows lose their sting and their echoes pass into the still fields of the forgotten." For some time she had recognized the attitude of entire indifference which John Granville maintained toward his sister, but she had never inquired into its meaning.

Finding the Jewels



CHAPTER XIV

FINDING THE JEWELS

Ever since the illness of Helen, the one consuming desire of Mrs. Granville had been to give her daughter a liberal education. She longed to see her shine in society, to gain a place fitted to her birth. She noted, but without jealousy, the deepening affection between Helen and Miss Randolph. She knew that she had robbed herself of one of the most exquisite joys which can come to a woman's heart—an intimate friendship with a little child. She also realized that the beautiful comradeship which should exist between a mother and daughter would never be hers.

The remorse that had swept through her soul at the time of its awakening had cleansed it of all bitterness. She devoted herself now wholly to the interest of Helen, with no thought of selfishness, but only because of love for her daughter, and with the abiding hope that the future years would give her an opportunity to make reparation for the harm

which she had done. She shut out every thought except that of Helen. She worked and planned for her happiness.

One afternoon, while alone at the mansion, Louise Granville went to the music-room, compelling herself to the unwelcome conclusion that more of her treasures would have to go to meet the growing requirements of her family. She turned now to the musical instruments, wondering which should be offered to the dealers for sale. Glancing about the apartment, she said aloud to herself unconsciously: "There is the piano which was given to me by father when I finished school, but that is too modern. It would not bring one hundred dollars. There is mother's glorious Italian harp, but I am afraid that also would be considered new. Guitars are too plentiful to be in demand."

She looked at her husband's violin with covetous impulses, but shuddered and turned resolutely away. At last her eyes fell upon an ancient harpsichord which had been owned by her grandmother, Madame Eugenie Beaufort, when she was living in Paris. "I wonder how the old thing sounds? Mother used to tell me that it had been utterly out of tune ever since the death of my grandmother."

Crossing over to where the antique instrument stood, in the deep recess of a window, Mrs. Granville opened wide the cover, and, sitting down before it, let her fingers wander over the keys. Only a jangle of noises was heard. "What a curious instrument this is!" the woman exclaimed. "What could have so totally destroyed its melody?" With a sudden movement she arose and, thrusting her right hand over the wires, moved it up and down, back and forth.

Leaning far over, she gave a determined stretch to her body, forcing her hand to reach to the limit of each corner. In recrossing, from one to the other, her fingers brushed against something bulky. With a smothered cry she drew forth a bundle wrapped in leather and bound with rubber bands. Dropping into a chair nearby, she began eagerly to unstrap it. The leather fell to pieces and the bands crumbled like dead leaves, revealing a number of letters yellow with age.

As Louise Granville slipped one envelope over the other, in feverish haste, she discovered, lying in the center of the package, a long, narrow jewel case. Touching the spring, she beheld a gorgeous diamond necklace and a string of costly pearls glittering

with bewildering radiance in the evening light. She found, also, tied in a piece of scarlet silk, a medal bearing the stamp of the face of Napoleon the First. Wild with happiness, she held the precious jewels to her lips and kissing them in rapture she murmured, "Thank God! Thank God! At last! At last it has come!" Then she picked up the letters and read them with absorbing curiosity. They were all from her Grandmother Beaufort to her daughter, Florette Beaufort Stuart, the mother of Mrs. Granville.

The letters were written in the most elegant French. Some were dated Moscow, the others were from Paris. Each began, "My dear little one," and were laden with expressions of affection. The latest held the crux of the situation. It told the story of the jewels. The delicate writing looked more like the tracery of a spider's web than the work of a woman's hand. Louise Granville read:

"In this letter, my darling, which may be the last that I shall have the strength to send, I must relate to you the history of a beautiful chapter in my life, which I hope you will hand down to those who shall come after you.

"When I was a young girl in Paris, the city of my birth, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a Russian lady of unusual strength of character and most charming personality. She was so gracious as to say that she admired my French and wished earnestly that I might be much in her company. My parents were happy for me to be associated with Her Highness, who was none other than the Grand Duchess Constantiavieff. After several months of this delightful intimacy, with the full consent of my mother and father, I accompanied my friend to Moscow. With the deepest pleasure I talked with her for hours each day, always in French. To my ecstasy, she insisted upon my being with her wherever she went. Oh, my dear, it was a wonderful winter that we had! I can now see the enormous coachmen wrapped in furs and hear the clanging of the sleighbells. I can behold the magnificent dining-halls, at state dinners, resplendent in every appointment. I live over again the grand opera and the impressive service in the cathedrals of the Greek church.

"As spring came, I returned to Paris with the Grand Duchess. When she left me in my father's home, she clasped this diamond

necklace about my throat, and embracing me, said, 'When you wear this, my dearie, remember one who loves you.' That was in the time of the Empress Josephine, who, it strangely and sweetly happened for me, was an attached friend of the Grand Duchess Constantiavieff. In their conversation one day, the Duchess, with her usual generosity of spirit, mentioned me. I was invited by the Empress to spend a week with her and the noble Russian lady at the Grand Palace. Ah! my daughter, it would be impossible for me to describe to you those glorious hours. When I left, the engaging and pathetic Josephine slipped into my hand a jewel-case, saying, 'Do not open this, little girl, until your wedding day.' I presume the Duchess had told her that I was to marry Colonel Francis Beaufort, an officer in the Grand Army of Napoleon.

"Upon the blissful evening that I became your father's bride, I opened the jewel-case, and there fell into my hands the string of pearls which you will find in the box with the diamond necklace. Ah! it was all so beautiful; but, after that, began the terrible wars. Colonel Beaufort was in the bitter retreat from Russia. He was also in the Battle

of Waterloo. You know the rest. After the exile of the Emperor, whom my husband loved as most men love the good God, the heart of Colonel Beaufort was broken and he died. In the case with the jewels, you will find the decoration of the Legion of Honor which your father won in the Napoleonic Wars, and which was more precious to him than even my pearls and diamonds could be to me. So, my dear one, farewell. May we meet in a happier world! Yours, with everlasting love, Eugenie Beaufort."

The history of the jewels was learned; but why they had been placed in the harpsichord and their hiding kept a secret, was never discovered. Mrs. Granville was only fifteen when she lost her mother. Her father was a man of extreme reticence, and had never told his daughter about the family of his wife. All that Louise knew came from the half-forgotten conversations which she had held with her mother as a little girl. These time-stained letters brought the first revelation concerning her kinspeople on the maternal side. With tears of veneration in her eyes, she again took up the radiant heirlooms—this time with infinite tenderness. "Oh! how I would love to keep them for my daughter;

but they must be sold that she may be educated."

With her treasures placed close to her heart, the following week Louise Granville made a journey to New Orleans. She found the most expert judges of pearls and diamonds in the city. Her jewels were shown and their history related. The price won for them was comparatively small, but it seemed like a queen's ransom to the starved eyes of the woman who had lived in the grip of poverty on a lonely plantation ever since the close of the Civil War. The Colonel had been astounded at his wife's temerity in making the trip alone. It was the first time since her marriage that she had left the neighborhood of Strathmore without being accompanied by her husband.

Helen Goes to College

CHAPTER XV

HELEN GOES TO COLLEGE

Soon after Louise Granville's return, she went over to Ingleside. When the first sensation of discomfiture had passed, she told Miss Randolph about finding the jewels and of her journey to the city to sell them. She gave the name of the dealer. He had known both of her parents. That was the secret of his generosity in the transaction, she thought. Not waiting for an expression from Miss Randolph, Mrs. Granville went on to say that the money realized from the sale had been deposited in a New Orleans bank and that every dollar of it would be expended in giving Helen the highest education that this country could afford.

"To which college shall I send her?" The question was asked with glowing eagerness. Miss Randolph replied, "To Vassar, the famous woman's college, at Poughkeepsie, New York." The color faded from the lips and cheeks of Louise Granville as she gasped,

"To a Northern college? How could you make such a suggestion? I prefer having my daughter educated in the South. I desire to have her mentality saturated with Southern ideals. I am proud of the stamp which statesmen of the South have left upon our national life." "But, my dear friend, there is no reason why Helen should be robbed of these sentiments even if she were to be educated in the North."

"I am afraid that the Southern side of history would not be truthfully presented. How glad I am to know that from 1789 to 1860 there were ten presidents of the United States of Southern birth, whose administration extended over a period of forty years! Virginia gave seven of these. Strong, old Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk were natives of North Carolina. Abraham Lincoln was of Virginian ancestry and born in Kentucky. During the seventy-one years, stretching from Washington's administration to that of Lincoln's, the United States may be said to have been practically under the domination of Southern thought and Southern leadership."

"All that you say is exact to the letter," broke in Miss Randolph, "but let us be gen-

crous enough to acknowledge that it was the iron in the soul of the Puritans, gathered in their fight for religious reforms in Great Britain and brought by them to this country, which gave unyielding strength to the American Revolution and color to the heroism of all the after-struggles." "It was certainly the power that brought on the war between the states," answered Mrs. Granville. "Although the Puritans in England had striven for freedom of thought and worship, one of their first acts, on gaining a foothold in Massachusetts, was to prohibit any kind of Episcopal church to exist in the colony and to ship back to England two gentlemen in Salem who preferred the Episcopal form of worship."

"That is true," replied Miss Randolph, "and I confess that the next arbitrary act was to allow no men to vote or hold office who were not members of their own Congregational churches. Roger Williams was ordered to return to England because his religious and political views were not in harmony with those of the Massachusetts settlers. About the same time, Anne Hutchinson was banished from Massachusetts on account of her ideas concerning grace and good works; and Samuel Gordon, who also had notions, was

driven from one settlement to another." "Yes," declared Mrs. Granville with decision, thinking that Miss Randolph was weakening in her position, "and the Puritans of New England had such a horror of the Quakers that they were banished under penalty of death, imprisoned and whipped. In the seventeenth century, four persons belonging to that gentle sect were hung on Boston Commons, one of them being a lady of good family. While the witchcraft delusion prevailed in Massachusetts, at the end of six months over four hundred persons had either been accused, tortured, thrown into jail or hanged."

"On the other hand," interposed Miss Randolph, "they had an intense love for learning. This was speedily illustrated by the establishment of public schools and in founding Harvard, the first college in America, fifty-five years before the second, that of William and Mary, in Virginia. These beginnings were the forecast of that wealth of literary genius which afterward identified New England as the hotbed of culture in the United States. It would be wise to place your daughter in that atmosphere." "Ah!" returned Mrs. Granville, soaring above the observation about Helen, "while New England was cultivating

a literary taste that finally blossomed into the greatest writers of the United States, the South was developing a giant brain-power which culminated in the production of the ablest statesmen that America has ever known." "Dear Mrs. Granville, please don't think that in my defense of the North, I intend to detract one iota from the glory of the South. I am half Southern, you know, and I love the land of my fathers."

"I am sure you are loyal," Louise granted; "but all visions are blurred to me except those seen through Southern glasses. Isn't it gratifying to know that today America rejoices in the wise action of one of the Virginia Presidents, James Monroe, in declaring that this continent should be kept free from the inroads of foreign nations?" "Yes, indeed."

"The services rendered by Southern men to our great country, since the Revolutionary days, have been signal. Henry Clay, the brilliant statesman from Kentucky, was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, in our National Congress, in 1811, and by his memorable Missouri Compromise prevented, for nearly thirty years, serious trouble on the slavery question between the North and South." "Oh! certainly," agreed Miss Ran-

dolph, "and I know that in the War of 1812, General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, was among the leaders; and, in the Battle of the Thames, the tide of victory was turned in favor of the Americans through the gallant conduct of some Kentucky riflemen under Colonel Richard M. Johnson."

"You are liberal to concede all that," Mrs. Granville remarked, "as your prejudices must be largely English." "I have no prejudices when it comes to accepted, historical facts. I am just as happy as you are to realize that while Captain Perry and other naval commanders won their imperishable laurels, turning the scales of war upon the waters, the Indian power in the Southwest was broken by Andrew Jackson, assisted by a few United States regulars and his own Tennessee troops; and at the battle of New Orleans, gained a tremendous victory for the United States and gave to England the most terrible defeat it had ever known." "That was a triumph of righteousness over tyranny, wasn't it?" "Quite so."

Not losing sight of the main tenor of her thought, Mrs. Granville said, "Don't let us forget that under General Sam Houston, a Virginian, the independence of the mighty

empire of Texas was achieved. With his name those of the martyrs of Goliad and the heroes of the Alamo will live forever: Bowie, Fannin, Travis, Crockett and hundreds of others. In the Mexican War, which gave Texas to the United States, with the exception of Generals Wool and Kearney, practically all of the commanders in the army of the United States were Southern men—from Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor to Jefferson Davis, the last of whom then held the rank of Colonel." "The achievements of Southerners in the field of art and literature are very gratifying," observed Miss Randolph, while she pressed her hands to her temples and a look of infinite weariness crept into her eyes. "But I am more interested in what has been done in the line of statesmanship and upon the field of battle," objected Mrs. Granville. "John C. Calhoun, one of the most profound and illustrious men of the South, boldly advocated the famous doctrine of nullification; and Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, declared for that theory in a great speech in the United States Senate."

"Yes," promptly answered Miss Randolph, "and Daniel Webster made the reply in one of ~~the most~~ masterly addresses in the English

language, in which was struck the keynote of nationalism. That is something to which we must cling as to our very lives: a reunited country, rejoicing in the attainment of our ideal; sectionalism broadened into nationalism; that means sovereignty, and that points to immortality. The destiny of the South is the destiny of the Republic. It will eventually become totally merged in the being of our imperial nation."

"That is what I dread. My thoughts and aspirations are all in the direction of sectionalism. As I have said to you, I want to hug the traditions of the Old South close to my heart and never lose sight of them. I am sure that if my daughter were to be sent to a Northern college, she would be educated away from all that I hold dear." With an earnestness born of the deepest interest in the welfare of Helen, Miss Randolph said, "The Old South is dead. Its romantic ideals, its beauty, its sorrow has gone with it. The North is now the dominant section. It has the greater wealth, the larger numbers. It will, some day, possess the aristocracy of this nation. Blue blood generally follows in the wake of culture, and culture comes with affluence. You have told me that you wish your

daughter to have the best education which can be obtained in the United States. That can be found only in the North. Better conditions will soon come to the South; but the whole trend of thought and life will be in lines entirely different from the old régime."

"How can I endure it?" and Mrs. Granville shivered. Very gently Miss Randolph continued: "To save your daughter from the tragedies that have so saddened your experience, you will be compelled to have Helen trained to meet the demands of our present social and industrial structure. Send her to the North. There she will receive generous concepts and be fitted to make her own way in the world, wherever her lot may be cast, for she will secure a thorough education founded upon the rockbed of common sense." Miss Randolph's arguments prevailed. Helen was sent to Vassar. Colonel Granville accompanied her to Poughkeepsie.

Soul Greets Soul

CHAPTER XVI

SOUL GREETES SOUL

During the first year which Helen Granville spent at Vassar, she formed an intimate friendship with Estelle Vaughan, a wealthy girl from New York City. The Vaughans owned one of the famous palaces on the Hudson; and it was there that they usually spent their summers. When Estelle learned that Helen had been instructed by her parents not to return South for her first vacation, she seized the opportunity and implored the lonely girl to be her guest until the opening of the next college term. Miss Alice Randolph sent a handsome outfit to Helen; so, the going to the magnificent home on the Hudson was robbed of all embarrassment.

Estelle's brother, Arthur Vaughan, came up from New York. He was presented formally to the young Southern visitor that evening in the drawing-room of his father's mansion. When his gaze rested upon the girl, irresistible in her refined loveliness, his

eyes spoke his admiration, which was given without reserve. Standing together in the soft, pink-tinted light, they seemed made for each other. The boy, just twenty-two, stood erect with soldierly bearing, and the proud air of a prince. He was tall and dark with a brilliant coloring. His face was clear-cut like a cameo, classical in outline, and marked with thoughtful seriousness.

Helen Granville was the expression of his boyhood's noblest dream of the woman who should, some day, be all the world to him. The girl's appearance would have appealed strongly to the sensibilities of anyone endowed with a poetic or artistic temperament. Her slenderness of figure was accentuated by the gown of delicate, white lace which she wore. At her waist were white roses. Her glorious hair lay caressingly about her brow and was massed high upon her well-poised head. There was a dazzling blaze in her lips and cheeks. In her large, blue eyes dwelt an infinite tenderness. About her entire personality was an atmosphere of gentle distinction.

When she was introduced to Arthur Vaughan, she noticed his look of admiration. Her lashes quivered and drooped, and a flush like the coming of dawn on the Ionian sea

swept in a swift tide over her fair, sweet face. Her heart went out to the boy in one great impulse. Love had come to her. The beauty of it lay in the fact that it was met with frank gladness, without the faintest shadow of denial. The souls of Helen Granville and Arthur Vaughan had touched and proudly made their salute.

While the family were at the supper-table that evening, the head of the household, Mr. Julian Vaughan, said to Helen, "The name Granville brings many happy memories to me, and marks an epoch in the history of my life. Daughter tells me that you are from the South." "Yes, sir; from the very far South." "When I was in my first year at Harvard, I lost my father, and mother found it impossible to keep me at college. When I was preparing to start back to my home in Massachusetts, one of my fellow-students surprised me by a visit and offered to pay my expenses for the rest of the term if I would remain at Harvard."

"I am glad you are telling that story now, Julian," his wife interposed; "I have never known anything nobler than the act of that young man. I trust that our children will

always hold him in reverence." "I accepted the munificence of my friend," continued Mr. Vaughan, "not only for the first term at the university, but for the four years. He made it possible for me to succeed in life. I shall be eternally grateful to him." "What was his full name?" asked Arthur. "Warren Lyerly Granville. He served as Colonel in the Confederate Army. Have you ever heard of Colonel Granville?" Mr. Vaughan turned his attention directly to Helen. "He is my father," the girl answered quickly. "Your father?" came in full chorus from the family.

They all sprang to their feet, and while Helen stood in wonderment, they shook hands with her again and again—expressing their gratitude. When they adjourned to the living-room, Estelle said, "I hope, father, that you have been able to persuade Colonel Granville to accept full returns for his generosity." "I have failed so far," and Mr. Vaughan looked perplexed. "When I learned that his son was old enough for college, I wrote to the Colonel, requesting him to allow me the privilege of meeting all financial outlay connected with his education, but he refused."

"Oh!" burst from the lips of Helen like a wail. "I once invited Colonel Granville to establish his home in the North, offering to make an opening for him which would lead to wealth, but that overture was rejected. I don't know now where to turn."

"Write to my brother himself," Helen urged. "He is struggling through college. Write to John." "John?" repeated Arthur in bewilderment. "Do you mean to say that John Granville is your brother? I was with him a year at the University of Virginia"; and again there was astonishment among the Vaughans—and delight. "Father was always an unusually proud person," Helen remarked demurely, "and the loss of his fortune at the close of the Civil War rendered him extremely sensitive." "Ah! I can understand," murmured Mr. Vaughan.

"John is entirely different," Helen went on; "he would welcome any overture that you might make to him. He is desperately anxious to succeed." "I shall write to him tomorrow," Mr. Vaughan replied; "I thank you for the suggestion." "He is the finest fellow that ever walked, father!" Arthur announced enthusiastically; "quite the most

popular man at the University." Regarding Helen with renewed interest, he added, "And Donald Gordon, certainly, can not be far excelled." "Who is Donald Gordon?" demanded Estelle, coming closer to her brother. "Tell me about him and more of John Granville." So the evening wore away.

That summer on the Hudson was like a chapter from Paradise. Arthur would sing to Helen's accompaniments. In the never-to-be-forgotten walks under the splendid trees of the park, and while drifting restfully in a rowboat down the historic river, the two would have long talks about life and its philosophy, as seen through eyes which were love-filled and prompted by bugle-calls of spirits that had not known the blight of disappointment.

The days went by filled with dreams of betterment for humanity, in which they should be sympathetic factors. Dreams, too, of a closer nature in which they would go through the years hand in hand together. The time was approaching when Helen and Estelle would have to return to Vassar and Arthur would go back to Columbia to continue his law studies.

The moonlight was streaming in silvery radiance upon a side veranda which was garlanded with ropes of roses that swayed sleepily in the September air and breathed out their richest perfume. Helen and Arthur were walking slowly to and fro, their hearts throbbing in unison with the witchery and the rapture of the night. He was saying: "It all seems like magic that you should have come to me from the shadowland of dreams. I know now that my soul has always longed for you; and that wherever you may be—on land or sea—in life or in eternity—there I shall reach out for you and find you and worship you with every pulse-beat of my being. Will you promise me here, at this mystical hour, when fairies are weaving the destinies of mortals, that you will love me, and that you will, some day, be my wife?" With ecstasy glowing in her eyes, the girl replied in cadences, as if measuring her words: "In life I love Arthur Vaughan. In the after-life, called death, I shall love you. I give myself now to you. Through changeless years of immortality, I shall be yours."

Then, whimsically following the color of their thoughts, the boy repeated a poem that had sung itself into his heart as a child, writ-

ten by the hand of a man who loved all things
because God loved them:

So fair it is—but miles and miles away,
Through shining fields where little children play:
Down, down the long, sweet, daffodil way—
And yet I think I'll reach that land—some day.

Some day, when all my dreams come true;
Sweet dreams—of sunlit days and you;
The You who lives in Never-Never Land
Shall come to life and take my waiting hand.

And we shall walk long lanes of rarest roses,
And we shall sing and pluck the fairest posies;
For the Land-That-Never-Was is the Land-That-Is-To-
Be:

The Love-Land of God's dear eternity,

Her Heart's History

CHAPTER XVII

HER HEART'S HISTORY

Miss Alice Randolph decided to remain at Ingleside one summer; the very first time she had done so since coming to the South. A person did not have to go far to find the reason for her decision. Helen was to be at home. The girl had developed in womanliness and in beauty of mind and heart in a way that commanded the admiration of her parents and intensified Miss Randolph's interest in her. The girl spent much of her time with Miss Alice, reading to her friend and playing for hours on the blessed piano that had helped to call her back to life, and which had been the medium of the development of her musical endowment which now brought so much of happiness.

It was mid-summer. Ingleside looked more beautiful than ever. A cut-glass pitcher filled with lemonade and tinkling with ice, had been placed on the center-table. As always, there were the silver stands laden with fruit.

The green, venetian blinds were half-closed. A faint wind came in from the gulf, gently swaying the curtains. Rex lay near the door wrapped in careless slumber. Miss Randolph was sitting in a rocking-chair leisurely embroidering a piece of linen. Helen was reading aloud. With a spiritual insight which love had brought to her, she had been enabled to detect a certain pathos in the manner of her friend that she had never noticed before; and the wistful sadness of her eyes revealed a new meaning.

Suddenly closing her book, Helen asked, with a world of appealing tenderness in her voice: "Miss Alice, why is it that you are so silent these days? While you are with us, you seem to be not of us." Miss Randolph replied: "You would understand, dear, if you had ever seen Lorado Taft's sculptured masterpiece called 'The Solitude of the Soul.' It represents a group of figures, presumably of one family, so close together that their bodies almost touch; but with the rapt look in their eyes and a deep longing, not of earth, depicted upon their faces.

"Both are expressive of the mighty truth that, although surrounded by love and the strong pressure of life, there is an infinite

depth in the human soul which none can sound save the individual and his Creator; an isolation of spirit, which, to intrude upon, would be profanation. How suggestive of the loneliness of sorrow, or of supreme moments of exaltation or crucifixion when none can understand! How prophetic of that stupendous hour when one moves out from the life of earth to an endless existence! There no hand-clasp is possible that can reach into the eternal shadows or lead into immortal sunlight. The steps must be taken in silence and in unbroken solitude. It is the solemn secret that the infinite in man must keep with its God, which gives it here its apartness—its mysterious aloofness, which makes the earthly pall and futurity beyond the grave-line full of the import of satisfaction and of rest.”

Helen felt as helpless as Peter did upon the Mount of Transfiguration. “Miss Alice, I realize my incapacity to attain to your great height of vision, but let me comfort you in some way—however small. You have done so much for me. What can I do to repay you?” “Love me, dearie.” “I adore you, but that is not service. I want to do something definite to show my gratitude and affection.” “Stay with me as much as you can, little girl;

as much as you can without being disloyal to your parents and to John. Ah! darling child," moaned Alice Randolph, as a wave of grief swept over her, "you can never fathom the depths of my unutterable loneliness: the loneliness of mind, of heart and of body. When you were away so long, I felt as if I could not endure my desolation. Everybody was good to me; father was devotion itself, but all the kindness in the universe could not compensate for the loss of something that makes the all of life."

"What is it, dear Miss Alice? Tell me what it is. I think that I can comprehend." The lips of Miss Randolph blanched. "I am sure that you can realize what it means now, dear, because you are a woman. Ever since you came into my life, I have longed to tell you, but you were such a child in nature that I dreaded to trouble you. I was afraid, too, that you would not comprehend." Letting the work fall unheeded from her hands, she allowed her eyes to wander through the open doorway to the still, shadowy woods which she saw not; for they were gazing into a past with a wondrous heart-break, and seeing again the faces of those whose presence filled the days that could never come back again.

In low tones which sounded like music wafted at sunset across far-away hills and fields of peace, Alice Randolph said: "My mother died when I was very young. I was reared by my English grandmother, who was a very imperious woman. Long ago, she established a summer home in Scotland, back from the lakes in the mountains. There we would go once every year. One night, at ten o'clock, there was a knock at the door. When it was opened, we heard the cultured voice of a gentleman saying: 'I am sorry to intrude at this late hour, but I have become separated from the party with whom I have been hunting. It has grown so dark, that I can not see my way to go farther. May I have shelter for the night?'"

"You may be sure that it was gladly given, for grandmother was the soul of hospitality. My dear, our guest was the young Lord Henry Neville. He left the next morning, but returned often during those sweet, summer days in Scotland. Love found its way into his heart and mine. He declared his allegiance and I promised to be his wife. In the fall, grandmother and I went back to London.

"Soon after our arrival, we received a call from Lord Neville's mother and sister. They were furious over my engagement to Henry. A marriage had been planned for him with the Lady Dorothy Allston, a Welsh woman of vast wealth. Grandmother and I were accused of being adventuresses scheming for a title. Every insulting thing that it was possible for mortals to say to others was hurled at us. Grandmother was equal to the situation. She told our visitors, with cutting disdain, that they had lost their ladyhood by such an unwarranted attack, and that nothing could induce her to allow her granddaughter to marry into such a family of viragoes. After our callers had departed, she wept in her humiliation, and throwing her arms about me, implored me to cancel my engagement with Lord Neville. That I could not do. Then, with importunities which broke my heart to hear, she begged me not to leave her. She said I was all she had to love; that it was my duty to remain always with her. Looking at her frail body, I knew that her days on earth were numbered. Sobbing pitifully, she exacted from me a promise that I would not marry while she lived.

"That afternoon Lord Neville came to see me and I told him the events of the day. When he learned of the pledge I had made, he was enraged. He called me faithless—a woman without sense of honor, a heartless creature—and, with these bitter words upon his lips, he rushed from the house, with not one syllable of farewell."

After a long silence, during which the pathetic eyes were continuing to search the forest's depths, as if looking for that which she had lost, Miss Randolph said: "He accepted a commission under the British government and left at once for India. I have never heard from him since, except through a business letter that grandmother received from the Viceroy, in which he casually wrote that Lord Neville was making his headquarters at Calcutta. Five long years have gone by and not one line from him—not a message. Ah! little girl, do you understand now what I mean when I speak of loneliness? Do you marvel that I want to lie down and die? Oh! it was all so wrong: the attack made by the relatives of Henry Neville; the promise that my grandmother exacted; my rejection of the one who was more than life to me.

"After years of ceaseless suffering, I have concluded that a person owes more to himself than to anybody else; that the only thing which counts in the long run is the growth of the individual soul. That is impossible in an atmosphere of grief. Every faculty is dwarfed. The spirit recoils and refuses to expand. My grandmother's pride robbed me of the joy of existence. My erroneous concept of loyalty to her destroyed the happiness of Lord Neville. If I had married him, it would not have meant a desertion of grandmother. She could have lived with us and her experience would have been enriched by the possession of one who would have devoted himself to her welfare. I am led to believe, Helen, that if it were not for immortality, the gift of life would be not only a tragedy, but a crime."

Miss Alice again lapsed into silence. After awhile she said: "In coming over from England, on my way to the South, I spent several days with a friend in Philadelphia. I was told that once a poor, young Italian woman was singing upon the streets of that city with such infinite pathos and power as to attract the attention of some wealthy ladies who were passing. They stopped to listen, and afterwards discovered where she lived. They

paid a visit to the quarters and finally prevailed upon the singer to go to Europe and study music, promising to pay all expenses. The young Italian woman went, but it was very lonely in the vast conservatories among so many strangers, and she knew that in America her husband stayed, and, as usual, went upon the streets with his organ to gain his daily bread. The memory of the cold, stormy nights came to her, when she and her comrade ate their bit of food in the alleys or crowded close together in the gloomy tenements, rubbing their hands to keep them from freezing. The recollection of the sunlit days swept through her soul when the flowers bloomed and the air was soft with the breath of summer, and she and her sweetheart-husband revelled in the light and warmth and gladness of it all. With the surging of these memories her heart broke.

“What was fame to her? or riches? or adulation? or fine clothing? or association with gifted and successful persons? What was all the world to her without him? An incoming ship from Europe brought the young Italian singer back to America.

“It was a glorious June day in Philadelphia. I was sitting near a window reading.

Suddenly the tones of a rich, girlish voice rang out. Looking upon the street below, I saw a beautiful Italian woman, with smiling lips and with head thrown back in an abandonment of joy, singing one of those wild, sweet songs heard so often in her native land. By her side stood a young Italian man, with all the blue of April heavens in his eyes, all the brown of December leaves in his curly hair, all the pink of roses in his cheeks, all the happiness of earth and of Paradise in his lovelit face. Some one touched my shoulder. It was my friend. 'Those,' she said, looking in the direction of the music, 'are the Italian singer and her husband.'

"I can understand in its fullest sense," continued Miss Alice, "how that young woman felt in her separation. I would be willing to work upon the streets, to suffer poverty in its keenest stings, to lose all that the world holds dear, to have in return the ecstasy of the presence of him who came to me that summer in the stillness of the Scottish hills."

Rising she walked slowly to a couch and stretched out full length upon it as if, indeed, the last moment of existence had come. A weariness which seemed to have dragged itself through the ages came into her counte-

nance and crept through her being. A deep hush fell upon the room.

Helen felt as if she were standing in a holy place and that the breath of God was there. She had intended telling Miss Randolph that morning of the marvelous happiness which had come into her own life; but after the recital of the tragedy to which she had listened, she dared not speak and left the room in awe.

That night, before Helen Granville closed her eyes in sleep at Ingleside, she wrote a long letter and addressed it to Lord Henry Neville, Calcutta, care of the Viceroy of India. In that, she told all about Miss Alice Randolph; of her grandmother's death; of her return to the home of her childhood; of her beautiful ministries to every one with whom she had been brought into contact, and which had so deeply endeared her to the people. Then she dwelt upon Miss Randolph's piteous loneliness; of her changeless love for him; and asked him to come to her. At last she wrote full directions about reaching the remote village of Strathmore and Ingleside Plantation.

The Future Is Planned

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FUTURE IS PLANNED

Ever since Donald Gordon had first seen Helen Granville, as a four-year-old baby girl tumbling over the daisies in her father's meadow, while her black nurse adorned with white cap and apron stood guard, his boyhood hailed her ladyhood in loyal fellowship. As time swept on, the youthful attachment evolved into a deeper sentiment with him. It became an absorbing element of power that wrapped itself about the very fibers of his being and influenced every thought and deed of his life. It was like color in light that permeates and vivifies. It brought poise of character and steadfastness of purpose. It kept him clean morally. It became his inspiration. It grew to be his religion.

When the boy and girl went to school together, he had fought her battles. He had been her willing slave. He had carried her lunch-basket and satchel of books. He had found for her the earliest spring flowers and

the first autumn leaves. He had gathered the sweetest berries and garnered the most luscious fruits. All these he had banked on her desk in the school-room before the other pupils arrived, or hid them on a log under the bridge, of which nobody knew except himself and her.

Today he decided to declare his devotion. He found Helen in a corner of the veranda at Judge Randolph's, hidden by overhanging vines and immersed in reading. He was thankful that she was alone. They had been much together through the summer and Helen felt that their friendship had been strengthened. Upon Donald's approach he said, "I called at your home this morning to say good-bye to you. I am glad that you were not there. It is always so much easier to talk with you at Ingleside than anywhere else." "That is because the spirit of Miss Alice rests like a benediction here." "Yes," and he smiled. "When do you return to New York?" "Next week. How soon do you leave for the University of Virginia?" "Tomorrow."

A painful silence followed. "Before I go away, I must tell you something that has been in my heart a long, long time, Helen." She asked dreamily, only half-conscious of her

words, "What is it, Donald?" "I love you." The statement was made so calmly, so absolutely without passion, that the girl looked at him curiously, doubting her ears.

"You love me?" she found herself saying; "I am very glad, for I love you, too, just as I love John. You have always been a true friend. I can never be grateful enough to you for all of your kindness to me." The boy's face reddened. "I'm afraid that you don't understand me; I love you as a man loves the woman whom he wishes to make his wife." For the first time Helen grasped his meaning. She was conscious of a sensation of shame for having allowed him to make his confession. Then a tide of sadness surged through her being.

She tried to speak, but failed. Taking her silence for confusion, Donald said, "Don't try to answer me now, Helen, darling. I can wait. I have waited many years for the coming of this moment. If I thought that you could love me as I would have you, love me deeply enough to marry me, I would be willing to wait many years more. I would joyfully give the best of my life in working and in waiting for you."

"Donald! Donald!" Helen answered, as in fear, "I am so sorry; but it would never be possible for me to love you except as a comrade. It will never be possible for me to marry you. I love someone else, Donald, better than I love any other being. I am engaged to marry Arthur Vaughan." Donald Gordon was not the man to cry aloud in the agony of his soul. He felt as if an iron hand had torn out his heart and had cast it in the midst of living flames to be consumed, but he gave no moan.

With a voice vibrant with determination he said, "I shall wait until you are a widow; then I shall plead again. I am glad for your happiness, Helen. You have chosen well. Arthur Vaughan is a thoroughbred. A finer gentleman never lived." That was all. Helen walked with him to the great gate opening into the driveway. There Donald told her a conventional good-bye and went away toward Strathmore.

When Helen Granville got to New York, she was met by Arthur Vaughan and his sister. The three went to the boat together. At the pier, after Estelle had gone ahead, the boy tore the wrapping from a cluster of flowers he was carrying and whispered, "I

shall always connect you in my mind, sweetheart, with white roses, for you were wearing some like these when I first met you." While the boat pushed off from its moorings and Helen stood gazing at Arthur Vaughan, who looked like a Greek god in the perfection of his youth, she marvelled at his exquisite sensibility, his highly-spiritual nature.

As the two college students were making their journey up the Hudson, they were telling each other of the happenings in their lives after they had last met. For the first time in their acquaintanceship the Southern girl went into full details relative to her life at home, speaking intimately of her parents and of John. Estelle said: "I am interested especially in your brother. Describe him to me. I wonder if I shall ever meet him?" "He is several years older than you are. He is a magnificent specimen of humanity. He would attract attention in any company because of his perfect physique. He has the manner of a lord. I believe that you and he were made for each other. Surely a handsomer couple couldn't be found in all the world." "Thank you, dear. That was good of you. I must meet him." This was not said in a light vein, but with a positiveness of

conviction which made Helen smile. "When you and Arthur are married, I shall be your bridesmaid and your brother will stand by me. If I can't see John Granville sooner than that, surely I can meet him then." "That you can!" laughed her friend. Estelle had accepted the thought of marriage between Helen and Arthur as an assured fact.

The Granvilles were exponents of the exclusive class of the South. The Vaughans represented the extreme aristocracy of the East. They were highly pleased to have the two families united. Colonel Granville's delight over the manly letter of Arthur Vaughan, telling him of his love for his daughter and his desire to make her his wife, was plainly visible.

Helen Granville's third year at Vassar had been completed. Again letters came from home, saying it would be best for her to spend her vacation in the North. Estelle and her parents went to Canada. Helen was urged to go with them, but a sense of delicacy made her decline the tempting offer. She accepted an invitation from one of her college friends to stay at her home in the Berkshire Hills.

Because Helen was there, Arthur Vaughan went also to New England for his outing. So

it happened that another summer of perfect happiness came. The two were together almost constantly. Both had a fondness for horses. They had many rides. The roads were ideal for motoring. There were long walks through the romantic woods. Conversation usually assumed a serious aspect. The boy and girl whose love had been spontaneous and without a flaw, began to plan definitely for their future. For the hundredth time Arthur said, "Now, let's talk about our wedding. Where shall the marriage take place?" "In my old home in the South," Helen replied. "It would break my parents' hearts if I did not go back there for the celebration of the most important event of my life."

"Of course! Of course!" Arthur agreed. "It will be beautiful! My mother and father and sister will go with me. Now that the place has been decided upon, allow me to fix the date. Will you?" "By all means!" Helen responded. Then, musingly, the boy said, "You can return to the South for a visit with your parents immediately after your graduation. The last week in June our marriage can take place. That is the most charming month in the year for weddings because of the quantity of roses." Helen glowed with

the happiness of a little child. "How do you like that arrangement, sweetheart?" he asked, taking her hand in his. "That would suit me perfectly." "Then," Arthur went on, "we would go away for two years of travel abroad. How does that appeal to you?" he queried, coming closer still to her, and looking earnestly into her eyes. "It will be glorious! glorious!" she cried in rapture.

"After we return from our journeyings, we shall make our home in New York, and I will go in for the practice of law. Would that please you?" "Nothing could be finer," Helen answered, with love radiating from her very presence. "Arthur, darling, it all seems too good to be true. I am keeping my heart in an attitude of prayer before God, asking Him to hold you tenderly, securely." "And I— I—" the boy faltered, "am trying hard not to pray to you instead of God, for I worship you."

That day Helen Granville wrote to Miss Randolph, telling her the whole history of the gracious love that had come into her life, giving every detail of the arrangements which she and Arthur Vaughan had entered into for their marriage.

A Betrothal Is Told

CHAPTER XIX

A BETROTHAL IS TOLD

It was late in October, and so warm that the cape jessamines were blooming. As the breeze swept in from the South, the mansion became fragrant with the heavy perfume of the regal blossoms. Two ladies were seated on the veranda, each idling with a piece of embroidery. "How is Helen getting on at Vassar?" Mrs. Gordon asked, leisurely stretching out her slippered feet. "Famously, and she likes it; far too much infatuated with it to suit me. I have never desired to have my daughter educated in a Northern college." "Why not?"

"Because I am out of touch, in every particular, with the people of that section." "I wonder if you know, Mrs. Granville, that I was born and reared in Baltimore?" "That's a Southern city." "Not wholly; and it is in a border state, where sentiment was keenly divided in ante-bellum days and still is." "But you have lived in the South for so many

years! Surely you are in sympathy with us?" "Of course I am. If I had not been, I would never have come down here to make my home; but I am true to many ideals of the North and have always recognized the fact that they had much of justice on their side."

"You amaze me. Think of what the South has done for the nation." "Think of what the North has done." "I fail to see it. I presume you know, Mrs. Gordon, that Miss Randolph persuaded me to send Helen to Vassar?" "Yes! What was her main argument?" "Culture. She laid supreme stress on that." "It is a good point. You can't deny that the East is headquarters of the intellectual life of America." "I suppose it is, but the South is the fountain-head of its statesmanship. Think of what it has accomplished in that line and what notable military leaders it has produced."

"The South has given to the world other peerless men who have made her name immortal besides statesmen and warriors," quietly remarked Mrs. Gordon. "Why, certainly," replied Louise Granville, in the reminiscent tone of one lost in contemplation. "My father used to tell me that a finished education was desired by every Southern man

and woman of the upper class." "As it was not necessary for them to work," Mrs. Gordon suggested, "I presume they made no effort towards acquiring practical or scientific knowledge." "But they were finished in the classics, in ancient and modern languages, in history, in moral and political philosophy, in the science of government and in the learned professions," came the retort, as Mrs. Granville quickly picked up the glove of what she supposed was a challenge; "no men in America were better equipped."

Mrs. Gordon calmly answered, "They were forced to the realization that, in order to direct thought and to become masters of affairs, civil and political, it was necessary to be the possessors of knowledge; so, they gave themselves to its acquisition. Their wealth and abundant leisure contributed to a vast degree; but men and women of the South in those days wrote few books." "Why should they?" came the question sharply. "The thoughts of the men ran to politics and statesmanship; those of the women to the rearing of their children, as well as to the duties of society attendant upon their station." "Poverty certainly has always been a spur to literary effort," amiably conceded Pauline Gor-

don. "Its galling stings have brought forth enduring thought-monuments. There is an immense amount of manual labor connected with writing."

"True. Southerners seldom attempted it because they did not have it to do. The middle-class folks were too uncultured; and the poorer people, of whom there were comparatively very few, were not possessed of ambitions that led so far." "Yet," objected Mrs. Gordon, "the men and women of this section have done much in a literary way. The world names with interest the South's great naturalist, John James Audubon, and its noted geographer, Matthew Fontaine Maury."

"Yes, and among the prominent Southern authors of recent times we can note with pride Richard T. Ely, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, James Lane Allen, George W. Cable, Francis Hopkinson Smith, Augustus B. Longstreet, John Esten Cooke, Charles Henry Smith, with his pen-name of Bill Arp, Thomas Dixon and Frank L. Stanton."

"I love to think of the famous women writers of the South of these later days," remarked Mrs. Gordon. "Among those whom all delight to own are: Mary Noailles Mur-

free, or Charles Egbert Craddock, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary Johnston, Augusta Evans Wilson, Frances C. Tiernan, or Christian Reid, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Will Allen Dromgoole, Amélie Rives-Chanler and Ruth McEnergy Stuart. With the famous journalists among Southern men, such as Henry Watterson and Henry W. Grady, are counted those leading ones among Southern-born women; for instance, Kate Field and Mrs. Frank Leslie."

Louise Granville beamed with pleasure. "In pre-war days," she said, "the South gave to the world such poets as Edgar Allen Poe, Francis Scott Key and James Ryder Randall. In after years, the foremost poets of the South were Sidney Lanier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Irwin Russell and Father Ryan. Have you read that a company of literary men have decided that James Russell Lowell was the greatest poet that America had produced and that Sidney Lanier ranked second?"

"I had heard that. Do you think that Paul H. Hayne should be called the Poet Laureate of the South?" "No, the war song of James Ryder Randall, 'Maryland, My Maryland,' which is known as 'The Marseillaise of the

Confederacy,' should give him that distinction. Probably I am prejudiced."

"No, you are just right. In the last few decades," Mrs. Granville continued, "there has been a wonderful growth of writers in the Southern states. This section seems now to be leading the nation in the production of authors whose works promise to abide. This Renaissance—this American impulse turned Southward—is the outcome of the agony of the Civil War." "So many beautiful things have come as an aftermath along with the sad ones," sighed Mrs. Gordon. "Men and women, as well as conditions, have been recreated; and, in the literary world, the late representatives, with a few exceptions, are exponents of the best fruits of the resurrection. In the realm of art, Enid Yandell, of Kentucky, is a genius whom the entire nation acknowledges."

"As a section, we have much to be proud of," murmured Louise Granville. "I long for my children's minds to be saturated with the glorious history of the South, especially that in relation to our gigantic struggle. No people on earth ever fought against greater odds, or for a holier cause—the preservation of our constitutional rights. The North was superior both in numbers and in wealth."

"But," Mrs. Gordon replied, "the South had the advantage of not having to overrun the enemy's country." "That was a small consideration," was the rejoinder, "compared with the other stupendous inequalities. At the beginning of the war, the North had a population of twenty-two millions. The South had only nine millions, and of these, three million, seven hundred thousand were slaves. As the negroes were not impressed into service, that left five million, three hundred thousand against twenty-two million. The Northern army was nearly three times as large as the Southern. This preponderance was very striking in the estimates made as to the number of men engaged in the tremendous encounters of the Civil War." "Why, certainly," Mrs. Gordon hastened to agree; "I know that at the Battle of Antietam, the Northern army had eighty-five thousand men, the Confederates about half as many. At Chancellorsville, where Lee gained such a complete and brilliant victory, the Federals had ninety thousand and the Southerners only forty-five thousand."

"Here Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded," moaned Mrs. Granville. "And here," interrupted Pauline Gordon, "nearly thirty thousand other brave soldiers from

both sides were either killed or wounded. During the fearful battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, General Grant alone lost sixty-four thousand men." "Oh!" and Louise Granville shrugged her shoulders. "Yes," pursued Mrs. Gordon, oblivious of the implied slur, "the North gave her splendid forces, composed of men who were not strangers to work—strong and self-reliant. The motive which led them into war was as noble as that which actuated the Southerners. They fought for the retention of the Union. They were patriots indeed."

Mrs. Granville replied, "The South yielded the flower of her civilization; thousands who were reared in luxury; princely dwellers in palaces with hordes of slaves to do their bidding—unused to toil and unacquainted with hardships. When they entered the Army of the Confederacy, hundreds carried servants with them, as their ancestors in the old countries had done when they went forth to battle." "Well, Mrs. Granville," laughed Pauline Gordon, "although the men of the North and the men of the South were unlike in so many respects, yet they were equals in military genius and in bravery, for they were brothers." "I presume I shall have to grant you that," and Louise jabbed her needle deep

into the heart of one of her embroidered jonquils.

Mrs. Gordon smiled and said, "With the illustrious commanders from the South—Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal Early, and the rest—stood shoulder to shoulder the eminent generals of the North—Grant, Meade, Sheridan, Rosecrans, McClellan, and others." "Oh!" and the lips of Mrs. Granville tightened. "Yes," went on Mrs. Gordon, "with the name of that scholarly statesman, Jefferson Davis, must be linked forever that of the broad-minded humanitarian, Abraham Lincoln; for, though Lincoln was born in Kentucky, he received his life's inspiration upon the soil of Illinois. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg will live in the memory of men with that frightful contest in the valley of Chickamauga, when the Union Army was saved by the valiant attack of General George H. Thomas."

Mrs. Granville, with relentless persistency, remarked, "Both Pickett and Thomas were Virginians. One led upon the Northern side, the other upon the Southern. One wore the blue, the other the gray." Pauline Gordon rolled up her embroidery, and placing it in a bag on her arm, arose to go. "You and I

are not the ones to argue, my friend, are we? We agree at too many points; and where we clash, the difference in our view-points is not strong enough to justify a battle of words."

"Don't go yet," Louise urged; "I have a secret to tell you." "Charming!" and Mrs. Gordon sank back into her chair. "I'm all eagerness. What is it?" "Helen is engaged to be married." "To whom?" "Arthur Vaughan, the young man from New York, who was at the University of Virginia the first year that Donald and John were there." The light faded from the face of Pauline Gordon. To keep her hostess from seeing the mist that had suddenly veiled her eyes, she hurriedly unrolled her embroidery and again bent over it. "That will be a brilliant match for Helen," she said generously, but scarcely above a whisper. "Donald wrote me long ago that he had never known a nobler soul than Arthur Vaughan—and he is very rich, too." "All of that is immensely gratifying to me; but there is one fact in his case to which I can never become reconciled." "What is that?" "He is a Northern man." "Ah, Louise Granville, you are incorrigible!" and Mrs. Gordon laughed with her soul in her voice. She was so thankful that she could.

A Tragedy Occurs

CHAPTER XX

A TRAGEDY OCCURS

Very soon after Helen got to the Berkshire Hills, she told Arthur that ever since she was a child she had wanted to write stories for papers and magazines. "Begin now!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I will be your literary critic and it will rejoice my heart to find you a publisher." So, in an atmosphere of ideality, Helen began to write. Day after day she and her fiancé would go over the production of her pen, adding here and subtracting there.

When the first story was finished, Arthur sent it to an acquaintance of his in New York, who was managing editor of a leading magazine. The manuscript had been signed under a *nom de plume* for the purpose of testing its real merit. To the delight of the writer and her critic, the story was accepted and a substantial check sent in return. Arthur had it cashed in gold coins and presented them to Helen in a costly bag of silver mesh. In

their joy, they sang and danced like birds. It was a pity that all the world could not have seen them, for seldom does such boundless happiness come to mortals.

At last the day of farewell came. The parting of Helen Granville and Arthur Vaughan was like that of young athletes starting on a race. They were looking with throbbing expectation to the future, for there lay the seal of their bliss, the consummation of their glorious plans. Helen went back to Vassar. Arthur returned to New York. Every day he wrote and sent flowers to her. Every day she posted him a letter. The year passed swiftly.

Another commencement came. Estelle Vaughan had gone home the week previous to make her preparations for the Southern trip to attend the wedding of her friend and brother. Helen Granville was graduated with distinction. Arthur had sent her a watch set with diamonds. The day had been perfect except that he had not been there to witness her triumph. He could not leave New York, for the important time had arrived when he was finishing his law course.

It was ten o'clock at night. Helen, still arrayed in her graduating costume, was sit-

ting at a table in her room at the college writing a letter to Arthur Vaughan, telling him all the events of that momentous day. In every line she was breathing forth her hopes, her admiration for his brilliant record at Columbia, her changeless, eternal love for him. She was interrupted by a gentle knock at the door. It was opened by Clara Richards, her roommate, who laid a telegram on the table and quickly disappeared.

The message was from Estelle. It read: "This afternoon, when Arthur was returning from the University, an automobile driven by a reckless chauffeur, crashed into his car. The shock was terrific. My brother was fatally injured. He was brought home in an unconscious state. At five o'clock he died." Helen Granville had the impression of being suddenly entombed in a cavern of ice. She tried to speak, but no sound passed her lips. A band of fire seemed clamped about her throat. Her eyes were scorched and tearless. Mechanically she gathered together the pages of the letter which she had just written and tore them into small pieces.

Then, as in a trance, she drew a volume of miscellaneous poems toward her. Taking up the pen that she had so recently laid down,

she began to copy some lines from the book. When she had finished, she folded the paper, and, slipping it into an envelope, wrote on it the name and address of Arthur Vaughan. After that, she remained motionless, wondering why it was that she could not die.

An hour passed. Her friend, who had brought the telegram, was sitting in the passageway, outside the room, waiting for a call from her. Growing nervous from the continued silence, she tapped at the door. Receiving no reply, she pushed it softly open and entered. There she found Helen sitting at the table, staring, in mute agony, into space. The expression of her countenance frightened the girl. Drawing nearer to her she asked in low tones, "What has happened, dear? Can I assist you?" With an effort that hurled her back from death into life, Helen answered, in a voice which sounded afar off and strangely hard, "Why—yes. I would like for you to mail a special delivery letter to a florist in New York. You know the one from whom my flowers have been coming. Ask him to send a great wreath of white roses to the home of Estelle Vaughan. You remember where she lives. Tell the florist that as he makes the wreath, to weave this envelope

among the roses—so that no one could possibly see it—deep down—among—the roses.”

She handed the envelope addressed to Arthur Vaughan. Giving the girl the telegram she said, “You will understand from this.” When her friend turned to leave the room, Helen held out to her a little bag of silver mesh filled with gold coins, saying, as in a trance, “Use these for the flowers, please.” When Clara Richards again returned to Helen Granville, she found her exactly as she had left her, with that fixed look of horrible desolation in her eyes and her limbs rigid as in the clutch of death. Kneeling by her side, the girl took one of the resistless hands in hers, murmuring words of tender compassion.

Every preparation had been made for departure on the morrow. The trunks had been sent to the station. Only the suit-cases and hand-bags had been left. Noiselessly Clara Richards began to gather up the little articles that had to be packed at the last. When all had been carefully put into their places, the girl went to Helen and said, “Now, dearie, you must sleep.” “No,” came the answer, “that would be impossible; but I will change this graduating dress for my traveling suit

and be in readiness for our journey." Clara helped her to the minutest detail, then she slipped away.

When Helen was again alone, the flood-gates of her spirit swept over their boundary lines. She began to walk up and down the room in a frenzy of despair. She held her hands over her lips so that the screams in her throat could not be uttered. She had a sensation of suffocation as if her heart had burst. The hours dragged by. Staggering to a chair, the girl dropped her head upon her arms and sobbed in anguish.

In this way, the night was spent. At the dawn of day, Clara Richards again approached her friend. "Come, dear," she said gently, "we must now start home."

At the stately mansion of the Vaughans, in New York, a massive wreath of white roses had been received. Estelle carried it to the magnificent drawing-room where her brother, in kingly beauty, was lying in his last sleep. A delicate music-stand, exquisitely carved, was drawn to the foot of the couch, and the wreath placed at its crown. "If he should awake, he would see this first," the girl murmured. An expression of heavenly peace passed swiftly over the still face of Arthur

Vaughan, then settled into the calm of infinity. Had he heard the message that the roses bore him? This is what it was:

So fair it is—but miles and miles away,
Through shining fields where little children play:
Down, down the long, sweet, daffodil way—
And yet I think I'll reach that land—some day.

Some day, when all my dreams come true;
Sweet dreams—of sunlit days and you;
The You who lives in Never-Never Land
Shall come to life and take my waiting hand.

And we shall walk long lanes of rarest roses,
And we shall sing and pluck the fairest posies;
For the Land-That-Never-Was is the Land-That-Is-To-
Be:
The Love-Land of God's dear eternity.

**Two College Men Talk About
Their Problems**

CHAPTER XXI

TWO COLLEGE MEN TALK ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS

Donald Gordon heard an imperative knock at the door of his room. Before he had time to answer it was thrust open and John Granville stepped in buoyantly. He began to dance up and down in an abandonment of happiness. "Isn't it too good to be true! Too good to be true!" he said over and over. "What's the matter, old boy?" called out Don. "What's too good to be true?" "To think we are through with our four, long years at the University—diplomas received, honors conferred and the whole blessed business finished. Aren't you glad, Don?"

"Glad? Gracious me! I could yell with joy. In looking back over it all, what do you consider the hardest struggle that you have had? Greek verbs or problems in mathematics?" "Greek verbs! Problems in mathematics!" echoed John scornfully. "That tussle was mere moonshine." Throwing himself

into a chair, the boy suddenly assumed an air of deep seriousness. "Do you know, Don, that the maddening fight which I have every moment of my life is with the sex-urge?—that imperious throb as of a huge engine pumping fire into my veins with every breath that I draw?" "Well, have you conquered?" "Please don't be too personal, friend. You are not my father confessor; neither are you my family physician." "Excuse me, John. I didn't mean to intrude." "Don't look at me in that tone of voice, Donald Gordon. Have you ever felt the sex-impulse?"

"Of course I have. Every healthy, red-blooded man has; but I challenge the sex-lure in my body to mortal combat. I will not allow the man in me to be defeated by the demand of animal passion." "Wait until the call comes, then see how far your fine resolves will carry you." "Call comes? Why, it came to me in my adolescence and has been shrieking ever since; but I shall conquer."

"The Creator placed the sex-instinct in our natures," argued John Granville. "Surely there can be no harm in connection with its gratification." "God had one purpose in view—reproduction. This can be seen uniformly through the vegetable and animal worlds."

"Explain." "Why, the pollen of the father plant fertilizing the seed-pods of the mother; the female toad, bird and beast performing her generative functions, while the male is equally faithful in fulfilling his sex-destiny."

"Bravo! Donald, how about the male crawfish? Isn't he especially strong in paternal solicitude? It seems to me I have heard that there is a double row of feelers underneath his tail; and that with these he gathers up the fertilized eggs and holds them close to his body until hatching time. I wonder if that accounts for his being so afflicted with curvature of the spine? Yes, that's the secret. He has grown stoop-shouldered from the weight of fatherly responsibility. Ah! he's a love—a model." "John, you are absurd." "Do go on, Don, on, on! through gradations of egg-life up to the crowning point of the ovary of the woman and the sperm-cells of the man. You have learned your kindergarten lesson in biology beautifully. Who first taught it to you, Don?"

"Father; on a bank of the old creek which runs near Strathmore. I was fourteen years old. I remember it all so clearly, especially the point about the lily. His initial step was to cut open the flower and show me the com-

ponent parts: the pistils, the anthers, and so forth. Then he explained their sex-functions." "When he had finished I suppose he said, 'Don, do you know how babies are made?' and with a seraphic expression you smiled into his eyes and replied, 'Just like the lilies.' That was heavenly of you, Don. It was so like your unsullied soul."

"Do proceed, John. You have the floor. I never knew you to be so eloquent. Where did you obtain your wisdom?" "Say, Don, why didn't my father instruct me in sex-knowledge? Why didn't he warn me against the serious mistakes that have ruined so many boys? Why didn't he explain to me the nature of my body and lead me to value and protect it?" "Colonel Granville belongs to an age that has passed; one that was marked by prudery in sex-matters. To be more polite, I should say conservatism. But Judge Randolph, who has known him all his life, says that your father is a man who has always been clean morally; that he is as white as snow."

"I don't doubt that; but he should have talked with me as Doctor Gordon talked with you. Why didn't Judge Randolph discuss sex-questions with me? He is a complete man

of the world." "He might have been afraid of offending the Colonel, as my father was." "Oh, Don! the Doctor?" Don nodded. "Well, regardless of all neglect, I have learned the whole reproductive story, but it came to me late in life—here, at the University." "Now, in turn," Don said, "explain it to me."

"Listen, kind sir. The impulse for recreation comes to most of the lower animals only at a certain season out of every twelve months. With man, it is pounding and hammering every instant of his existence; and the only door through which it can be given honorable satisfaction is the door of marriage, I presume you would say. If one is too poor for that, then what?" "The sex-call can be silenced by self-control. That is why intelligence was given you, and will-power. Instinct rules the brute. Reason is supposed to rule man."

"Don't miss your calling, Don. You were cut out for a preacher." "You were speaking just now of marriage, John." "I haven't lost the trail. Don't you worry. I used to hate the very thought of being married. Now I am an enthusiastic advocate of it, because I have lived long enough to learn that if men and women don't have their sexual indul-

gences under the law, they are going to have them outside of the law. Don't be astonished, Don, if I write you or wire you at any moment that I am to be married. Not even the lashes of poverty shall keep me from it."

"Glorious! I shall follow in your footsteps, most noble gallant. I can see you now, the patriarch, with flowing beard, heading a herd of lovable youngsters who rejoice to call you father." "Oh, Don," groaned the boy, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "think of what it would mean to be married! Think of the perpetual bondage of it! the boredom! the drudgery! After all, I don't believe that I shall marry unless I am driven to the wall in utter desperation." "You don't have to decide today, John. Wait awhile. The question is old, but ever new. Coming back to the sex-lure, the highest medical authorities declare that sexual intercourse is not necessary to the health of a man. Some go so far as to state that every indulgence weakens a man's vitality; and that coition should never take place except for the purpose of bringing a child into the world."

"If that practice were to be universally observed, women would give birth to gods and not men." "You are mistaken. Women would

continue to become the mothers of men—but men self-controlled, because born under the law of reason and not of passion.” Springing to his feet, John ran his fingers through his thick, dark hair with a movement of grace that had been the admiration of his mother’s heart.

After a few turns about the room and again facing Donald Gordon, he said, “Now that it is all over—this university course, I mean—I know that the thing for me to do is to go out to the wheat-fields of the Dakotas and slave like a Trojan through the summer; then go into a foundry and help grind out machinery during the winter in order to work off some of my superfluous energy, and keep the inner engine cooled off. Look at me, Don,” and he straightened himself to his full height; “six-feet-one and not an ounce of extra flesh. Never was ill a day in my life.” “Fine! fine!” and Don clapped his hands.

“You have the most splendid teeth that I ever saw. It’s a treat to see you laugh. What are you really to do with yourself, young giant? Going in for law, or civil engineering, or—” “Don’t smile or shout,” John interrupted meekly; “I have just accepted a position as clerk in a dry-goods store.” “You

are joking—" and Don's face fell. "No, I'm not," John answered quickly. "It's true. I have never had dreams of a professional career. It takes too long to crawl up to the bread-line by that road. A poor man must have immediate returns for his labor, especially if there is anyone dependent upon him for support. I must care for mother," and he breathed deeply.

"And your father and sister?" Don inquired tentatively. "Oh, of course! of course!" came the reply, rather impatiently; then, in retrospect, "Hardly for Helen. She belongs to the strong-minded class of young women who prefer to take care of themselves." "I see," and Don whistled softly while a wave of crimson swept over his face. "How did it happen, John, that you got your position?" "Years ago, a student at Harvard was called home by his widowed mother because she was too poor to keep the boy at the University any longer." "Well?" "Why, my father, who was at Harvard, heard of the incident and stepped into the breach." "Do you mean to say that he paid the expenses of the student and kept him at the University?" "Yes, not only for that year, but until the boy was graduated." "Was it a good investment?" "Best

in the world. That once-time poor lad is now silent partner of the mammoth dry-goods house in New York that offered me the job." "How did he hear of you?" "I don't know unless it was through Arthur Vaughan, who was his son." "His son? Our Arthur Vaughan, who was here at the University of Virginia during our first year?"

"The same, your honor." "Why was he sent South to be educated?" "Because his father wanted the boy to have the Southern touch, I presume; and his gray matter permeated with Jeffersonian principles," and John laughed. "I understand that Mr. Vaughan, Senior, is a devoted Democrat." "It sounds like a fairy story, the whole thing," mused Donald. "Hold on! It hasn't ended yet. Two years ago, Mr. Vaughan wrote me a personal letter asking me to allow him to pay my expenses for the remainder of the time that I would be at the University." "Did you accept?" "I did, because I felt it would be a relief to Miss Alice; and I knew it would gratify Mr. Vaughan."

"He wanted to pay off his old debt of gratitude to Colonel Granville, I suppose." "That's what he said. He wrote something else, Don, that's mighty interesting." "What

was it?" "That when I was a small boy, he sent a letter to father, telling him of his success in New York and asked the privilege of giving me a finished education." "Well?" "Father refused." "That wasn't fair to Mr. Vaughan, was it?" "No, nor to me. If it hadn't been for Miss Randolph, I would still be a farm-hand at Srathmore." "I marvel that the Colonel permitted you to accept the offer of Miss Alice."

"He has never known anything about it; not anybody else at home. I simply came. That's all. I've been lucky since I got here in being able to work as janitor, care for the horses of rich, old Pierson, and play tutor for a lot of lazy, stupid students." "You've been brave, John." "Thank you, partner. I worked so that my indebtedness to Miss Alice would not be too heavy. I now see my way clear to refund to her the last dollar."

Turning to the friend of his boyhood, with a note of tenderness in his voice, "Tell me about your prospects, Don. Are you still dead-set on being a doctor?" "Yes, I shall follow in the cut-out lines that have been laid down for me. I shall study medicine." "Going in for a specialty?" "Yes, nervous troubles. Men's." "Sex-diseases?" "Yes." "I don't envy

you your work, but you'll get rich at it, from what the boys tell me. So much venereal disease." "That's what father writes. He insists upon seeing me through the medical college in Philadelphia, from which he was graduated. I shall start in there next fall."

"That's just the thing for you, Don," came John's hearty approval. "If you make half as good a doctor as your father, you will be A No. 1"; then, dreamily, "how gratifying it must be to have a father who can make money! Do you know, Don, I have never heard of one of my progenitors who ever made a dollar. They inherited what somebody else had made, and when the inheritance floated away into thin air, as was the case with father's, the inheritor collapsed and was as helpless as a jellyfish on a cactus bush." "You are severe, John."

"No, I am not. I am disgusted, that's all; disgusted with the whole family history. I intend to depart from the beaten paths of heredity and tradition. I've already faced about." "Good for you, boy." "I was born with the commercial hunger—the trade instinct." "Where do you suppose the inclination came from?" "I don't know. My father's ancestors were all inheritors as far back as we know—inheritors with a static weariness."

ness." "How about your mother's people?" "Those who attempted to accomplish anything had ambitions that merged into orthodox, professional lines."

"Your mother is part French, isn't she?" "Yes, half; the other half is Scotch. I must have obtained my desire for gain through strains of Gaelic blood. I must make money. That's all there is to it." "You'll be a millionaire some day, old fellow." "Don't be too sure. Where do you expect to locate, Don, after you get to be an M. D.?" "In Baltimore. Mother wishes it. Her soul harks back to the old Maryland life." "Then?" "Oh! saddlebags and pills, pills and saddlebags. John, will you go from here to your place of business, or will you first go home?"

"Home! home! It would be impossible for me to begin on my new work until I had kissed mother once more and again told Miss Alice that I love her." "I'm glad you feel that way, boy. I'll go South with you. This is a great month for you and me, isn't it?" "Not for us only, but for others. Arthur Vaughan finishes his law course at Columbia and Helen graduates from Vassar." He and Don hadn't heard of the tragedy which occurred that day in New York.

The Judge Asks Questions

CHAPTER XXII

THE JUDGE ASKS QUESTIONS

Doctor Gordon was surprised by an early afternoon visit to his home from Judge Randolph, who said, without ceremony, when they were alone: "Ingleside has become headquarters for boys in their teens, who seem to have a fondness for my daughter." "That is fortunate for them." "Yes, I think so. Alice has made it possible for me to know several of the youngsters quite intimately. Lately they have been coming to me for advice about sex matters, saying that it was less embarrassing than going to their fathers or to a physician."

"Yes, I presume so." "I honestly believe that Allan's son, as young as he is, has a well-developed case of gonorrhea." "You amaze me!" "It is true. I thought I would come to you, Doctor Gordon, for a talk about venereal diseases, so as to brush up my knowledge in that direction and be better prepared to help the boys around here." "I trust you will

feel free to ask any questions." "Thank you, sir. Under the term 'venereal' I think the world understands that two distinct sex diseases are placed, and that the more severe of the two is syphilis." "Yes." "I am very anxious to know all there is to learn about both."

Doctor Gordon opened a book which was lying on a table near. "In order to be perfectly exact in my replies to you, Judge Randolph, I shall quote from the author of this work, whom I regard as one of the greatest authorities upon the subject of venereal diseases, Dr. James R. Hayden, professor of urology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York. What is your first question?"

"Isn't there another name for gonorrhea?" "Yes; specific urethritis. Doctor Hayden says that it 'is a virulent, infectious and suppurative process attacking most frequently the mucous membrane of the urethra and the glandular structures in relation with it.'"

"Which is the more common of the two venereal diseases?" "Gonorrhea. It 'is usually sexual in origin, and occurs with the greatest frequency between the twentieth and thirtieth years; although cases of gonorrheal

infection are not infrequently encountered in infants and young children, and the disease is also met with in middle-aged and even elderly persons.' ”

“Aren't there intervening mild attacks?”

“Yes; but ‘relapses may occur at any time: as the patient, thinking himself cured, is apt to indulge in over-exercise, alcoholics, indiscretions in diet or sexual intercourse—which is rapidly followed by the return of many or all the acute inflammatory symptoms.’ ”

“What causes gonorrhœal ophthalmia in adults?” “The accidental transference of gonorrhœal pus from the genitals to the eyes by means of the fingers, dressings or towels, and is therefore not a complication of gonorrhea, but an accidental infection. In the newly-born the infection occurs during parturition from the gonorrhœal pus in the mother's vaginal tract.’ ”

“Isn't infection in the adult rare?” “Yes, comparatively; but ‘it is by no means uncommon in young infants in whom, under the name of ophthalmia neonatorum, it has been responsible for thousands of cases of so-called congenital blindness. It is at best one of the most serious complications of gonorrhea and may result in either partial or complete blindness.’ ”

"Isn't there a disease known as gonorrheal rheumatism?" "That is a common and always serious complication of gonorrheal infection. Atrophy of the muscles, in relation to the affected joints, is common, with falling of the arches when the feet are involved.'"

"Now tell me about syphilis." "It 'is a chronic, infectious and constitutional disease—always beginning in a local lesion called the initial lesion or chancre, which, in acquired syphilis, invariably marks the point of entry of the syphilitic virus, or spirocheta. Entering the system by means of the blood vessels, lymphatics, and so forth, it attacks primarily the connective tissue, and, in its course, may affect every tissue and organ of the body.'"

"What is the cause of the disease?" "The micro-organism which is * * * a flagellate protozoon discovered in 1905 by Schaudinn, and named by him the spirocheta pallida. It is found in all the lesions of the disease, including general paresis and tabes dorsalis, though its detection in these last is so very difficult that it has only recently been accomplished.'"

"How many forms of syphilis are there?" "Two: 'the acquired form and the hereditary form. Both are due to the same organism,

but differ in their course and manifestations. 'Acquired syphilis is communicated from a syphilitic person to one free from the disease; the point of inoculation being always marked by the initial lesion or chancre. Hereditary syphilis is transmitted in utero from either one or both parents, and in this form there is no initial lesion.' "

"Into how many stages is syphilis divided?"
"Three: the primary, the secondary, the tertiary. * * * The primary stage of syphilis consists of two periods of incubation. The first exists from the time of infection to the appearance of the initial lesion; and, as a rule, lasts from fourteen to twenty-one days.' " "Is this followed immediately by the second period?" "Yes; that 'dates from the formation of the initial lesion to the development of constitutional manifestations, and usually occupies forty to forty-five days, but may be prolonged to sixty, seventy or ninety days. These two periods of incubation make up the primary stage of syphilis, the duration of which is from fifty to eighty days. The lesion of the primary stage is the initial lesion or chancre.' "

"Does the secondary stage of syphilis now begin?" "Yes. That is known as 'the stage

of constitutional manifestations, * * * and is characterized by superficial lesions of the skin and mucous membranes, as well as their appendages, and by affections of the eyes, * * * and in other ways. The duration of this stage is variable—usually lasting from one to two years, depending greatly upon the treatment, the habits and the constitution of the patient.’”

“When does the tertiary stage usually begin?” “‘About the end of the second year. It manifests itself by gummatous, tubercular, bullous and ulcerative lesions; also by affections of the nervous and vascular systems, the viscera and the bones.’” “Doesn’t the danger of infection lie in the secretions?”

“Yes, indeed. ‘The secretion of the initial lesion is highly contagious. The secretions of the secondary lesion, mucous patches, * * * and the blood and lymph, in the secondary stage, are also contagious. The physiological secretions, such as tears, milk, saliva and sweat, may be considered innocuous unless mixed with blood or secretions from primary or secondary lesions, which, in turn, render them contagious. The semen is innocuous upon a cutaneous or mucous surface, but may trans-

mit syphilis to the ovum. The secretions of the tertiary are also contagious.’”

“How may syphilitic infection be transmitted?” “‘It may be either direct or mediate. Direct infection takes place most frequently from the genitals of one person to those of another during coitus; also in unnatural sexual practices in depraved individuals.’” “Abominable!” “Isn’t it? ‘Mediate infection,’ to continue with Doctor Hayden, ‘is that form in which the syphilitic secretion is deposited upon any article, and then transferred from it to a healthy person. * * *

Vaccino-syphilis is very rarely met, at present, owing to the substitution of bovine for human virus.’”

“When the disease is contracted without sexual contact, what is it called?” “‘Syphilis of the innocents, or unmerited syphilis. Syphilis is precisely the same disease, and pursues the same course, whether derived from the secretion of a primary, secondary or tertiary lesion. In any case, the point of entry of the syphilitic virus is marked by the initial lesion or chancre.’” “When is syphilis apt to be most severe?” “‘In old age and in nervous, excitable and neurasthenic subjects. Alcoholic habits, drug addictions

and intercurrent diseases, especially Bright's disease, diabetes, cancer and tuberculosis, render the prognosis much less favorable.'"

"Please describe the different kinds of chancre." "There is the hard or Hunterian chancre; the initial sclerosis; the primitive, or initial neoplasm and primary syphilitic ulcer. It originates from syphilitic blood, or from the secretions of primary, secondary or tertiary lesions, appears at the end of fourteen to twenty-one days, and is always situated at the point of entrance of the spirocheta pallida.'"

"Is there but one initial lesion?" "Usually there is but one * * * although several may be present at the same time—infection having occurred simultaneously at several points. Most frequently the initial lesion appears upon the genitals, but it may be situated anywhere upon the body.'"

The Quizzing Continues

CHAPTER XXIII

THE QUIZZING CONTINUES

At this point the door was opened uncere-
moniously and a negro servant entered. "Miss
Pauline say yo' gemmen has been talkin' long
'nuf and dat yo' mus' res' a leetle and take
some uv dis here coffee," putting down the
tray and quickly disappearing. "It will
strengthen our stomachs for a further analysis
of our non-appetizing subject," laughed Doc-
tor Gordon. "Come," and he led the way to
the refreshment table.

When the conversation was resumed, Judge
Randolph asked: "What are the symptoms of
syphilis in the secondary period?" "Doctor
Hayden says: 'Neuralgic pains in different
parts of the body, intense headache and pains
in the bones, joints, tendons and muscles,
which become worse at night, are very com-
mon, especially in those who have previously
suffered from similar, nonspecific affection;
also insomnia and anemia. Fever usually
precedes the appearance of an eruption. The

insomnia is sometimes accompanied by various delusions. Scratches and wounds heal slowly in untreated syphilitic cases.' ”

“Doesn't loss of physical sensation come?”
“Certainly. ‘In some cases anesthesia extends over the entire body, while in others it is restricted to certain regions—its favorite localities being the dorsal surfaces of the forearms, the hands, the feet and ankles. Syphilitic disturbances of sensation occur in both men and women, but less frequently in the latter sex.’ ”

“What is the first eruption usually seen in syphilitics?” “‘As a general rule, the roseola is the first and only eruption commonly seen. If the patient is seen early enough, not even the roseola appears. Roseola marks the commencement of the secondary stage of the disease—forty-five to the ninetieth day.’ ” “I suppose other forms of sores are more repulsive?” “Some of the syphilides are horrible!”

“What is meant by gummata?” asked the Judge. “Soft tumors commonly seen in the third stage of syphilis,” replied Doctor Gordon. As he slowly turned another leaf in Professor Hayden's book, he said: “‘The generalized and localized varieties of gum-

mata occur in elderly, debilitated and alcoholic subjects. In the neurotic variety of patients, 'the syphilide appears in the very early months of the disease, is preceded or accompanied by severe neuralgic or rheumatic pains in the joints or muscles and by general debility. There are flashing, burning pains at the sites of the lesions. The tumors are usually found on the forearms and legs; but may be elsewhere.' "

"How does the mucous membrane look in the more advanced subjects?" "It 'has a milky appearance. In some cases it is dry; in others there is an abundant secretion which renders the saliva very infectious, owing to its large number of spirochetes. Mucous patches are situated on the inside of the cheek, particularly at the angles of the mouth, upon the lips, the tongue, the gums, the tonsils and palate. They are one of the earliest and most frequent secondary manifestations of syphilis.' If a person in this condition should kiss anyone, infection would almost certainly be transmitted, because those mucous patches are reeking with the specific poison."

"Doesn't the disease attack the scalp and the nails? and isn't the nose sometimes eaten away? and doesn't the tongue have to be removed?"

"Oh, yes!" "What are the principal symptoms of tracheal syphilis?" "Cough and purulent expectoration." "Which one of the abdominal organs is most frequently invaded by syphilis?" "The liver; 'but the action of the heart may become irregular and feeble and the patient suffer from palpitation and pain. * * *

In the kidneys of syphilitic subjects the same lesions may be met with as occur in the other organs, such as interstitial nephritis. Syphilitic affection of the ovaries resemble those of the testes, but are rarely encountered. Tumors of the uterus are occasionally reported.'"

"What is the initial lesion?" "In syphilis it is the primary sore." "Tell me more about lesions." "'Primary lesions generally occur in the small arteries of the brain. In the large arteries gummatous foci sometimes appear, which may break down and perforate the vessel wall, with resulting hemorrhage into the surrounding tissue or body cavity. The disease most frequently attacks the carotid and its branches, especially the middle cerebral.'"

"When do these lesions in the brain appear?" "They 'may occur as early as the first year or as late as the twentieth; but, as a rule, they occur about the third year after infec-

tion in untreated or improperly cared for cases. * * * Syphilitic affections of the nervous system are of frequent occurrence.' ”

“How soon are they recognized?” “‘They may appear as early as the second month or as late as the twentieth year after infection, and are more frequent in men than in women. Nervous phenomena are more apt to occur in those addicted to alcoholic excesses and in those who have not received proper and sufficient treatment in the early stages of the disease.’ ”

“Who are the ones that are especially susceptible to nervous manifestations?” “‘Brain workers and those who are mentally and physically exhausted. Arterio sclerosis, or any other condition causing cerebral congestion, also renders the patient liable to nervous affections. The disease may extend to the inner surface of the skull or vertebrae.’ ”

“How?”

“‘Lesions of the bones may be situated on the inner surface of the skull or vertebrae and cause inflammation in the brain or spinal cord. The lesion may invade the bones of the skull and is probably the most frequent syphilitic lesion. It occurs in patches.’ ” “Think of having sores on the bones of the inner

skull! Heavens!" exclaimed Judge Randolph, shaken out of his usual serenity. "Excuse me, Doctor Gordon. Please go on."
"‘Affections of the brain and cord are nearly always secondary to lesion of the bones or blood vessels, and consist of diffuse or gummatous deposits.’”

“Are the large arteries affected as often by syphilis as the smaller ones?”

“‘The large arteries, especially those at the base of the brain, are more commonly attacked by syphilis than the smaller ones. There may be complete occlusion of the artery. The cerebral tissues supplied by the affected vessel are at first insufficiently nourished, and, finally receiving no nourishment at all, undergo degenerative changes from total lack of arterial blood supply.’”

“How are the sympathetic nerves affected?”

“‘They may be invaded in either one of two ways: degeneration of the nerve cells, and by sclerosis of the connective tissue, causing atrophy of the nervous elements. Two forms of syphilitic tumors occur in the cranio-vertebral cavity. They are usually connected with the cerebrum, but may be found in the medulla, the cord, or the cerebellum. These tumors may be single or multiple and vary in

size from that of a pea to a walnut. They occur chiefly on the under surface of the brain—may be found in the brain tissue itself.’”

“How soon after infection may this syphilitic hemiplegia present itself?” “It ‘may occur as early as the third month or as late as the twentieth year * * * and is usually preceded by localized headache, vertigo and convulsions. Sometimes there are muscular spasms, pains or numbness in the parts which afterward become paralyzed. The invasion may be gradual or sudden and usually comes when the patient is engaged in some muscular effort or is in bed at night.’”

“Is the stroke usually final?” “‘If the paralysis be partial it may gradually improve, or even disappear; or, as improvement takes place, the opposite side may be similarly affected. In rare cases there is a loss of both motion and sensation. This may be accompanied by paralysis of various nerves. * * * Syphilitic epilepsy may occur. * * * It is a very frequent manifestation of cerebral syphilis, and is always preceded by a severe headache.’”

“Is the spinal cord as frequently attacked by syphilis as is the brain?” “No; but luetic

affections of it are not uncommon. The causes of syphilitic paraplegia are lesions of the vertebrae, of the spinal meninges and gummata, which press upon the cord.'"

"Of what do the symptoms consist?" "Of a varying amount of pain in the back, weakness of the lower extremities, darting pains in the legs, numbness, tickling or aching pains in the feet, with hyperesthesia or anesthesia. Loss of co-ordination is sometimes observed. The expulsive force of the bladder and rectum is weakened.'" "Is it possible for a person to continue in this state many days?" "A patient may remain in this condition a long time, until, unless properly treated, complete paralysis of both lower extremities finally comes on. General sensation may remain, or be somewhat impaired or lost.'"

"Horrible! Horrible! What else is there to it?" "Disturbances of speech frequently occur during the course of syphilis of the nervous system. There may be hesitation in speaking, or inability to remember certain words in conversation and writing, or the use of inappropriate words. The affection may be either continuous or intermittent in character.'"

"Venereal disease seems to have become a world-wide scourge." "It has. America is rapidly becoming syphilized. At the rate that the disease is spreading, it will not be very long before the blood in every vein will be tainted with it, as is the case in several foreign nations where hardly a person can be found who is free from the venereal virus." "It is difficult to believe that such a condition could exist in the United States." "It is well for us to accept the truth, relative to the state of affairs here, for they are staring us in the face most grimly. One-half of the cases of sterility and one-half of the abdominal surgical operations performed on women are caused by venereal diseases. Everybody knows that vice destroys the capacity for procreation." "Yes, that is well known."

"A specialist in mental diseases, after making a thorough investigation of the asylums of this country, says that an enormous per cent. of insanities, both among the males and the females, 'involved their sexual mechanism and that early sex instruction would have wholly prevented much of this insanity and postponed the mental break.'"

"Aren't the feeble-minded as numerous as the insane?" "Yes; and the feeble-minded reproduce at twice the rate of the general

population. Weakened mentality and crime are direct results of the venereal curse." "To what do you attribute the stampede toward vice in this nation?" "The uncontrolled sex-impulse; but drink and venereal disease have walked side by side. Alcohol arouses a man's sexual desire and lessens his power of self-mastery."

"I am now prepared to believe that the vulture which is eating out the heart of our national life is sexual immorality." "That conclusion is inevitable." "I should think, Doctor Gordon, that you would become depressed by dwelling upon such thoughts as your profession forces upon you." "Quite the contrary. My heart is fired with an intense desire to help save the race from a piteous doom. The task of prevention is a sacred privilege."

Judge Randolph sat meditating. "If God had given me a son, I think I would have told him all this as soon as he was old enough to understand. Did you tell Don?" "Indeed I did; and I wanted to talk with John Granville on the subject, but his father objected." "Did he? What a pity! Thank you so much, Doctor Gordon, for the information which you have given me. I see my daughter at the gate waiting to drive me back to Ingleside."

The Vampire Woman
Appears

CHAPTER XXIV

THE VAMPIRE WOMAN APPEARS

On his way from Strathmore to New York, a train was wrecked just ahead of the one on which John Granville was traveling and he had to wait at a small town through an afternoon and a night. The hotel at which he stopped had once been a handsome residence of colonial architecture. It stood far back from the street and was sheltered by overhanging branches of mammoth trees and dense shrubbery.

As he was sitting alone at a little table in a quiet nook of the dining-room, the head waiter conducted a stylishly-dressed young woman to a seat by his side. She had the easy assurance of a person who has seen much of life, and the consciousness of being able to cope with it. After giving her order, she turned lightly toward John Granville and said, with as much familiarity as if she had known him for years, "The service in country hotels is always wretched; and where there is negro help, it's about the limit."

John remained silent. "Have you come a long distance? I heard of the wreck." "It was an unfortunate affair," was the answer. "Traffic will be held up for many hours. Happily, no one was injured." "When will your train be ordered to move out?" "Not before tomorrow morning." "You will be lonely tonight. After supper, I wish you would come to the sample-room and look at my display. I am traveling for a New York firm that handles ladies' ready-to-wear suits, coats, everything in that line," and she handed him her business card. At one side of it was her name—Gertrude Hammond.

An exclusive portico ran by three rooms of the hotel. One had been assigned to John Granville, one to the saleswoman, and the third was used for the exhibition of her goods. After John had inspected her samples, she stepped on to the porch, saying, "Come out here. The moon is shining bright." "How do you like your work?" John asked, as he flung himself easily into a chair which the woman had brought out for him. "I have succeeded with it fine, but it's a sure lonesome sort. I am always away from home and among strangers."

"That is hard." "Yes, for a lady," and she drew in her breath with a kind of sob. "But when a woman has to slave for a living, she can't afford to pick quarrels with her job." "Are you compelled to work?" John inquired indifferently. "I should say. Work and I are old friends, believe me. We have been acquainted for years. I married when I was only eighteen, and in a few months my husband died, leaving me high and dry—without a cent. He had even failed to keep up his life insurance. But I hadn't ought to bother you with my troubles." "Do go on," John urged.

It was very pleasant in the moonlight and there was no one else with whom to talk. "Didn't you have brothers who could help you?" "I have seven, but they are all drunkards. If there is any helping to be done, I've got it to do; for those men are all married and have big families. So, you see, the shoe is on the other foot." John glanced involuntarily at the woman's feet. She had crossed her knees and was swinging her right foot restlessly.

He saw that she wore grey, silk stockings and that her grey shoes had heels which were immoderately high. "It was kind of you to

help your nieces and nephews," he remarked, not knowing exactly what to say. "It's been a tight pull, I'm here to tell you," and the woman recrossed her knees, drawing her skirts perceptibly higher. "I've had ma to support ever since pa died. She keeps house for me in New York. We live in a little two-by-four flat." "Do you find it expensive?" "Gee! It costs like smoke to make ends meet. I have to hustle to beat the band."

"I think you are smart to make your living and support your mother, too. Are you a native of New York?" "No; I was born in Vermont. I'm a regular down-east Yankee. I know nothing about my family except that we are just Yankees." "Did your father and mother ever tell you of their ancestors?" "No; I don't think they had any worth mentioning. Pa was a sea captain and went down with his ship in a storm somewhere off the coast of New England. Ma says she was in an orphanage until she went out to serve as a maid. She drifted to New York and there met pa when he came into port one day after a long voyage."

"That's mighty interesting history, I think," and John tilted back his chair. "'Mighty!' That sure is Southern." The woman smiled.

"I know you are from the South because of your brogue." "'Brogue?' You make me tired. Southerners don't have a brogue. They leave that to the Irish. Southerners have an intonation." "Whatever you call it, you've got it, all right. Ever been North before?" "Never." "You'll like it. Lots of push. The folks get there just the same. They make scads of money—don't you forget it." "That's the sort of talk I like to hear. Making money is the stuff I'm after," and John laughed. "You'll make it," the woman said; "I can tell from your walk and your whole get-up that you've got the same sort of go the Yanks have; and that brings the dollars, you can bet. Coming to the North to enter business or just a pleasure trip?"

John told her of his plans and gave her the name of the firm with which he was to be associated. "Dags! but you are in a streak of luck. That's the biggest dry-goods house in the United States; and for that matter, in the world. There's not only that great retail store in New York, and that wholesale concern, but the firm has branch stores all over the country. You'll get to the top, one of these noons, and be big rich." "That's what

I'm out for," replied John, falling into the vernacular of his night's companion.

"Oh! if only I could strike oil and end my days of drudgery." Gertrude Hammond extended her naked arms full length and clasped her jewelled hands over her head. The filmy material of the woman's dress clung to her figure like grey cobweb, revealing every enticing outline. As she breathed, her firm, small breasts could be seen to move quickly, and a gentle undulation was given to the scarlet poppies at her waist. Her eyes were half closed, but in their depths were glints of cruelty as pitiless as the grave. Her full lips gleamed crimson in the sheen of light that streamed across the porch. Upon either cheek there glowed a bright red spot. Her knees had slipped apart. The entire personality of the woman vibrated with lust; every motion throbbed with seduction.

Leaning toward the man at her side, so closely that he felt her perfumed breath upon his face, she touched him with an unmistakable meaning. His brain reeled. His body was aflame. He trembled with desire. For a moment he hesitated, blushed, then stretched out his hands to reach hers. "Come!" she whispered, trembling with uncontrollable

passion; "come, let me show you photographs of my friends," and she led the way into her bedroom. When John Granville again stepped out upon the portico, he was alone. The rosy gleams of a new day were tinting the heavens. In one hour he had caught his train and was speeding toward the East.

Friends Exchange Confidences

CHAPTER XXV

FRIENDS EXCHANGE CONFIDENCES

Two young men were strolling through one of the parks of New York City talking earnestly. They were so distinguished in appearance that persons in passing would turn to look at them. They carried their hats carelessly in their hands. It was in the heart of summer. The night lamps were shining with intense brilliancy. Here and there a firefly darted. The splash of oars could be heard at intervals in the miniature lakes and the low voices of lovers as the little boats slipped by.

The two young men walked on to a remote section of the park where they found secluded seats hedged in by dense shrubbery. "Let's sit here," one of them suggested; "these plants will shut out the sights and sounds. Isn't it divine to get away from that hot, stuffy store and the eternal hum of traffic?" and with a sigh of relief, he sank upon the rustic bench.

It was John Granville. Without glancing at his companion, he said, "Fred Willis,

seven years ago today I came directly from my home in the South to enter business in this great city. From that hour to this, I have slaved in that dry-goods house." "I started in two years before you arrived," was the reply. "Where did you come from, Fred?" asked John in his usual, direct fashion. "Straight from my home in Kentucky. After the death of my only brother, the care of my parents fell on my shoulders, for they had lost their fortune." "By the old Southern route—the Civil War?" "No; high living. My family owned an estate near Lexington. Father, like his predecessors, had gone in for horse-racing. He kept a stable of fully five hundred thoroughbreds." "My!"

"That's nothing; many men in Kentucky keep fifteen hundred or two thousand. Well, to continue my story, our home was always filled with guests. We kept numbers of servants, served wine and all the rest of it. Father not only gambled on horse-racing, but on corn and wheat—anything!" "I can see what's coming," interrupted John Granville. "Yes, the ancient tale. Suddenly a spoke in our strong wheel crashed and the whole fabric tumbled like a broken cart." "And you had to go to work."

"Of course. I secured a position with a business concern in Alabama; afterward I got a job in Lexington, then came here." "And you have been in New York nine years." "Yes, and glad enough was I to come. From the very first moment I have worked with one end in view: to get on the road with a fine salary for this same, big firm." "And your appointment as traveling salesman came today. I congratulate you. My promotion has been along another line," and John laughed softly through pure satisfaction. "Oh! I knew it would not be long delayed for you, Granville, because you made good from the beginning, and you are such a favorite with Mr. Vaughan."

"Thank you," and John hummed a familiar tune with a gay, rising inflection. "In a few years, I hope to go into business for myself." "And I hope to be your partner in that venture," replied Willis. "We'll consider that a bargain right now!" and John Granville again laughed gently.

Life seemed very lovely to him at that hour. Success had come sooner than he had dared to think that it would. Following the course of his dreaming, he said, "After a while, Willis, you and I will have branch

houses all over the country; and eventually we shall sweep into the millionaire class." "I see no reason why we should not," was the response. After that they lapsed into silence. It was finally broken by Fred Willis: "Granville, there is something in my life about which I have never spoken to you, although we have been intimately associated for several years." "What is it, old man?" John inquired sympathetically.

"It is not a pleasant story to hear. If I take you into my confidence, will you promise never to tell anyone?" "You can trust me." Nervously reaching into a side pocket, Fred drew out a cigar. As he struck a match, John Granville exclaimed, "Please don't, Willis! You know how I hate smoke. It always nauseates me, and I invariably find myself growing irritated with the man who is selfish enough to spoil my atmosphere." "Forgive me, Granville," and Fred threw away both the match and the unlighted cigar.

"Have you never used tobacco?" "Never in my life. I suppose my loathing for it is the result of prenatal influence. My mother has always utterly abhorred it. For that reason, she and father have had separate bedrooms. He is a devotee of the filthy weed.

But go on. Excuse my outburst." Fred Willis cleared his throat. "I realize that I deserve nothing but condemnation, so I shall make no attempt to extenuate myself." "It must be something awful," John observed.

Without noticing the remark, Willis said, "I was so accustomed to having all the money I wanted to spend, that when my father lost everything I was bewildered. My first thought was to get some sort of employment; the next was to marry a rich girl." "So!" "When I was living in Birmingham I met a young woman who weighed, at least, two hundred pounds. She was so fat that her name had become a synonym for flesh. Her father was very wealthy. I courted the girl and married her. We went to Florida on our bridal tour. My bride became so repulsive to me that at the end of two weeks I urged her to go back to her home alone and I threw up my position and returned to Kentucky. I have never seen her since."

"Did you get a divorce?" "The girl's father saw about that. He secured it on the ground of desertion." "What became of your—er—of the girl?" "Oh! she went into philanthropy—adopted a child, I think." "She had none for you?" "No," and Fred coughed.

"Say, Granville, if you had been in my place, what would you have done?" "If I should ever find myself in a box of any sort," John answered slowly, "I would break the lock and step out—just as you did." Willis drew a long breath and stretched out his feet. "Do you ever think of marrying again, Fred?" "Yes, but it will be only for love."

John smiled. "That sounds as sweet as honey in a vase of alabaster found in a royal Egyptian tomb," he said; "particularly unctious coming from your lips, Fred. I suspect you have seen a good deal of real life, haven't you?" "Yes, I have walked most of the ropes," he answered. Then, in a lower voice, "Will you believe me, Granville, when I tell you that, as a small boy, I had the whole story of sex opened up to me?" "In what way?" "Realistically. When I was fourteen years old, a guest in my father's home, a seasoned man from Cleveland took me to Louisville to see the sights. He conducted me to a house of prostitution and introduced me to its mysteries." "Frightful!" John muttered.

Then he said, "Do you know, I have never visited one of those places? I have a horror of contracting a sex-disease." "You are wise," Willis replied. "Isn't that argument for the

segregation of harlots and their medical supervision the sheerest nonsense?" John asked. "A prostitute may be examined one moment and be found free from disease; but she may become infected by the very next man that she accommodates; and she, in turn, being declared free from disease, may infect as many as one hundred and fifty men in the following two hours."

"But, after all," Willis remarked, "there are comparatively precious few men who contract venereal diseases, and most of those are easily cured. One is so mild that it is hardly noticeable; and persons affected with the other get along easily if they see a doctor in time and have the necessary blood tests at regular intervals." "Why, I have often been told," John answered, "that the milder of these diseases produces blind children and other tragedies, and that the more dangerous disease brings on paralysis and insanity and a long list of constitutional troubles."

"In rare cases only. Did you ever know of one instance? Many physicians are like old women with their fireside tales. However, the only absolutely safe course for a man to adopt is to have his individual mistress." "But that is an expensive method."

"That all depends. There are gradations in quality and establishments. It is not near so expensive as marriage, and can be shifted at will without divorce suits." "Upon my word," exclaimed John Granville, "it does seem as if a man is doomed to be hounded, like a deer, through life! Almost every time that I go on the streets, day or night, I am solicited by a prostitute."

"They are everywhere and appear under so many different guises. Think of the immoral women found in hotels," Willis said. "All that a traveler has to do is to give the tip to the porter and the woman is produced." "But, aside from the professional harlots, there are women that one meets at every turn who are above reproach morally, but who appeal directly to the passions of men by the way they dress." "Yes, there are half-naked women on the streets, on the trains, at church, in the homes. From their lewd attire, I should say that their purpose is to excite the animal instinct in men."

"I honestly believe, Fred, that any woman who is willing to reveal her breasts, the cavity under her arms and the outline of her legs to any man—red, white, black or yellow, who passes—is at heart a prostitute." "There

you are correct," agreed Willis. "To see a woman's breasts in the old days was an event; now it is an every-day occurrence. The breast is the seat of passion. Shaking breasts set men wild. I wonder that more outrages don't occur." "I do too."

"A friend of mine, who is rather a moralist, was hailed recently by a semi-nude, eminently respectable young woman, about some charity business. He said to her, 'Madam, it will be impossible for me to talk with you unless you cover your breasts,' and he handed her his handkerchief." "Good for him! Little do scantily-attired women know of the fight that men make in their presence. If decent women understood the deep meaning of sex, they wouldn't be so anxious to exhibit themselves." "Poor moths," Fred Willis sneered. "How they do strive to attract men, then!" and he whistled. "This eagerness of women to reveal their bodies has led to a loss of modesty on their part, and has increased the licentiousness of men to an amazing extent," John Granville added.

"You are right." "The thinly-clad, so-called good women would repulse any approach that meant sexual contact. With the lewd women, there is the risk of infection.

Where can a man go in safety for the outlet of his passion—for the gratification of the most imperious impulse known to the human being?" Willis shrugged his shoulders. "If reputable women follow the trail of the harlot, with all their sails in the breeze, what hope is there for a man? How is he to escape?" asked John.

"Through avenues that are not strenuous," answered his worldly-wise companion; "for instance, when the blooming young women from the country towns and villages come to the city looking for a high time, it is a very easy matter to meet them incidentally and make engagements for the theater and midnight suppers. They are willing to remain indefinitely. When one grows weary of them, the girls return to their homes unsuspected and resume their usual routine. It is a safe process for a city man." "But rather hard on the girls. Don't you think?"

"Oh, no! Practically every one has had a previous draught of life." "I'm of the opinion, Fred, that any man who ruins a girl is a blackguard—if the woman has already lost her virtue, of course, that is another proposition." Willis colored. "If these country girls, of whom you speak, have had their

fling before one meets them, why, one is at liberty to proceed with their society."

"Certainly." "But having turned over a page in the book of experience, makes it possible for them to be transmitters of venereal diseases. I have heard that the younger and fresher a woman of under-world habits is, the more likely she is to bring infection." "How could you believe such a statement? What sheer nonsense!" and Fred Willis smiled derisively. "Well, old boy, from our talk tonight, I conclude that you haven't abandoned your sex-life." "No, indeed!" came the hurried assurance; "take that from a man and existence would become as uninspiring as a bank of sawdust. Why, the only life is the sex-life." "I'm afraid that you are oversexed, Fred." John Granville sprang to his feet. "I have to catch a train at twelve o'clock to start home to see mother!" Willis drew out his watch. "It is now eleven. I will go to the station with you," and the two men left the park together.



A Visit to the South

CHAPTER XXVI

A VISIT TO THE SOUTH

When John Granville arrived at his old home, he found his mother, the Colonel and Helen standing at the gate to greet him. He shook hands with his father, touched the cheek of his sister indifferently with his lips, then took his mother in his arms and carried her in triumph to the long veranda. As he placed her gently in an easy chair, she exclaimed with astonishment and delight, "Why, John, what a giant you have grown to be!" "And strong as an ox, too, mother. I am especially proud of my back—never had an ache there in all the days of my life." "How glad I am for my darling!" and she patted his hand. "How young you are looking, mother!"

It was true. Louise Granville had shifted fully ten years from her shoulders. The tenseness had left her face and the expression of hardness had vanished. A gentleness rested upon her features, moulding them into

lines of exquisite beauty. Her hair was parted and lay in soft waves of brownness about her temples and was coiled in an artistic knot at the back of her queenly head. She wore a soft silk of pale lilac that accentuated the grace of her delicate figure. A brooch of seed-pearls held the lace at her throat. She was the incarnation of the spirit of the resurrected patrician of the Old South.

"If I have changed for the better, I owe it all to you, precious. Ever since you went into business five years ago, you have loaded me with beautiful clothing and lifted the burden of financial stress from my heart." "Mother!" protested John. "You were so generous, darling, in presenting me with that elegant carriage and those two, handsome horses. I can now go about in the same style to which I was accustomed until the Reconstruction days; for you must know that I now have Beverly, the same coachman whom I had in the earlier years of my married life. It is such a satisfaction."

Before John could answer, Colonel Granville, who was seated near, said, "I wish to thank you again, son, for the money which you have been sending me every month. I have used most of it in repairing the dwell-

ing." "Are the leaks all stopped, father? I have agonized over that back hall." "Yes; come and see," and they all sprang to their feet and started on a tour of inspection.

Everything was in perfect order; an atmosphere of prosperity pervaded the residence. As they walked slowly through the different halls and rooms, Helen by the side of her father, and John supporting the arm of his mother, Louise Granville would say, "You sent these splendid rugs and carpets, son. They harmonize charmingly with the upholstery of the furniture. I was gratified to get those curtains. The old ones had quite fallen to pieces." "It seems to me," ventured Helen, "that the most thoughtful thing you did, John, was to place grates in the fireplaces of the bedrooms and arrange for us to burn coal instead of being troubled with wood." "And to think, darling," interrupted Mrs. Granville, "that you pay for all the coal we use!"

"Oh! mother, don't!" and John frowned; "the deepest happiness I have is attending to the comfort of my 'home-folks,' as the Yankees would say." "Have they been good to you, precious?" Louise Granville asked, as she sank languidly into an arm-chair in the

library. "Yes, mother, they are simply grand. I am thoroughly in love with them. I expect to spend the rest of my life in the North. As soon as I can get enough money ahead, I intend to have you and father come and make your home with me." He neglected to mention Helen.

"That is noble of you, dear heart," Mrs. Granville replied; "but I would never be contented away from the South." "How about you, father?" "No, no, son!" the Colonel answered hastily; "I am too old a tree to be transplanted. Most of my days have been spent here. It is here that I want to die." "You are a hopeless lot." John smiled indulgently. "What plans have you made for the future, sister?" addressing Helen for the first time, and, for the first time in his life failing to call her by name. "I have secured a position as correspondent for several newspapers and shall be compelled to have my headquarters in Washington. Hadn't you heard of that?" "Why, no. That's great. When do you begin your work?" "Next month."

John continued his examination of the mansion. "How do the rooms upstairs look, mother?" "There is only one in that part of

the house which is furnished. I think I shall let you occupy that tonight, darling. Would you be afraid?" "Afraid?" he echoed scoffingly; "afraid? I have never been conscious of fear one moment in my existence. I have always longed to be a soldier. I hope there will be a war in my day so that I may be in it." "John!" "Yes, indeed. I feel now as if I could whip out a whole regiment of well-armed men."

"You have come from a long line of warriors, son. Look down this hall. There, at your left, is your great-great-grandfather, who was famous as a general in the—" "Yes, yes, mother. I know all that by heart. I'm acquainted with every pictured face on these walls and the history of each of my famous predecessors. Don't let's go over it again. Come on, come on, to these upper, desolated chambers—sepulchres of dead hopes," and he went bounding up the steps, taking in two at a leap. "You will find the rooms closed, darling," his mother called out after him. When she had joined him, she said, "If you remember, in your childhood, when your father and I were so pressed for means, we had to sell the furniture." "I do remember," and John's face

flushed. "Well, well, never mind. My next enterprise will be to refurnish all the upstairs. Then the old house will be 'restored,' as the guides say of the renovated palaces of Europe."

"Come, now, precious, into my bedroom," suggested his mother, leading the way downstairs and into the spacious apartment that was all her own. Opening the drawers of a massive chiffonier, she said, "Here are some of the expensive linen things you have been sending me in such quantities," and she began to bring them out by armfuls. "The new, woolen blankets are packed away in a cedar chest; but, see, darling, these fine sheets and towels and table-covers. Do you like the way I have hemstitched them?" "How dainty!" "And here are the pillow-cases that I have embroidered, and the centerpieces. I am as happy as a girl with her hope-chest. Aren't the things all lovely?" "Beautiful, mother, beautiful because of your skillful needlework," and John examined each article with loving care.

Going to a huge wardrobe Mrs. Granville began to exhibit the dresses which her son had recently sent her—laces, silks, velvets, and the handsome cloaks, gloves, shoes, every-

thing that a lady would need to make an appearance worthy of a high place in her social world. "Nobody ever had such a blessed boy as I," and she threw her arms about John's neck and kissed him. "I have something nice to tell you, mother," he whispered, guiding her to an arm-chair. "My firm in New York has promoted me to a very high position—one next to partnership—with a large salary. Now I can do much more for you than I have ever done before." "My darling!" and his mother kissed him again. "You are the pride of my heart."

Dinner was announced. The table had been prepared as for a king. It was resplendent with the rare, old, family china, silver and cut glass, and radiant with flowers. Looking about him with admiration, John said to Helen, "Did you do all this, sister?" "Yes; I was glad to make your home-coming as near perfection as possible. Of course, I didn't do the actual work. We have Rachel now, you know." "She is another blessing that has come to us from your hands, son," Mrs. Granville remarked. "Through your lavishness you have made it possible for us to have servants again. Rachel was my maid in New Orleans before my marriage."

"I am so glad that you have her with you, mother; but you are all conspiring to spoil me. I see it plainly." "That wouldn't be possible, precious," Mrs. Granville replied. "There is nothing too extravagant that we could bestow upon you which would compensate you for all that you have done for us. When you get married, John, I intend to give you half of all the china and silver we have—the cut glass, too, if you desire it—and you will be at liberty to go over this place and take everything from it that you wish."

"I would like to say right here, mother, that there isn't one blessed thing in this old house that I want, not one thing," and he closed his lips tightly. "I am tired of old buildings, of old furniture, of old families. I am plebeian to my soul's core. If ever I have a home of my own, there will be a new house and new furniture. I would love to live in a new country—among new people. I hate tradition. I hope to go where no one has ever heard of genealogies." "Why, John, what a whirlwind! You astonish me!" exclaimed Louise Granville.

"It is true, mother, so don't save any of the old things for me. Neither do I want this old farm. Give everything to sister. Come,

father, let's have a look over the land," and he left the dining-room. As the two went slowly along, Colonel Granville told his son of the improvements that had been made. "With the last instalments of money which you sent," he began. "But sister paid for the clearing of the land, didn't she?"

"Yes, the dear child has done most nobly. She has been unselfish indeed; but as I started to say, with those last instalments of money that you sent I was enabled to meet every obligation. Ah! I do thank you." "Please, father, don't," John broke in; "please don't thank me again for anything. You make me ashamed." "Why, why, son, certainly not, if it hurts you," and the Colonel cleared his voice which had suddenly become husky. "Well, as I began to say, I had that little house built which you see over there on the outskirts of the woods and placed Sam Morris in it—the father of Dora, you know." "Yes." "He attends to the sheep and cattle. The renters in the other tenant houses are raising cotton and some corn. There are only four hundred acres in the plantation and fully one-half is covered by timber, and the land is poor." "Yes, I know, father," and John's tones were faint and choked.

Suddenly brightening, he said, "But all looks fair now, doesn't it, father? Even if sister were not writing and I was unable to work, you and mother would have a perfectly comfortable income, wouldn't you?" "A perfectly comfortable income," the Colonel repeated. "The satisfaction which that thought brings has robbed my increasing age of its terrors. By the way, son," the old man spoke tenderly, "I wish, very much, that you would marry." "Why, father?"

"Marriage is a safe condition for a man. It is an honorable estate. The time comes in everyone's life when he desires to have a home of his own; and he longs for little children." "I have never had that wish yet." "But it will come. Fatherhood is the crown of a man's life." John recalled his boyhood days and sighed. "You are surrounded by grave temptations in a great city, son. I can understand what they mean, because I lived for years in the centers of Europe and have known the cities of our country. I would be happy if I knew that you were safely married to a young girl of your social standing."

"I am not much on caste, you know." "When the test comes, surely the promptings of your class pride will not forsake you. I

implore you not to marry someone beneath you, and don't marry a woman older than yourself. To me that is the most repellant thought, except to marry a widow; but no young man of pride of character would do that." "There are two subjects which you and I must not discuss, father: one is religion, the other is marriage. Probably I shall some day seek a wife, but not yet—not yet. I must make my fortune first. Come! It is growing late. Mother will be anxious about us." He slipped his arm through Colonel Granville's and they turned their faces in the twilight toward the mansion.

Before John left home, he remarked confidently to his mother and father, "I meant what I said the other day at the dinner-table about your deeding this place to Helen." "That wouldn't be fair to you," replied Mrs. Granville. "Oh, yes, it would! eminently fair. Please do." "There's plenty of time, son, to consider that question," and the Colonel smiled.

One morning when John was alone with Helen, he said, "I've brought you a little present, sister," and he opened a jewel-case that he held in his hand and gave it to her. In it was a breastpin of thirteen diamonds—

the solitaires set in a long bar of heavy gold. "John! You don't mean to give this expensive brooch to me, do you?" and the girl opened her eyes in astonishment. "Why not? I have never done half enough for you." "I thank you with all my heart," and Helen gazed at the splendid gems; "but you shouldn't waste your money on me, John. You must save every dollar for your own needs."

"My future is assured now. I don't have to spend sleepless nights worrying over finances any longer. When you get to Washington, you will need elegant clothes, sister. I intend to send you four dresses from New York as soon as I return—two street suits, an afternoon costume and a reception gown." "That will be generous indeed. I love you, brother." John's entire visit home was filled with tenderness. When the moment for parting came, he leaned his head against one of the pillars of the veranda and cried like a little boy going away from his mother for the first time.

The Heiress Meets Her Fate

CHAPTER XXVII

THE HEIRESS MEETS HER FATE

The evening before Helen was to start to Washington, Mrs. Granville went into her room for a conference. "I have come to ask your forgiveness, daughter, for all of my unkindness to you in your childhood. As a mother I have been totally inadequate," and she began to weep. There had never been the slightest bitterness in the heart of Helen; but ever since that hour when she regained consciousness, after those long weeks of typhoid fever, there seemed to have been a veil drawn over her eyes, shutting out the vision of her mother. It had been impossible to love her.

She was grateful for what she had done since the awakening came, but her soul gave no further response. Her heart was dead toward the one to whom it should have gone out in holy attachment. Today, as she beheld her in this storm of regret, she was stirred with infinite compassion. "Don't cry, mother,"

she pleaded; "please don't cry. It is all over now. I assure you that I shall never again connect you in thought with anything except that which is all goodness." The veil dropped from before her sight and she saw Louise Granville as she had never before beheld her, and for which she would have given worlds, if they had been hers to give, to have seen her when she was a very young girl, with a hungry soul, staggering under a load of care.

With unspeakable sadness, Helen drew her mother's face to hers, and caressed it, saying, "Life is too short for anything but loveliness. The grave is not deep enough to cover all our sorrows. Surely, in the Great Beyond, we shall live again; and a chance shall be given us to redeem what we have lost here." In the after days of Mrs. Granville, her devotion to her daughter measured up in full to the dislike and neglect of the earlier years; but, deep down in her heart, she realized that nothing could atone for the past. She knew that Helen had been bereft of a heritage which should have been hers by virtue of existence—a mother's love. Louise Granville saw now what she had missed in not appreciating the majestic privilege which

had been offered her of training immortal souls for eternity.

Within two weeks after the death of Arthur, Mr. Julian Vaughan was called to Europe on business. His wife and daughter accompanied him. Estelle remained for extensive travel and to study music; but at the end of a year, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan came back to New York. They immediately sought John Granville and opened influential doors in the social world to him. The qualities which had made him the idol of all classes at Strathmore and sustained his popularity at the University of Virginia now made him a favorite in New York in the most exclusive circles. He lived in handsome bachelor apartments. A young negro man, whom he had brought from the South, was his attendant.

Upon the return of Estelle Vaughan, John Granville called at her home, where he found many other visitors. As he stood near the entrance to the drawing-room, talking with her father, he had an opportunity of studying the heiress before he was presented. He regarded her critically. Estelle was at first oblivious of the analysis to which she was being subjected. She stood for a moment

somewhat apart from her guests—an impressive personality, arrayed in a magnificent evening costume and ablaze with jewels.

She was superbly handsome—tall, exquisitely proportioned—with a vivid coloring, great, luminous eyes and a glory of dark hair. She had passed from the stage of girlishness to a full-rounded, perfected womanhood. Becoming half aware of being especially observed, she suddenly looked forward and gazed directly into the eyes of John Granville. Fascinated without knowing it, she didn't shift her glance, but continued to gaze steadily at him.

Mr. Vaughan noticed it and drew the young man toward his daughter: "My dear, this is John Granville." The face of Estelle turned white and her eyes filled with tears. With a quick, pathetic in-catching of the breath, she said, "You are the brother of Helen. I am glad to meet you," clasping his outstretched hand. He was urged to remain for dinner.

At the table, the two sat diagonally across from each other. The arrangement was fortunate, because it gave an opportunity for continued observation, without the embarrassment of a conversation. During that winter

in New York, Estelle Vaughan became a prominent figure in society. She met John Granville everywhere, for they moved in the same circle. His attitude toward her was always that of reserve—almost of downright coldness.

Into that look with which she had first beheld him, Estelle had put her whole soul, and it was never withdrawn. She knew love at that moment. She had never known it before. She welcomed it gladly. In her being she felt the throbbing of the pulses of passion. Her friends had often said, "It is a pity, Estelle, that you do not care for one of the many noble men who have admired you and wished to marry you. Never mind! The scales will eventually be turned. Oh! when you are in love, we shall witness a marvelous transformation! You will appreciate, then, the torture that others have endured for you." Now it had come.

For several seasons, the girl had been a belle in different capitals of Europe. Her father's wealth, as well as her unusual beauty and accomplishments, placed her at the front in the line of social conquests.

She had walked through the fire unscathed, looking, waiting, longing for the coming of

the one man whom, she knew, she would recognize and claim by right of the law of nature. Those who were acquainted with her in a worldly way were astonished that she hadn't gone in for a title, which had been offered more than once.

John's attentions to Estelle were only such as he paid to other young women of her class. She showed her interest by sending him books, marking passages. When they were together, these would be intimately discussed. Mr. Vaughan was highly gratified over John Granville's pronounced success in business, and had lately told him that he had arranged to have him taken into partnership in his great firm during the course of two years. He began to love the young man as he had loved his own son. He was taking Arthur's place in his heart.

After that last visit to his old home, John began to write to his sister and showed the deepest interest in her welfare, offering to supply her with anything that she needed. As the months passed, she detected a decided change in the tone of his letters. There was constant criticism and childish carping. In reply to a note which Helen had written, telling him that she had sent financial assistance

to their parents, he wrote, "Why do you send money home? That is my privilege. You had better keep all that you make. You will probably need it before you die." Soon after, she got another letter from her brother, saying, "Why don't you send money to mother and father and help to support them? It is just as much your business to do that as it is mine." Upon the reception of every letter, Helen endured a fresh baptism of suffering. She began to dread to see an envelope bearing the handwriting of John Granville.

A Man, a Girl and a
Pullman Car

CHAPTER XXVIII

A MAN, A GIRL AND A PULLMAN CAR

Lying full length upon a sumptuous couch in the luxurious state compartment of a Pullman as it was speeding eastward, was the beautiful figure of a woman covered only with a low-neck, sleeveless nightdress of clinging, pink silk. Sandals of the same color were upon her feet. Every outline of her body was revealed. Her abundant, yellow hair fell in cascades about her shoulders and reached down to the waist. Her skin was dazzlingly white, with a vivid color in the lips and cheeks. She had large, appealing, blue eyes, which gave the impression, at first glance, of reflecting the innocence of a baby girl.

Tonight, with her half-closed lids, the siren was Aurora before dawn. "Well, Lottie, have you had a good time this summer?" The woman opened her eyes lazily and held out her hands to John Granville as he entered. In soft, liquid tones she murmured, "The best ever. Sit down here, close to me, my

lover, and let's talk it all over." "Good! Of all the places that we have visited, which did you enjoy most?" "I think our trip through the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence was about it, don't you?" "How did you like the tour through Canada?" "The stay-over at Banf topped the crust." "The glaciers were glorious, weren't they?" "They beat the world—but the ocean at Vancouver! Oh, George!" and the woman closed her eyes and moved her tongue between her lips as if tasting a heavy sweet.

"We went west over the Canadian Pacific; now we are returning home over the Northern Pacific. What else could we desire?" "I say we've had some outing, John, but I haven't been so bumptiously happy as I might have been." "Why, what on earth is the matter? Haven't I done everything possible to make you have the time of your life?" "That's just it. I'm afraid you've over-done." "What do you mean, girlie?" and John Granville ran his hands lightly through the woman's yellow curls. "Didn't you register us at every hotel as man and wife?" she asked. "Yes, certainly."

"And didn't you register your own name?" "Of course. Why shouldn't I?" "Because of

the danger. We might have been arrested under the White Slave Act." "Nonsense. By going under an assumed name the risk would have been greater." "No, it wouldn't. None of the fellers that I have taken trips with before ever signed their real names on hotel books. What if we had met someone that you knew? Wouldn't you have been in a pickle?" "Not at all. I would have introduced you as my wife." "What about the after-clap when you would meet again?" "I would let that take care of itself."

"That's your lookout; but I don't want to land in the penitentiary." "How foolish you are, my sweet, little Lottie! If I thought there was any risk connected with that registering, do you suppose I would have taken it? This is not my first lark out with a girl on a summer's day." "No, I guess not. I'll bet my last winter's hat that you've had about as many jaunts as most lads of your age," and the woman put both hands under her head and crossed her feet. "Every man who can afford it has these love tours. Not one in ten thousand has been caught." "But when one is caught, down go thumbs. The game is lost."

"Don't you worry your sunny head, dear golden locks," and bending over, he kissed

the woman's lips. "But I am worrying!" she exclaimed pouting. Then, sitting up suddenly: "I'm afraid of Gertrude Hammond. I saw her looking at us that day while we were in that store at Detroit." "Gertrude Hammond!" and John Granville's heart stood still. "What are you talking about?" "Gertrude Hammond. Nothing more nor less. She saw us." "What do you know about the Hammond woman?" "More than you think. She and I used to be waitresses at the same hotel. She told me about you a long time ago when she first met you."

"Well, don't you worry about Gertie Hammond. She wouldn't dare report us. She has too many accounts of her own to settle with the law. Besides, I feel sure that you were mistaken. You saw someone in Detroit who looked like Gertrude Hammond." "Oh! all right," and Lottie Darrell yawned again sleepily. "In a few days, now, this dream will be over and I'll have to return to my place behind the counter at that candy store." "Cheer up, angel, there's a future. All the robins haven't flown. You like theaters, don't you?"

"Do I? Oh—h—h!" and the woman drew in her lips with a sucking sound. "You can

expect me many fair evenings to call with tickets in my pocket. Then for grand old times. By the way, Lottie, how long have you been in this business?" "Selling candy in New York?" "No, this er—er—sort of life, you know." "Oh, yes! I understand. Let me see. Why, ever since I had a midnight supper with Fred Willis and some other fellows when I first went to New York with Lily May Bechtel—that friend of mine from up the country. We were both from farms and went to the city for a little fun. We had it, all right."

"I met you long after that, didn't I?" "Yes, two years. I'll never forget the revel we had the night that Fred introduced you to our set. All of us got a little full, didn't we?" "Yes, I was drunk for the second time in my life. The first was when I was a boy down in the South. The folks across the creek one Christmas morning gave me too much eggnog. I couldn't walk for hours." "Liquor does upset a body. I always feel it first in my head, then in my knees, then in my sex-organs. Have you been drunk since that night of our first meeting, John?"

"No, I haven't tasted alcoholics of any sort—and I never shall again." "If that's the

case, you are ahead of me. I just must have my drink. When the craving comes, I'd sell the hair from my head to get it." "Let me know when that sale is to take place. I'll be the purchaser." "I sure will notify you." "Have you ever been sorry, Lottie, that you went to New York to stay?" "In a way, yes; but I like the lights of the city and the streets. I'm willing to pay the price. I've never been home since that first night."

"What became of Lily May Bechtel?" "She stayed in New York as Fred Willis' girl for three years; then went back to the country. Her baby came after she returned to her father's farm, but it was born dead." "Oh!" and John Granville glanced out the window. "This is a gorgeous night. The moon is in full swing. Isn't it great to be living?" and rising he drew off his coat.

Stilling the Tigress

CHAPTER XXIX

STILLING THE TIGRESS

Following the habit of years, after his business hours were over John Granville found his way to a certain apartment house in New York. When he reached the desired floor, he was met by a maid who ushered him into a well-furnished parlor, then led the way to an inner room. The rosy glow of subdued lights accentuated the impression of comfort that pervaded the place. Everything appealed to the senses: the soft rugs, the easy chairs, the seductive pictures upon the walls. A faint perfume filled the air, producing a sensation of languor.

As John Granville entered, he closed the door behind him and threw himself upon a lounge stretching out full length. "What a delight it is to come to this house of dreams and enjoy its perfect freedom! How are you tonight, Gertie?" The woman, who was sitting in the radiance of a student's lamp, dawdling with a string of crochet, made no reply. "What's the matter with the little girl

tonight? Is she angry?" "Yes, I am. I have a right to be." "About what, pray? Please explain." "You haven't been here for three months. You were out of the city for six weeks this summer." "Why, that's my affair," drawled the man on the couch. "After a year of desperately hard work, don't you think that I deserve to have a vacation?" "Yes, but not with Lottie Darrell."

"What do you mean?" "Don't play innocent. I saw you and that woman together in a store at Detroit." "Well, what of that? If you were to follow me very closely, you would find me in a store with a good many ladies at different times." "I happened to stop at the same hotel in Detroit that you did, and I found that you had registered there as John Granville and wife." "Well, what do you think you are going to do about it?" "I could have you arrested for violating the White Slave Act."

"Why don't you do it? The fun would be exhilarating. You and I could go to the penitentiary together; for I remember that you once told me you had taken a summer vacation with one of Mr. Vaughan's partners the year before I met you. I have witnesses, too. Lottie knew of it—so did Fred Willis."

Gertrude Hammond lost her nerve and began to cry. "You don't know how I love you, John Granville. I have given up everything for you." "You had nothing to give up except a very poor job as traveling saleswoman. You would have starved if it hadn't been for your outside enterprises such as—well—such as your summer vacations with men like one of Mr. Vaughan's partners."

"I worked hard. You know that." "And had a gay time between spells." "I gave it all up for you." "Your gain was vast. For years I have kept you in these costly apartments—rather different from the little two-by-four that you had when I first met you." "You've been free with your money, John. I know that." "In all these years, you haven't had to work. You have lived in the ease that many a real lady would be glad to have." "I know it, John; I know it." "Well, why should you be angry?" "Because I don't like for you to go with other women while I am here. I have given up every other man for you; and you should give up every other woman for me. It ought to be fifty-fifty."

"You make me smile. You have no claim on me." "Indeed I have! I'm your common-law wife." "Common-law nothing! I could

drop you tomorrow and the law wouldn't touch me." "Probably it wouldn't, but it could." "Let me tell you something, my dear birdie," John said in tones vibrating with concentrated insolence; "I could cut off the rent from these rooms tomorrow; and, in one instant, I could sever my association with you. Then you would have no recourse except the street. Do you understand?" "Yes, I catch on. Don't be too hard on me."

"You are no longer the handsome woman that you were when we first met. You have grown stout; and if you were not so industrious in coloring your hair, one could see streaks of gray in it. I haven't forgotten that you are several years my senior." "Please don't! Please don't!" and the woman rushed to the couch, fell on her knees beside it and began to kiss John Granville's hands in a sort of frenzy. "You know that I would die for you. Forgive my foolish jealousy. I sure will never trouble you again. Let me take off your shoes, dear. Your slippers are here waiting for you. I have made you a new pair. There! Shall I make you a cup of strong, drip coffee just like that your mother made for you when you were a boy?"

"Do, do, Gertie; that's a good girl," and he stroked her shoulder. "You make the very best coffee in the whole world. Serve it to me here right now," and he stretched his limbs further out and closed his eyes in the utmost of physical enjoyment. Later, while he was sipping the steaming, brown beverage, rich with cream, the woman asked, "Do you hear from your home regular?" "Every week." "How is your mother?" "Well! So well." "Isn't that fine? How is the old man?" "Growing very feeble." "He won't last much longer, I dare say. Where is Helen?"

"Living in Washington; gone into journalism; acting as correspondent for some New York papers. Helen is smart." "She must be. Does she live alone?" "No; makes her home in the family of one of her girl friends whom she knew at college," and he told the woman his sister's address. "That's nice for her, isn't it?" jotting down a line in her notebook. "Just the thing for Helen. She's literary in her tastes." "John, dear," pleaded Gertrude Hammond, leaning over and resting her elbows on his couch, "I wish you would make it possible for me to know your family."

"That can never be, Kitten. They are extremely conservative. If I were to introduce you to them and they were to learn afterward what our relationship is, I shudder to think what the result would be. I couldn't deal out to them a more deadly insult." "Of course not as I now am," and a cold glitter flashed into the woman's eyes; "but you can change my position." "How, Gertie?" "By making me your wife." "You have made that proposition to me several times each year since I have known you. I must tell you now, for the hundredth time, that I would see you in the depths of the bottomless pit before I would marry you."

The woman laughed. It might have meant nothing or much—very much. "You are an ugly little boy. That's all I've got to say. Oh, well, as long as no other woman claims you as her husband, I shall be contented. I sure will." "That's a good girl." "Do you often meet Estelle Vaughan?" "At social functions occasionally. Sometimes at her home. Her father is not only my friend but my benefactor." "Yes, I know. Try to rest now, dearest. You look tired." Gertrude Hammond threw a silk coverlet over John Granville and he slept.

Their Viewpoints Clash

CHAPTER XXX

THEIR VIEWPOINTS CLASH

John Granville had saved money. He invested half of it in a drygoods business which he established in a large, prosperous town known as Brampton. Soon after he had first gone to New York, his sister sent him a letter of introduction to Edith Shelton, one of her student friends at Vassar, whose home was at Brampton. The girl belonged to an influential family. Her three brothers were bankers and she was wealthy in her own right. She lived with her widowed mother in an elegant, stone residence on a fashionable street. Edith Shelton could never have been considered beautiful; but she possessed that enviable something, called style, to a marked degree. She drove her own horses and usually her cars. She was expert at golf and tennis and a fine shot. She was what men would have said of a man of her type—an all-round good fellow.

John Granville liked her immensely from the start, and, for years, was assiduous in his

attentions, visiting her, sending her rare flowers, often taking her to grand opera in New York. He was very fond of her mother. Every reason was given both to Edith and Mrs. Shelton to believe that he intended to offer himself in marriage. Ambition to make his business venture at Brampton a success led him to cut down his expenses which had grown weighty. For the same reason, he curtailed the extravagances connected with his immoralities. He severed his connection with every questionable woman with whom he was associated except Gertrude Hammond. She made herself necessary to his physical comfort in numberless ways that only a designing, unscrupulous woman could. She left nothing neglected by which she thought she could hold him to herself. As she wove her web more closely about his life, he threw aside all conventionality and appeared openly with her.

On a certain occasion, after they had gone up the Hudson on one of those floating palaces, a river steamer, and had spent the night at Albany, they were returning to New York by train. John remarked incidentally, "I haven't seen the Vaughans at home for some time. Suppose we get off at the next station

and you stay at the hotel there while I hire a taxi and go out to their summer residence to pay my respects to the ladies?" "All right," Gertrude Hammond answered. She never opposed her companion in anything that he suggested.

As they were whirling back to the city on the next express, he told the woman all about his visit and laughed as he described the warmth of the reception which was given him.

It was late in the fall. The Vaughans left for Southern California. John Granville opened a correspondence with Estelle. She was hopelessly infatuated with him. Every element of her being called for him. Her letters breathed devotion. His were guarded, but the very essence of respect. As the winter wore away and spring dawned upon the earth, the Vaughans lingered in the land of sunshine. John Granville now wrote to Estelle only occasionally. The atmosphere of his letters was different. There was a half-concealed insolence about them. In one, he went so far as to make a bantering proposition of marriage.

Before leaving New York, Estelle had placed an order for flowers to be sent every

morning to his apartments. The boxes were never opened and were thrown eventually into the waste-basket. She continued to send books with marked passages, but they remained unread.

In going to his office one day, John Granville suddenly reeled and fell in a dead faint on the street. One of Mr. Vaughan's partners heard of it and insisted that he should go away for a long rest. Just at that time the Sheltons invited him to be their guest on a yachting trip to the Mediterranean. He left without telling Gertrude Hammond. In his absence he ignored her. She had tried to hear from him through his negro servant, but the man was noncommunicative.

In desperation she went to John's quarters. When the door was opened in response to her ring, she brushed past the faithful guard, walked rapidly into the study and locked the door. She had intended to leave a note. In searching for writing material she discovered a pile of letters lying on the desk. One had slipped from its envelope. The woman glanced at it mechanically; but, immediately attracted by the endearing words of its opening lines, she dropped into a seat and read it eagerly. With a sort of fever, she looked at

the writing upon the other envelopes and compared it with that of the one which she held in her hand.

To her amazement and chagrin, she found scores of letters written by the same person. Some were scattered loosely over the desk; others were strapped with a leather band and pushed far into the interior. The letters were from Estelle Vaughan, and extended in dates from the time she had left New York, the previous fall, up to the present week. Trembling with fury, Gertrude Hammond tied all the letters together, except the latest, and pushed the package into her muff.

Leaning back in the chair, she read again the letter which had arrived only that morning. This is what it said: "John, dear, it has been a long time since I have heard from you. I trust that no sorrow nor trouble of any kind has come. I am holding you in my thoughts hourly and praying that you may be kept in all safety, and that I shall see you before the passage of many more weeks. With this I am sending you a book which has been particularly fascinating and helpful to me. May it prove equally inspiring to you. I hope that the flowers which find their way to your desk each day will tell you more

eloquently than I can of my changeless interest in you. Yours faithfully, Estelle Vaughan." By signing her name in full, the girl had shown complete confidence.

Gertrude Hammond savagely thrust this letter under the leather strap with the others and began to search the room carefully. She found, in an open window, a quantity of violets. The box in which they were still reposing was stamped with the name of the most expensive florist in New York. She tore the flowers to atoms and threw them upon the floor. Quaking with anger, she almost ran from the house to her car and gave a hurried order to return home.

Once again in her apartments, she took the letters from her muff, placed them in a box, which she wrapped with brown paper, and addressed the package to Estelle Vaughan. Then she proceeded deliberately to write her a letter, in which she related the entire history of her acquaintanceship and after-intimacy with John Granville; dwelling with fiendishness upon the story of her waiting for him on the Hudson while he paid a visit to the Vaughan home, and of his ridicule. Then she told of John Granville's summer tour with Lottie Darrell, and ended by saying:

"The letters that I am sending you, under another cover, were given by John to amuse me in my moments of loneliness when he is not with me." Her signature was affixed with consummate boldness. Both her insolent communication and the package were sent by special delivery.

After Estelle Vaughan had recovered from the first shock following the disclosure, she smiled incredulously, saying to herself that someone was trying to play a huge joke. She quietly locked the letters—both hers and the one from the woman—in a secret drawer, and proceeded at once to forget the incident. John Granville returned to New York at the end of two months; but he continued to absent himself from the apartments of Gertrude Hammond. Her fury increased. Weeks passed and she hadn't heard one word from Estelle Vaughan. She wrote to her again—a letter filled with obscenity in which hints of personal violence were given. To this, no reply was sent. Then the woman began a systematic attack. Letters from her, of the most infamous character, commenced to pour in daily.

Estelle Vaughan's faith in the integrity of John Granville remained unshaken; but she

began to fear that Gertrude Hammond, in the frenzy of her jealous hate, would resort to a disclosure through the newspapers that she might complete her revenge. Estelle's pride kept her from going either to her mother or father for advice. To whom should she turn in her extremity? She wrote to Helen. In that, she made a mistake.

The difference between the mental and spiritual make-up of the two young women was marked and rigid. The views which they entertained relative to marriage and sex-questions generally were totally divergent. Helen had been reared in the delicate refinement which was the natural atmosphere of every Southern home among the upper classes. Her parents had shielded her from a knowledge of all coarseness, and had instilled in her heart an adoration for purity. She was taught to avoid a woman upon whose character the faintest breath of criticism had fallen, and to shun an immoral man as she would a reptile. The law of her existence had grown upon vertical lines. Every book, every picture at the mansion had been selected with the idea of conducing to culture in its highest form.

The works of fiction which Helen Granville read had fostered in her brain the beautiful belief that the woman should be sought by the man who desired to make her his wife; that marriage was the consummation only of a perfect love. She believed that a man should keep his body untainted from sin exactly as a woman should, and that no impure man or woman had a right to marry. Regardless of the friction in her home, she knew that the family life was built upon a rock-bed of moral righteousness; and because of that knowledge, she had dreamed of marriage as a sacrament, and that the one who should seek her out from all the race would be as spotless as herself.

With Estelle Vaughan, the conception was the opposite. In the life of a great city her eyes had, in her childhood, been thrust wide open and they had beheld the truth of conditions in their glaring nakedness. Residence in foreign lands had contributed tremendously to her worldly knowledge. She read without stint every advanced idea that was published upon the subject of sex-relations.

She belonged to the radical class of women who believe in seeking one's physical mate; and, having found him, to woo him as man

sought woman in primal ages; to hold one's being—body, mind and spirit—in a state of readiness to respond to the mating call, but only through the gateway of marriage.

The husband was desired as a biological factor. It was insisted that he should be free from disease so as to protect the wife and to give to his children the heritage of health; but, beyond that, there were no restrictions imposed in the moral code relative to the lives of men.

Immediately upon seeing John Granville, Estelle Vaughan had recognized in him her physical ideal; but from the instant she had looked into his eyes, she had thought, not so much of him as of those who would come to them in the future. In her day-dreams and at night she had visions of the little children who would, some day, come: strong, beautiful sons and daughters—John Granville's and hers. She determined to possess him.

Very soon after Estelle had met John Granville, she wrote to his sister and told her that she was deeply in love with her brother. While Helen thought that a marriage between those two would have brought more of happiness to her than any other event which could ever have transpired, except her union

with Arthur Vaughan, yet she had to acknowledge that Estelle's willingness to make such a confession before John had declared his affection for her was astounding. Helen hadn't told her mother of her love for Arthur until after he had asked her to be his wife.

Love Is Slain

CHAPTER XXXI

LOVE IS SLAIN

Wise as she was in many things, Estelle Vaughan was deeply ignorant of some of the finer laws of ethics. As a thoughtless little child would have done, she gathered together all the letters which had come from Gertrude Hammond and sent them to Helen Granville—enclosing a note asking her to read them and tell her what to do. Several days later she received a letter from her friend, in which she said: "I have gone over the communications that you sent. I advise you to forward them to John and ask him if what the woman states is true. Send his answer to me. I can then know what further advice to give you."

At the close of a month, the following reached Estelle: "My dear Miss Vaughan: Everything written in the letters you have received from Gertrude Hammond was absolutely true except that I had never given your letters to anyone. They were stolen from my

desk. I make no apology. There is nothing to be said in extenuation; but I regret to learn that you have been subjected to insults. If you have ever imagined that I cared for you, I hope you will dispossess your mind of the impression. I do not love you. I would not think of marrying you nor any other woman. Yours sincerely, John Granville."

Some women would have tried to kill themselves upon receiving such a letter as that; others would have grieved themselves into ill-health; others still would have sought retaliation to the extent of taking the life of the one who had sinned against them. Estelle Vaughan was an unusual woman. She never did the ordinary, expected thing. She quietly gave directions in person to her postman to have all letters coming from the New York address of Gertrude Hammond returned to the writer from the post-office. Then she sent to Helen the letter she had just received from John Granville.

When the girl read that insolent, brutal avowal from her brother, showing so clearly the degradation to which he had descended, her nerves tingled with shame and flames of fury leaped into her heart. She had never known before what genuine anger meant. In

a mental panorama she beheld, in all their ugliness, the slights and insults that she had received from John Granville; and she remembered, with resentment toward herself, the meekness with which she had accepted them. She thought of the white lives of her parents—their poverty, their helplessness. She recalled Alice Randolph in her saintliness, and what she had done for the man whose daily life was now a challenge to respectability and to honor. The love which Helen had entertained for her brother was slain. She knew that if she could have met him at that moment she would have struck him. She understood for the first time how it was possible for a human being to wish to kill another.

She drew some writing material to her and wrote: "John Granville: The letters written by the shameless creature in New York to Estelle Vaughan were sent to me to read; also the last letter which you wrote to Estelle. I regard you as the most odious man in all the world. If you had told falsehoods, or had stolen money, or had committed murder, I might have forgiven you; but, for this thing which you have done, there is no forgiveness. I cast you out of my life with abhorrence.

You are as utterly dead to me as if you were lying in your grave at Strathmore. My contempt and disgust for you pass the bounds of expression. Such things as you and the New York profligate should be whipped publicly in the streets and driven from the sight of reputable men and women. There is no shadow of excuse for you; nothing like as much as there is for the abandoned woman whom you have taken into your life. In all probability, she is of low origin; while you are well-born—the son of high-bred parents, who trace their lineage through centuries of noble blood.

“There was nothing in the record of your ancestors to bring a blush of shame to your cheeks. You were reared in the strictest school of honor. A woman who knew only the beauty of an unselfish life, and one of the grandest men that the world has known, made it possible for you to be educated. Now, after all this, you have sunk so low as to live with a notorious prostitute. You were such a scoundrel as to travel with another woman of her calling—Lottie Darrell—registering at hotels brazenly under your name which you had no right to befoul, because it is my name also and that of my mother and father.

You were so vile as to go from the company of the Hammond creature that day on the Hudson to the home of the girl whom you had led to believe that you loved and intended to marry. You dared to give this deadly insult to one who is as far above you as the heavens are above the earth—to Estelle Vaughan, who was the sister of my affianced husband, the daughter of your benefactor. You have heaped immeasurable infamy upon your own head and showered with indignities those who cared most for you and who have been the greatest blessings to your life.

“You are a coward not to have married long ago and had a wife and children to support instead of brazen prostitutes. I return the diamond pin which you presented to me; probably you will be pleased to give it to one of your mistresses. I am sorry that the four dresses which you sent to me at Washington are worn out and cast away, as I would like to tie stones to them and sink them in the Potomac. The hard-earned money that I might send you in payment for them would go doubtless toward the upkeep of one of the harlots with whom you are associated. I owe you nothing but hate. Don’t attempt to answer this. If you should ever write to

me again, I shall return your letters to you unopened. Try not to be at home while I am there. I hope never to see you again. H. G."

Helen Granville sent this letter to her brother by special delivery. She forwarded a copy of it to Estelle Vaughan, and enclosed in it a note to her in which she said: "The letter from John to you will end forever, I presume, your acquaintanceship with him. If he ever dares to write to you again, promptly return his letters and refuse to recognize him if you should meet him in the future."

To her astonishment Helen received a cold reply from Estelle stating that she was unable to comprehend her viewpoint, and that she would marry John Granville that moment if he were present and would consent to it; that nothing could take him away from her. She claimed him as her own.

Estelle Vaughan had robbed the best friend that she had of her brother. How much misery would be avoided in this world, if persons had bravery enough to fight their own battles, to keep their own counsels. One of the most atrocious acts known is for a human being to go to another and repeat a disagreeable or insulting thing that has been

said. The only justification is when character has been attacked and a revelation of what has been uttered against the accused would give an opportunity for defense. All else is unpardonable.

The person who carries the story only lowers himself in the estimation of the one to whom he tells what he has heard. Friendships have been wrecked, loves have been destroyed, reputations have been blasted without number because men and women with a wrong conception of duty, or through thoughtlessness, or cowardice, or with a natural instinct to breed trouble, have failed to keep their lips closed, or refrained from writing when the impulse came to reveal a condition that should be kept from the knowledge of the one who will suffer most from it, and who is powerless to remedy it. A breach of good breeding and of Christian ethics like that should be classed with the betrayal of friendship, the violation of confidence and the ingratitude for hospitality which has been freely given.

Estelle Vaughan had no thought of offending the sensibility of Helen. Her only idea was to ask her advice about the hideous predicament into which she had been thrust

and to save herself and John Granville from a possible newspaper notoriety. She hadn't sounded the depths of the nature of her friend; neither could she have understood it if she had attempted to do so. Estelle Vaughan had the same spiritual myopia that came to John Granville with his birth.

The grief into which Helen was plunged by the discovery of her brother's depravity was more terrible than that which she had experienced through the loss of Arthur Vaughan. It was overwhelming because the shame that accompanied it was, in her sight, something which could never be eradicated. She had been hurt in her loftiest citadel. The holiest of her ideals had been pitifully wounded.

When the Vaughans returned from California, Helen wrote a letter to Estelle in which she said: "In clinging to one so utterly lost to every sense of honor as John Granville, in being willing to marry a man who has so outrageously insulted you, makes it impossible for me to be longer interested in you. The estimate which you place upon your ladyhood is so small that my respect for you has been lost. Please save me from the pain of seeing you again and do not write."

Helen felt that Estelle Vaughan had lowered the standard of all womanhood; that it was because of such support as this that men dared to affront society; that they dared to trample upon the finest sentiments of the women in their homes and to shame them. The girl believed that the woman who is willing to palliate the kind of sin in men of which John Granville was guilty is as degraded in nature as the man himself.

"If women would only stand together," Helen told herself, "and condemn men of corrupt habits, regardless of the closeness of the tie that binds them to their hearts and lives, impurity would receive its death-blow. Here I am—defied and disgraced—alone and poor—casting out my brother because of his infamy; while Estelle Vaughan, sheltered and rich, upholds him and would marry him."

A Marriage Takes Place

CHAPTER XXXII

A MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE

One of the best friends that John Granville had in New York was Paul Durant, who had come over from France to study medicine in the United States. The Latin blood in his veins, which he had inherited from his mother, made him welcome the young Frenchman in comradeship. His good will was sincerely returned.

One evening the two were together in the apartments of John Granville. Durant was in his usual vivacious mood. "Imagine whom I saw today," he said with boyish eagerness. "None less than her royal highness, Madame Vivian Morency. She was driving down Fifth Avenue in her limousine, looking, for all the world, like a golden cherub making an effort to sunder its earthly fetters for a heavenly flight." "Charming!"

Durant continued: "I saw her first in Paris. That was several years ago. She was in the budding flush of her marvelous beauty.

She lived like a princess. When she dashed through the streets with her brilliant equipage, costumed like a bird of paradise, the people stood still and held their breath." "My!" "Her original great find was Mons. Rousseau Julienne, the richest man in France, and the most famous lawyer. When they were in Rome together, he died suddenly, leaving the woman his entire fortune.

"The next time that I saw Vivian Morentcy was in London. She was living in oriental splendor. Her second victim was the Duke of Claremont, Member of the House of Lords, and a millionaire. When he and the enchantress were at a summer resort on the continent, after two years of companionship, he committed suicide. The woman was his heiress. The third time that I beheld her ladyship was in Chicago. She had a superb house and liveried servants; but her style of existence was more subdued than I had seen it before.

"The third deluded soul that fell into her trap was Adrian Henderson, the merchant prince. He became insane, as you know; but he had previously made his will, leaving his fabulous wealth to Vivian Morentcy. To-day I saw the woman for the fourth time.

Some of the fellows about town were telling me that she had fitted up an expensive studio in her apartments, and that she is posing as an artist, giving lessons in painting to a few select young men who are known to possess genius." "Original, isn't she?"

"I presume you know, Granville," Durant rambled on, "that in every great city of Europe and now of America, there are women who lead lives of shame under cover of some kind of work to give them a pretense to respectability." "What?" "Yes, sir; and there are women who have been successes in business who do not desire marriage, but they long for companionship. They deliberately plan to lure the men who are attractive to them, regardless of whether they are married and have children. If they are ensnared, these women are willing to support them. The men live with them as much as it is possible to do without being detected." "Do they?" "Yes, indeed. There are other women who share their lives with only one man at a time, but are supported by the men. These women make a bid only for the richest. When they have sucked the life-blood from a man's heart, and drained his finances until nothing is left, they reach out for other dupes,

making a bid for the handsomest and most eminent men."

"Fiends!" "You have well named them. The boys say that as Vivian Morency has now all the wealth she wants, she is looking for a real affinity—regardless of the condition of his pocketbook." He moved closer toward John, with the corners of his eyes wrinkling with merriment. "Granville, I've got something chic to tell you. Chic! Do you comprehend? When you hear it, you will want to jump and laugh." "For gracious sake, tell me. Don't keep me in this palpitating suspense. I'm faint with eagerness." "Listen. Our dear friend, Fred Willis, is the man selected by Madame Vivian Morency as her affinity." "I don't believe it." "As you please," and Paul shrugged his shoulders. "Listen for more, Granville." "Well?" "Willis would not consent." "Is he crazy?" "No, he is in love." Drawing on his overcoat and clapping on his hat, Monsieur Durant rushed out into the night before John Granville had recovered sufficiently from his astonishment to answer the hurried adieu of his visitor.

The young Frenchman had barely gone, when the door was opened and in stepped

Willis. "Why speak of miracles?" John cried. "Delighted to see you, old chap. Sit down and give an account of yourself. Haven't seen you in an age. What is this I hear about Madame Vivian Morency, the butterfly with jeweled wings, who longs to sip the honey from the lips of one Fred Willis?" "Nonsense, Granville." "Come, now; confess." "After the sweetness had been drawn, what would have become of the said Fred Willis?" "Why, he could have gone on to join the list of her ladyship's illustrious victims." "No other destiny was ahead but that. I have chosen a less starry, but more satisfactory, lot. I have married."

"Married!" John Granville said, incredulously; "married! You, Fred Willis? Of all men! Are you lying or have you lost your senses and are you raving?" "Neither; I am telling you the gospel truth and I was never so sane in my life." "I'll not believe it until I see the woman who is really your wife." "You will have that privilege soon, for she is at a hotel here in New York with me." "Fred Willis, why didn't you tell me that you were thinking of marrying?" "Because I wanted to spring it on you; and, to be candid with you, Granville, I wasn't sure of myself. I

was afraid that at the last moment I would fly." "But you stuck, did you? Why did you marry, Fred?" "Because I wanted a home. I got sick and tired of living in hotels and boarding-houses; and, to tell you the truth, Granville, the off-color women began to pall on me. My appetite was clogged."

"What was your third reason?" "I was in love—madly, absurdly in love for the first time in my life." "How romantic!" and John's lips curled derisively. "Don't sneer, old boy. I'm not ashamed of it." "Tell me the rest of the story. Where did you meet the girl who became your wife?" "At Brompton." "No!" "Yes!" "Is she young?" "Only eighteen." "And you forty?" "Quite." "Why did you marry such a youthful person?" "Because I didn't want to marry an older one." "Describe her to me."

"She is so small and dainty that she looks like a piece of delicate china. She has large brown eyes, a crown of brown hair, perfect teeth and the most divine complexion that I ever saw; fair, very fair, pink cheeks, red lips. You must see her, Granville." "Indeed I must. Is she fast like—well, like some women that you know in society, and out of it?" "Fast? What a question! Do

you suppose that I would marry a woman who is fast? My wife is genuinely good. She is the most unworldly-wise person that one could imagine. Her father is pastor of a church at Brampton." "My, my!" and John sat still and stared at his friend.

"Granville, I wish you would turn about and do what I have done. Why don't you marry Estelle Vaughan or Edith Shelton? They are both rich and splendid women. Either would make you an admirable wife." "Fred, you make me think of father in your suggestion. He has been so keen for me to take a bride to Strathmore. For years my sister begged me to marry, and introduced me to several wealthy girls of fine families. I owe my acquaintanceship both with Estelle Vaughan and Edith Shelton to her." "I thought so." "Besides those two, there is a young woman in the West whose father has recently given her a twenty-five-thousand-dollar farm; and she will inherit more property at his death." "Is the girl interesting?" "She is ideal." "How could you resist her?" "She is one of many. There is a beautiful woman of independent means in Richmond, Virginia; and another in St. Louis—one of the loveliest of girls, who has a handsome en-

dowment all her own; and so on down the procession—all presented by Helen, through her influence or by letters of introduction."

"And you scorned them all?" "Not by any means. I was devoted to them all." "You didn't marry one of them. Why not?"

With a tense expression about his mouth, John Granville bent toward his friend. "Do you want the real truth, Willis? For fifteen years I have had syphilis, and I didn't care to infect a pure woman and curse little children into life with a loathsome disease." "Oh!" and Fred opened his eyes. "From that talk which we had in the park, I presumed you had escaped venereal disease." "I was sailing under false colors that night. I was trying to draw you out on the subject." "And I was seeking consolation at your hands," and Fred smiled vaguely. "How did you contract syphilis, Granville?" "From a woman whom I met in a hotel." "Are you still diseased, or have you been cured?"

"In all these fifteen years I have been treated by specialists in New York; and one winter I went to Old Mexico to consult a famous doctor who had wrought wonders in battling with venereal disease." "Well?" "Today I was examined by my physician—a

new one that I have had only a few months—and he told me I was cured.” “Glory!” “I feel like a man who has just been released after years spent in prison.” “I felt exactly that way when my doctor told me I was cured of gonorrhea. I congratulate you, old comrade,” Willis replied.

John looked as if he were talking in his sleep, only half-awake, when he said, “Did you tell the girl you married all about your previous life, Fred?” “No. Why should I?” “Don’t you think she had a right to know?” “Right? Why should she? You are not growing pious, are you, Granville? Come, bundle up! Let’s go. I must introduce you to my wife.”

He Makes His Confession

CHAPTER XXXIII

HE MAKES HIS CONFESSION

In his inmost consciousness John Granville felt exactly as Fred Willis did. As his father had predicted, he began to long for a home that he could call his own. When he saw a man on the streets with a little child in his arms or clinging to his hand, he felt sick, with desire for children who were his by right of blood. The sight of a woman of the underworld, with her half-nude body and painted face, filled him with repulsion. He hadn't seen Gertrude Hammond for months.

When he met the wife of Fred Willis, all gentleness and refinement, his higher being was stirred with yearning for such companionship. When he returned to his room, he shut himself in and began to walk up and down impetuously. He reviewed his past life and argued with his soul. He saw himself in true colors. He was like a man who stands upon a distant shore and watches all that he possesses of fame, of riches, of self-respect

sink, like a ship, into the sea. Chaos, with wings of night, was beating itself into his brain. As in a flashlight, he beheld his mother and father, with Helen and Miss Alice as they were in the days of his boyhood. How sweet they looked! He seemed to hear their voices calling. He threw himself into a chair and burst into a passion of tears.

When the tempest of his anguish was stilled, he arose and shook himself as a strong man waking from a dream. He began again to walk up and down, but this time slowly and with great weariness. Out of the blackness of his world's destruction one star gleamed: the judgment of the physician given that morning. With it came a vision of the woman whom he knew then was all the world to him. The next day he went straight to Estelle Vaughan. He was shown into the spacious room where, years before, the beautiful body of her brother had reposed, while the roses from the sacred wreath smiled down at him, breathing their love-song of eternity.

John Granville was standing near a window wondering if his card would be returned. About his face was a hunted expression, like that of a man who had transgressed the law. Hearing a quick step in the hall, he shifted

his position so that only a side view of himself could be gained and turned away his head. Estelle Vaughan advanced to meet him, but seeing him remain motionless, she paused. "What is it, John? Can I help you?" "Yes," he answered, in a voice which sounded as if it had come toiling through "years that the locusts had eaten." "Yes, you can help me. That is why I came to you. Sit where you are. I'm not worthy to touch your hand. Listen while I tell you something."

Sinking into a seat as if exhausted he related to her the story of his life, laying the burden of his infamies at the door of his own weakness, flaying himself with whips of scorn. "That is all," he said, and his accents sank into a whisper. From the shadowy depths of the room came the voice of the woman whose every sensibility he had insulted and whose love he had spurned. Calm, sweet, clear came the voice of Estelle Vaughan: "That's not all, John Granville. That is just the beginning. The future is yours. No one shall rob you of that, nor despoil it. You have walked through fire, but the flames have died out and the ashes which lie at your feet will be as a saving element in your new life."

"Do you think there is hope for me?" "Yes," came the reply, in accents of assurance, "not only hope, but strength and love." "Love?" he repeated; "love? Could any woman love a man like me?" "Yes, I love you, John Granville. I have loved you ever since I first met you. I shall continue to love you as long as I live."

"Love—me?" he faltered. "Could a man with my record ever hope to win, as his honored wife, a woman like yourself, without a flaw upon her character?" Again the voice rang out, this time exultantly: "Yes! yes! The woman who loves you would accept wifehood from your hands as she would receive immortality—with a boundless joy—an ecstasy of satisfaction." "Estelle, in the agony which came to me last night through my soul's resurrection, I saw you as in a vision. My eyes were wide open and my brain was alert with consciousness. I saw you as men, from the genesis of their existence to this hour, have been made to thrill with rapture in seeing the women who are to be spirit of their spirits and body of their bodies. Through the darkness of the clouds of sin and shame I beheld you as my redeemer."

"John, dear." "And as I looked upon the vision, I knew that I loved you, that I would ever love you, profoundly, reverently, with my whole heart, my mind, my best of all that is yet to come." "John!" "With worshipful heart, Estelle, I ask you to be my wife." "Marriage is for the coming of little children, John Granville," came the astonishing reply. "They should be given a spotless heritage. I have always said that I would marry no man who was not in perfect physical condition." "You are quite right. That is a just demand."

"In telling me your history today, you have failed to speak of your health. Are you thoroughly well?" "Only yesterday I was examined by my physician who told me that I was absolutely free from disease. I would never have dared to ask you to share my life if I had not been assured of that." "Very well, then, we can be married," Estelle Vaughan answered softly, in tones deep and tender like cathedral bells. John Granville turned swiftly and faced her in one glad second. He swept toward her. She stood to meet him. He fell on his knees before her.

A light as from heaven shone upon the face of the woman. Her eyes widened. Her lips

were wreathed with smiles. Close by her she saw Happiness standing in glittering raiment holding little children by their hands: the children of her dreams—the children who would some day come to her—to John Granville and to her. Six weeks later their wedding occurred—there, in that holy place, that chamber of death and of life. Their bridal tour was through the South.

The reception which was given in their honor at the home of the bridegroom constituted the most notable event that had occurred in that part of the state since the close of the Civil War. The handsome old Mansion was elaborately decorated. A caterer from New Orleans served the refreshments. As the band of stringed instruments sent forth the first notes of jubilation upon the calm night air, Colonel Granville and his wife began slowly to descend the grand staircase. They were followed by John and Estelle, then Alice Randolph and Donald Gordon. All ranged themselves in a receiving line in the double parlors, still gorgeous with their sunset hues. There came a throng of guests.

The one article of her trousseau that Louise Stuart Granville had not destroyed was her wedding dress, which she wore on this occa-

sion. She was exquisite as she stood arrayed in the heavy white silk over which fell in graceful folds the white illusion resplendent with its embroidery of silver. Her hair, which was now iron-gray, was dressed high in colonial style. She wore no jewels. Her eyes were luminous with triumph. The Colonel said that she was a picture etched with moonlight. In reality, she was a winged victory. Through her son's wonderful marriage the apex of her ambition had been reached.

Estelle Vaughan Granville was superb in her rich, imported, bridal costume. Diamonds blazed from the tiara which crowned her regal head; about her slender throat; from her tapering fingers. She was the physical perfection of womanhood: vibrant with health, glowing with color so radiant that one could well believe the gods had dipped their brushes in sunlight before passing them across her lips and cheeks.

Watching the two as they stood together—both so lovely and yet so different—Miss Randolph whispered to Donald Gordon, "Which is the more beautiful, the bride of yesterday or the bride of today?" "The most beautiful is the bride that is to be. Surely, Miss Alice, you will marry, some day, will

you not?" "Ah, Don!" and Miss Randolph sighed. "Where is Helen tonight?" Donald asked suddenly. "And why wasn't she at the magnificent wedding in New York?" "She wrote that it was impossible for her to leave her work in Washington," replied Miss Alice. "Doesn't John look like a king? And the Colonel has the appearance of a conquering hero. He was never more elegant than at this hour."

A company of old servants had quietly grouped themselves in the hallway at a respectful distance, and gazed with awe upon the brilliant scene. With bated breath, Rachel exclaimed, "Lor'! Lor'! but ain't young Marse John's wife a queen? She sho is quality—just like my white folks."

A Dramatic Interview



The Marriage of John Granville and Estelle Vaughan



Estelle Vaughan Granville, the Invalid Bride of a Year—
The Mother of a Monstrosity—A Physical Wreck

CHAPTER XXXIV

A DRAMATIC INTERVIEW

Upon their return to the North, the bride and groom went directly to the Vaughan mansion in New York City. Very soon Estelle's health began to fail. In a few months she had great difficulty in walking, taking only a step or two at one time. At the close of the first year of her married life she gave birth to a child. For weeks following she was unconscious. When realization returned, she asked to see her baby; but she was put off from day to day with the pretext that she would have to wait until she grew a little stronger.

The importunities of the young mother finally became so persistent that the nurse had to yield to her demands. When she stood by the bed and uncovered the bundle in her arms, Estelle gave a scream of horror: "That's not a child! That's a monstrosity! It's a hideous deformity, with a huge head and the face of an idiot. It is covered with

sores. "Take it away! Take it away!" and she fell back among her pillows moaning piteously: "O God! Let me die! Let me die!" The baby was kept in a remote part of the house, and no one was allowed to see it, aside from the family, except its attendant and the physician. When it had lived eighteen months, the loathsome creature died—a mass of corruption.

Estelle's life was a slow torture. In her helplessness she had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. Death came as a blessed relief at the end of the third year after her marriage.

The day following the burial, Mr. Vaughan called John Granville to his study. As he entered the old man arose facing him. "Stand while I talk to you!" he called out in tones shrill with suffering. "I can not allow a vulture like you to sit in my presence." "What do you mean?" John faltered, white to the lips. "I mean, sir, that you are a blackguard and should be strung to the nearest lamp-post until you are dead! Do you hear me?" Julian Vaughan shrieked; "until you are dead! dead!"

"I will not permit you," John began protestingly. "Oh, yes, you will! I shall not

wait for your consent to say the things that have been in my heart to say for three years." "Mr. Vaughan!" "Don't speak to me. I denounce you as a murderer. You have killed my beautiful daughter. You had her to bear a monstrosity when she was strong and splendid enough to have given birth to perfect beings. You dared to marry my child when your body was rotting with the foulest disease known to the human race." "You do me an injustice, sir!" John exclaimed. "My physician told me six weeks before I married that I was free from disease."

"He was either a liar or a fool. Six weeks! Didn't you know that it was possible to become reinfected with syphilis after an apparent cure? But, admitting that you had not been reinoculated with venereal poison, you did know that at one time in your life you had that contagious, repulsive, frightful disease with which you damned your wife and her child." "I did know that, sir," and John Granville's face grew livid.

"But you were too much of an imbecile to have learned that your foul sex-disease, which you contracted through lust with harlots, is incurable. You didn't know, I suppose, that the germs of syphilis remain in a man's body

often for twenty years before the disease is developed?" "Mr. Vaughan!" "Don't open your lips to me! You have violated every law of honor and of decency. I abhor you. It is all that I can do to keep from clutching your throat and tearing you limb from limb. Leave this house now and forever. I had intended taking you into partnership with my firm the year of your marriage to Estelle, but when you brought her from the South stamped with death that thought vanished. This morning I cancelled your connection with my business. I drive you out from that as I curse you out of my life. Go!" and Julian Vaughan pointed to the door. The moment he was left alone, he sank into a chair, and great drops of sweat dripped from his face. He bowed his head in agony and wept.

He Goes to See Donald

CHAPTER XXXV

HE GOES TO SEE DONALD

John Granville went immediately to Donald Gordon, in Baltimore. During his visit, he said casually, "Do you remember, old fellow, the conversation we used to have at the University of Virginia about reproduction?" "Do I?" and the doctor smiled. "Suppose we pursue the subject a little farther?" "Nothing would please me better. That's in my line, you know. Lead off." "I've got a lot of questions to ask you." "All right; go ahead." "Tell me something about the hereditary effects of gonorrhea."

"The heinous crime which the race lays at the door of that revolting disease is blindness. In this country every year thousands of children are born who owe their loss of sight to gonorrheal poison which was transmitted at the time of their birth to the eyes by the secretion in the genital tract of the mothers." "When does blindness usually appear in the child when it is infected that way?" "About

the third or fourth day. The mucous membrane is suffused with blood, followed by swelling; then a discharge from between the lids takes place. At last ulcers appear in the cornea, forming scar-tissue which leads to blindness."

"What is the name of the specific germ which causes gonorrheal involvement of the eyes?" "The gonococcus, which was discovered first in 1879. The eye disease contracted from a mother infected with gonorrhea is called ophthalmia neonatorum. Almost every child born blind in the United States can attribute it to gonorrhea—at least ninety-five per cent. of them." "What are some of the other afflictions which come to children through the curse of gonorrheal virus?" "Besides the thousands who are born blind, there are thousands who are deformed and imbecile and stunted by heredity. There are numbers, however, that have no apparent stamp of disease; but, as they grow older, they fill the jails, the poorhouses and the asylums for the insane. Gonorrhea causes the death of tens of thousands of children."

"Is gonorrhea responsible for blindness in adults?" "Yes, indeed. If any of the pus gets into the eyes, a violent inflammation takes

place immediately which results in total blindness." "Do the germs of gonorrhea, like the germs of syphilis, remain in a man's body any length of time?" "Often for twenty years. After marriage, the poison is transmitted to his wife, who either becomes a life-long invalid through pelvic abscesses and other features of chronic ill-health, or has to undergo the most dangerous operations."

"In what other respect is a grown person affected by gonorrhea?" "The bladder is involved, causing cystitis which brings on rheumatism by attacking the joints; a narrowing of the water-pipe which results in kidney disease; the testicles become involved; heart disease appears and death." "Dear me!" "In many respects gonorrhea is just as serious as its twin-horror, syphilis, and is not only a most disgusting disorder, but a very painful one."

"Isn't gonorrhea usually regarded as a trivial disease?" "Yes, that's the pity of it. Men infected with it pay little attention to their condition. When the first indications disappear, they think they are well and cease going to a physician. The disease often subsides into a chronic type that is almost unnoticed. After marriage the tragedy is

quickly culminated in an invalid wife and blind children. By the way, John, how is Fred Willis these days?" "I'm sorry you asked me, Don." "Why, what's the matter?" "His child, a little girl, was born blind; his wife had to submit to a terrible operation and is now suing for a divorce." "What was the cause of it all?" "Gonorrhea." "One case in many thousands. Isn't it deplorable?"

John's face blazed, then turned deathly white. "Don," he asked, with assumed indifference, "is there such a thing as inherited syphilis?" "I should say." "As a rule, when do the first evidences of the disease appear?" "When symptoms of syphilis are shown at birth, they are usually in the form of eruptions. The surface of the skin cracks and fissures appear; particularly about the mouth. These may ulcerate, making hideous sores." "Do these ulcerations exhibit themselves upon other parts of the child's body?" "Yes; upon the fingers and may persist until the nails fall off. The head is almost denuded of hair by the skin sores which appear on the scalp and disease of the roots of the hair. Ulcerations may also come in the throat and mouth and may continue to spread until the palate is literally eaten away."

"What is the first eruption called?" "Roseola. Before the end of the second month the pustular syphilide generally makes its appearance. Although it is usually most apparent on the face and thighs, the entire body may be involved by it." "Do other sores appear later?" "The gummatous ulcers occur between the third and twentieth years." "What are some of the other first symptoms of hereditary syphilis?" "In a large per cent. of syphilitic children there is a serious discharge from the nostrils known as coryza, which is accompanied by sniffing. The larynx and the surface of the lungs are affected—the respiratory organs. These manifest themselves in the first eighteen months of life."

"Does blindness come from syphilis as from gonorrhea?" "My, my, yes! A noted specialist says 'interstitial keratitis, which is nearly always syphilitic, leads annually to blindness or partial blindness in thousands of children. The eyes are attacked by ulcerations and infiltrations of the cornea.'" "How do the majority of syphilitic children look at the time of birth?" "Perfectly healthy; but the disease manifests itself about the end of the third week. Sometimes symptoms are not observed before the age of puberty or early

adolescence. Often the child is born dead if both parents are syphilitic."

"What are some of the other symptoms of inherited syphilis?" "The liver is often enlarged and small tumors are scattered through its substance. At the second dentition the teeth are pegged and have a notched appearance. Hydrocephalus and other frightful distortions of the head are often traceable directly to syphilis." "Does deafness come?" "That is one of the commonest sequences of the disease, and when it appears it is usually hopeless. High medical authorities assure us that 'many of the deaf mutes owe their pitiable plight to the morals of their ancestors.'"

"What else is there to it?" "Chronic diarrhea is met with in syphilitic children. The spleen is attacked, the kidneys, the joints, the nervous system. By a chronic, painless process there is enlargement of one or both organs of the testicles." "Does inherited syphilis ever involve the brain?" "Yes; and it causes idiocy and paralysis." "How about the bones?" "Untreated hereditary syphilis makes itself felt as a constant manifestation in the affection of the bones which occurs either as late as the twelfth year or in the first months of the disease. Between the fourth

and nineteenth years, any of the long bones may be affected, giving rise to all sorts of deformities." "Isn't it pitiful?"

"Sometimes the long bones are enlarged at their extremities. In some cases, the bones of the skull are attacked. Frequently there is complete loss of motion in the limbs, a condition known as syphilitic paralysis. These, John, are some of the features of the modern leprosy." "Is the disease always transmitted to 'the third and fourth generations'?" "Usually only to the second generation; although, of late years, a number of instances have been reported in which the disease was apparently transmitted to the third generation.'"

"In what particular does hereditary syphilis differ from acquired syphilis?" "There is no initial lesion; neither are there any regular stages in hereditary syphilis. The lesions are usually more active than in the acquired form and attack every organ and tissue of the body. Why are you so interested in this question of hereditary, venereal diseases?" asked Don. Then it was that John Granville told his old friend about his child and the death of his wife and sobbed as if his heart would break.

John Granville went from Baltimore to Brampton. The following day he received a

letter from Gertrude Hammond in which she wrote: "The city papers told me about your wife's funeral. Won't you come back to me, dear? I am now keeping a rooming-house where there is a place for you—always." The address was given in full.

The next afternoon Fred Willis went down from New York and called to take John Granville out for a drive. When they reached the suburbs of the town he said, "These are swell roads for motoring. What do you say, partner, to a clipping spin?" "Speed to the limit," was the reply. As they were going at a terrific rate, a wagon heavily loaded with hay was seen ahead. Instead of slowing up, Fred Willis kept the same speed. In attempting to whirl by the wagon, at a narrow turn in the road, two wheels of the automobile crushed and the machine turned over twice. Willis escaped without the loss of an eyelash.

John Granville was knocked senseless, with two ugly wounds on the head and bruises about his body. He was carried to the hospital in Brampton, where he remained for weeks. All of the Sheltons were devoted in their attentions, and long after John's recovery Edith and her mother visited him at his hotel. He was constantly in the deepest de-

pression, which was attributed to grief over the loss of his wife.

As Edith went to his place of business, and walked back to his hotel with him, she would say, "I am appearing in this public way in your company so as to assure my world that you are not lacking in a friend who is willing to stand by you under all circumstances." She thought that his transfer of residence from New York to Brampton was wholly voluntary.

No one ever knew of that terrible scene between John Granville and Mr. Vaughan except themselves. Fred Willis had heard of the breaking of the connection with the New York firm, but he presumed it was because of his friend's growing interest elsewhere. From Brampton, John Granville went for a short visit to his home in the South.

The Warrior Vanquished



"It is All Your Fault, Old Man, I Lay My Ruin at
Your Door"



John Granville, in Asylum for the Insane—A Mental,
Moral and Physical Wreck, and His Old Friend,
Doctor Donald Gordon

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE WARRIOR VANQUISHED

One morning as Doctor Gordon was leaving John's room after a professional call, Colonel Granville met him in the hall and invited him into the library. Closing the door, he said, "I would like to detain you a few moments, sir. Once you offered to talk to my son about his body in relation to sex conditions, but I refused to allow you to do it." "I remember." "As an old man, I have asked you to come to me today to explain some things that I have never understood scientifically." "I shall be glad, Colonel, to render you any service in my power." "You will be perfectly frank with me?" "Absolutely."

"What is the matter with John?" "He has locomotor ataxia." "What is the cause of that disease?" "About two years ago," Doctor Gordon said, "I had a long talk with Judge Randolph on the subject of venereal diseases. As he asked me questions, I answered them

from a little volume written by Doctor James R. Hayden, professor of urology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York. I have a copy of that book in my pocket. If you will permit me, I shall reply to your questions directly from its pages, as I answered Judge Randolph."

"That will be entirely satisfactory to me." Turning over the leaves until he reached a well-worn place, Doctor Gordon read: "'It is now positively determined that locomotor ataxia, or tabes dorsalis, is invariably the result of antecedent syphilitic affection.' In that pronouncement Doctor Hayden expresses the opinion of the highest medical authorities in the United States." "Is the disease traceable to hereditary or acquired syphilis?" "Acquired. Professor Aldred Scott Warthin, of the University of Michigan, another famous expert on the question, says that locomotor ataxia is due to nothing but syphilis."

"God! God!" burst from the lips of Colonel Granville. Doctor Gordon walked hastily to the window and looked out, in an effort to control his own emotion. "How has the fact, which you have stated, been definitely established?" came in a trembling

voice. Again opening Professor Hayden's book, Doctor Gordon read: "The existence of a positive Wasserman reaction, at some time during the course of the disease, either in the blood or cerebro-spinal fluid, or both, together with the discovery of the spirocheta pallida in the spinal cord of tabetic patients, has definitely established this fact.'"

"When does the condition begin most frequently?" "Between the thirtieth and fortieth years, although it may be found earlier, or even in old age. Men are far more frequently affected than women. It is probable that fatigue and overexertion, both physical and mental, are accessory causes."

"What are some of the symptoms?" "The principal lesions in a developed case consist of thickening of the pia and arachnoid, combined with sclerosis of the posterior columns of the cord. * * * In the early stages this sclerosis is found principally in the middle third of the posterior columns; but in advanced cases, the greater part of the columns may be involved, with the exception of the endogenous fibers.'"

"Does locomotor ataxia quickly spend itself?" "The disease may remain stationary for years after the first appearance of symp-

toms, and then gradually recur; or it may progress steadily from the very beginning. Periods of remission are not infrequent."

"What are the leading features of the malady?" "The most prominent and characteristic symptoms of the disease are: lightning pains in the extremities—paroxysmal and usually momentary—and often associated with tenderness, either superficial or deep, so that they may be mistaken for rheumatism or sciatica."

"To what is ataxia due?" "To loss of the muscle, tendon and joint senses, which results in inco-ordination of movement and over-action of the muscles; loss of the knee and ankle jerks." "What is ataxia?" "'Inability to stand with the feet together and the eyes closed. Inability to stop suddenly and turn around without staggering.'" "There come also with the disease 'gastric crises, so-called, and various genito-urinary disorders * * * cystitis with stone formation, and loss of sexual power.'" "Terrible! Terrible!"

"'Less frequently,'" the Doctor continued to read, "'we may find loss of the touch or pain senses; girdle pains * * * which may be mistaken for renal colic or intercostal neuralgia; painless perforating ulcer of the

foot; or the so-called charcot joints, which occur most frequently in the knee or ankle and are characterized by a painless enlargement of the bones of the articulation.' ”

“What is meant by general paralysis, or general paresis?” “This affection is manifested by such symptoms as cerebral excitement, gayness of spirits alternating with depression, together with delirium or even mania. The motor disturbances consist of uncertain movements without paralysis, trembling of the hands, hesitating speech and staggering gait, headache, dizziness and impairment of sight and hearing, with epileptiform convulsions.” “Do these symptoms occur at the same time?” “No, nor ‘in a regular manner, but appear at odd intervals. * * * The symptoms depend entirely on the structures involved and * * * they shift and vary in a most bewildering manner.’ ”

“Syphilis is a snake,” muttered Colonel Granville; “each syllable is a hiss. It crawls into homes and destroys them. It wraps its coils around little children and kills them. It ruins the health and happiness of wives and mothers. Hidden, it slips about the feet of men, until suddenly it springs upward and strikes the brain and paralyzes the physical

being. I see it all now when it is too late. I recognize the terror from the depths of the hopeless tragedy which has engulfed my son," and the old man groaned.

"It is certainly the most insidious poison that was ever injected into the body of humanity," replied Doctor Gordon.

"The virus appears in such subtle forms, and in such different guises. There is syphilis of the muscles, walls of the heart; syphilis of the bones, eyes, cartilages and joints * * * the scaling and ulcerating eruptions of syphilis.' Think of the late osseous lesions." "Don't spare me!" Colonel Granville exclaimed. "Go on." "About that, Professor Hayden says: 'The process causes soft tumors of variable size, gradually shading into the surrounding tissue, attached to the bone, but not to the skin; sensitive on pressure and painful, especially at night. The bones of the head are also liable to be affected; the syphilitic deposit occupying the diploe, thus separating the internal and external plates of the skull and leading to caries or necrosis, and frequently to perforation, either internally or externally.'"

"Isn't the mouth attacked?" "Yes, indeed. 'When the hard palate is affected, an abscess

forms on the roof of the mouth near the median line, which finally ruptures and reveals exposed bone. * * * Necrosis of the alveola process occurs in the upper jaw, near the central incisors; and, as the disease extends, the teeth loosen and fall out.' ”

“What of syphilis of the ear?” “The middle ear is that portion of the organ which is most frequently affected in syphilitic subjects on account of its intimate connection with the throat, from which any syphilitic affection may extend and in which place syphilitic lesions are so common. Cases of sudden deafness, due to syphilis, may occur during both the secondary and tertiary stages. As a rule, both ears are affected simultaneously.’ ”

“There is one more question I must ask you, Doctor Gordon.” “Very well, sir.” “Is locomotor ataxia ever cured?”

“For syphilis there is no cure. The seeds are unreachable after they enter the system. There are remedies to lessen it, but no cure. Years after it is apparently cured, it is likely to break out again in varying and distressing forms.”

The Colonel passed his hands across his face, then clutched the arms of his chair in an effort to arise. “You have been very kind,

sir, as always," he said; "I thank you—" and sank back gasping for breath.

After the physician had left the Mansion, Colonel Granville went into his son's room. "I have just been having a conversation with Doctor Gordon about you, John." "Have you, really? I suppose he told you that I have locomotor ataxia, which was caused by syphilis?" The Colonel was mute. "I wonder if he also told you that if you had done your duty as a father and warned me against sensualism when I was a boy, I wouldn't now be a wreck when I should be in my prime?"

Still there was no reply. In a frenzy John screamed, "It is all your fault, old man! Do you hear me? I lay my ruin at your door!" and he cursed his father. That night Colonel Warren Lyerly Granville became very ill. He was unconscious almost from the moment that he was stricken. His wife telegraphed for the daughter.

The Reckoning Day

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE RECKONING DAY

Helen Granville hadn't heard of John's automobile accident, nor any of his troubles except Estelle's death, and hadn't seen him for years. She was appalled at his appearance. Standing at the entrance to her old home she saw her brother going down the hall. He looked like an old man. His hair had thinned and was flecked with gray. His shoulders were bent. In walking his head trembled, his hands moved backward and forward, and his feet dragged on the floor. The first inclination of Helen was to shriek; but she conquered the impulse. When the two met, neither spoke. As John recognized his sister, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and began to cry.

Day after day, for a week, Colonel Granville lived over again, in his delirium, the happy hours of his childhood, the ambitious years of his young manhood, and his earlier married life, when the moments were full of

bloom. Then his mind reviewed the exciting scenes of the Civil War and he cried out, in a loud voice, imagining that he was giving a command to his soldiers, "Storm the fort, men! Storm the fort!" With that the spirit of the stern, old warrior went out to try the realities of another life.

At the sight of the distress of Helen, the heart of her brother hardened. As he was jealous of her intellectual superiority in the old days, now he hated her because of her moral whiteness. The stately form of Colonel Granville was lying in a casket in the music-room. Near it sat John—lost in contemplation. The door opened and Helen entered. She was pallid with grief. Seeing her brother she said, "The loneliness about which Miss Alice Randolph used to talk has enveloped my life." "Loneliness!" John shouted. "What right have you to speak of loneliness? It is your duty to marry, so that those most closely related to you may be relieved of the burden of your support. Arthur Vaughan was not the only man who has asked you to be his wife. Donald Gordon would give his head for you. Don't look to me for comfort when you become too feeble to work. I assure you that you shall receive

nothing. You have chosen a life of loneliness. Now live it!" and he staggered out of the chamber of death quaking with rage.

Helen felt herself grow old in a moment. All the cruelty of the ages seemed to fall upon her. She reached out her hands as if seeking help from an unseen source. "Father! Father!" she cried, "do not forsake me. This is Helen; your little daughter Helen." The old, black cook, Rachel, was passing through the hall and heard the sound of a heavy fall in the music-room. Upon opening the door, she found Helen in a dead faint at the foot of her father's coffin. Quietly she lifted the helpless form and went into the library.

While working to restore the girl to consciousness, Rachel was saying, "I know jes' how yo' feels, little mistiss. My heart breaks when I think uv my boy, Albert, what died on dis here plantation las' summer. We can never git acquainted wid death. We loves our kinfolks while dey is er livin', but when the bref goes from the body, an' it is er stretched out all cold and stiff, we is afeard uv it—mightily afeard. De ghosts uv dead men and women is all about dis here house. I hear um er trompin' up and down de halls ebery night when it is er stormin'; and I sees um er

walkin' roun' under de oak trees when de moon is er shinin'. Wake up, Miss Helen, honey-chile. Rachel ain't gwine ter let none uv um hurt yo'."

The change which had come over her son was indefinable to Louise Granville. A strange fear of him began to creep into her heart. The one person who understood was Dora Morris. Before the man she didn't quail. In talking with Helen one day she said, "When John came home this time, your ma told him that his room was all ready for him upstairs. 'Upstairs?' he says, as if he had lost his senses; 'I would be afraid to stay in one of those rooms all by myself,' and he whimpered. 'But I can try,' says he; 'I'm no coward. I can lock the doors and shut the windows and put weights on them. Then nobody can kill me,' and he started up the stairs with his suitcase. He got only a few steps when he sat down and began to cry. 'Mother!' he yelled at the top of his voice, 'I can't go any further. My back hurts me so dreadfully.' 'Come down, darling,' Mrs. Granville said; 'I'll give you a room on the first floor.'"

"And do you know," whispered Dora, "ever since he has been in there, he has locked

the doors and closed the windows and put weights on them? Pa knows, because he attends to him." Helen recalled that happy day when John went bounding up the stairs, regretful that there was no war—that he might be a soldier. With that memory, a keen pain, like a knife-blade, shot through her heart. "Another thing, Helen, I must tell you," Dora went on. "It didn't matter how hot it was, John would put on his overcoat every time he went out, declaring he was cold." "Dora! Dora!"

Two days after the death of Colonel Granville, his wife was passing by the library door when her attention was attracted by a peculiar noise as of someone chuckling, but half in anger. Glancing in she saw John seated at a desk, in which the Colonel had always kept his important papers, reading a document. Entering unnoticed by him she said, "Why, son, what are you doing?" Startled, he looked up and the paper fell from his hand. He began to whine. "Can't you trust me, mother? I was looking over father's will. I see that he has left you everything. That was hardly fair. Was it?"

He fumbled again among the papers. "Here I found a piece of your second-day

dress that father had wrapped up with a loving poem and tied it with ribbons," and he tried to press out the wrinkles from the strip of faded silk. "Let me have it, John," and the mother bent over her son to take the fragment that had been embalmed in sentiment through many years. In doing so, she deftly slipped her husband's will into the pocket of her skirt, saying, "Come, darling, it is time for you to go for a drive," and she led him away as she would have taken a little child.

In her distress, Louise Granville looked to Helen with infinite longing. It was not so much the yearning of a mother for a daughter's love and sympathy, as of one woman's heart reaching out after that of another for human companionship. One afternoon, when she was alone with Helen, she remarked confidentially, "Here is your father's will. He left the entire estate to me." Helen glanced over the document and returned it to her mother without comment. "Here is my will," and Louise Granville passed another paper to her daughter. "I have made everything over to you. At my death you will be sole possessor of this property. John has accumulated a fortune and

needs nothing in the way of support. Doubtless, when Mr. Vaughan dies, he will inherit largely from him," and she placed the second document in her daughter's hands.

Helen had known the time when she would have objected to such a will as that of Mrs. Granville's; but when she recalled her brother's immoralities, she felt a consciousness of gratitude to her mother and knew that she had done the safe thing. "Several days ago," Louise Granville said, "I had a lawyer to write this will for me; and yesterday, while John was out driving with Judge Randolph, I appeared before a notary public with two witnesses and signed the paper. Tomorrow I shall deposit it in the Strathmore State Bank. A great burden has rolled from my heart. I feel that I have made reparation, at least in part, to you." "You did that years ago," Helen answered with sadness. "I thank you, mother."

Mrs. Granville touched a large box resting on a table near her: "Daughter, the articles which you will find in here were sent to me several years ago by a person who wrote that she was a friend of my son and wished, for his sake, to present gifts to me. Do as you please with them, darling. I have never

used one." When her mother left the room, Helen opened the box. In it she found rare embroideries—most of the pieces importations from Europe and the far Orient—fine linens for bedrooms and the dining-table; yards of expensive silk and beautiful covers for sofa pillows. Pinned to them was a card bearing the name of Gertrude Hammond. Without a change of expression, Helen took the articles to the fireplace and applied a match to them. In stillness of spirit, she watched the things writhe and twist in the flames and finally sink into ashes.

The Veil Is Lifted

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE VEIL IS LIFTED

John Granville grew so much worse steadily that Doctor Gordon advised him to go to a famous sanitarium in the South for treatment. This he refused to do, asserting that he had to return to New York to attend to imperative business. After he left, Helen tried to persuade her mother to rent the old home and go with her to live in Washington. Mrs. Granville refused, as she had declined, long before, to go with her son. "How can I leave you alone, mother?" she persisted. "I'm not alone. Dora Morris is here and stays in a room adjoining mine. If I should need anything, day or night, she would be at hand to supply my wants." "But she is not enough protection. There should be a man in the house. Will you consent to my placing Dora's father and mother here? They could live in rooms at the rear and Sam could continue to manage the place as he has done for several years."

"That will suit me perfectly." "I am so glad, mother, that you accept that arrangement. Now I can go back to my work with much of my anxiety concerning you lifted from my heart." "Please don't worry about me, daughter. I shall get on splendidly. Mrs. Gordon calls nearly every day, and Miss Alice Randolph almost lives here." "Will you promise me that you will not attempt to leave the house without Dora, and will you telegraph me at once if anything should happen?" "I will." "My engagement, as a journalist, will close at the end of another year, and then I shall return here to stay with you, mother." "That will be lovely, darling," and Louise took her daughter's face between her hands and kissed it.

When the Morris family moved into the Mansion, old Rachel sought an interview with Mrs. Granville. "Mistiss, I bees happy wid yo'—but now Ise gwine ter my kinnery." "Why, what's the matter?" "I can't stand to 'sociate wid dem pore white folks. De Lord notifies me when Ise gwine ter have trouble. We is in dis life jes' ter have trouble, I 'spose. If we didn't have it, we wouldn't have nothin' to give thanks to God for." "I'm sorry to part with you, Rachel. Have you been com-

fortable in your house?" "Sure, mistiss; but I'm 'noyed about one thing. Dem pole-cats what took de place las' year, has made dare home under my chimbly; and Ise perturbed over dare strange talk. But pole-cats is better dan skunk-folks," and Rachel walked off, holding her head high in the air.

John Granville had been away from his home only a few weeks when Helen received a letter from Edith Shelton saying that she and her mother had recently visited him in a New York hospital and that he was in a most pitiable condition. Helen went immediately to her brother. As she stepped on the train at Strathmore, Judge Randolph handed her a package of mail. In it was a letter from a woman who signed herself as Lottie Darrell. This is what she wrote: "Miss Granville. Madam:—The world says you are a success. I call you a miserable failure because you haven't kept your own door-steps clean. If you couldn't save your brother, you should try to save them what he has wrecked. John Granville ruined me when I was a young girl. He has told me all his family secrets, just as he told Gertrude Hammond and other lewd women like herself. I am now in a charity hospital and need many comforts. I

ask you to send me money. I not only ask that of you, but I demand it. If you think I haven't told you the truth in this letter, the next time you go to New York, ring up Gertrude Hammond and ask her. The telephone at her house is in the name of John Stuart Granville, as it has been for years."

When Helen entered the room of her brother, she found him sitting in a chair gazing vacantly ahead of him. He greeted her indifferently. "Why did you spend your money to see me? Why did you come?" he asked fretfully. "Because I heard you were ill and I wanted to help you." "In which direction do you think you can be of assistance?" "Won't you let me write some letters for you?" "Why, yes. Look in that traveling bag by the table and you will find a whole lot that have to be answered. I had taken out an accident policy before I had that auto hurt. I wish you would find the letter from the Insurance Company and get the address." "Here it is. I see paper, ink and pens on the table; so, I'm all ready. What do you want to say first?" He began to dictate and his sister to write. "How slow you are, Helen! Please stop. It makes me nervous. The very

sight of you makes me nervous." "Very well. We will try again another day."

Here John began to relate an incident which occurred when he was in the South the last time. He said, "Mr. Allan was telling me about old Doctor Hill who kept his false teeth in a box of capsules; and he would give out those same capsules, filled with quinine, to his patients." He began to laugh, but went all to pieces and coughed violently, ejecting the most nauseating expectoration. "You see, I have lost control of myself," he muttered, as soon as he regained his voice. "What is the matter with me? Oh! what is the matter with the man? I must see my doctor right away." There was a knock at the door. "Let me go to the doctor's office with you, John," Helen urged. "All right." "And will you allow me to ask him what your trouble is?" "Yes, I wish you would."

Another knock and the nurse entered. John introduced his sister and the three went to see the specialist, a small, dismal-looking man with an Irish name. Helen lingered after John's interview closed. "Would you object to telling me what my brother's trouble is?" she asked the physician. "Most seriously—unless he gives his consent." "He has

already done that. He is quite willing for me to know. What is his disease?" "Why—why—" the specialist hesitated; then, in a sudden burst of indignation, he exclaimed, "I will not tell you! I will not!" and sprang to his feet as an indication that he desired his visitor to leave.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Helen entered John's room by appointment. She found him dressed, but lying down. "What did the doctor say was the matter with me?" he asked immediately. "He refused to tell me." "He did? Very well. I don't care. I have sold out my business in Brompton, Helen." "Have you? Who bought it?" "Fred Willis. I had to sacrifice it. I received only one-third of its value." "Why were you in such a hurry to sell? Didn't you have a very good man at the head of the establishment?" "Yes, but I couldn't wait. I couldn't be bothered with business. I felt that I had to get rid of everything that annoyed me. Oh! What is the matter with the man?" and he began to toss about the bed.

"Try to be still." "I can not. I'm too wretched. I think I know what's the matter with me." "What is it?" "Sexual excesses. I have lost my power as a man. Oh! I'm

so lonely. I don't want anybody with me but Gertie." "Who is Gertie?" "Mrs. Gertrude Hammond." "She is a prostitute," Helen remarked calmly. "What is a prostitute? I would like for you to explain to me the meaning of that word. I have never learned, but I can tell you what you are. You are a coward. Nobody but a coward would call Gertie a prostitute. She is as good a woman as my mother, and a sight better housekeeper." Helen felt as if she were dying. "Gertie saved my life. When I got to New York after my last visit home, she met me at the station, in answer to my telegram, and took me to her rooming-house. She told me that as I went up the stairs I was raving—talking about father. Gertie kept me with her for a long time and then brought me to this hospital."

No answer from Helen. "She stayed in that room opening into mine and was with me day and night until I got better. She's a Catholic. She used to pray for me—counting her beads. I would pray too; but I could only say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'" Helen said, "I got a letter recently from a woman by the name of Lottie Darrell—a most abusive letter. She wrote that you

ruined her when she was a young girl and she demanded that I send her money.” “Lottie Darrell? Why, she is only a cat. When I first came to New York, she was the mistress of a man who was the proprietor of a jewelry store and she was clerking for him. When he got tired of her, he turned her over to me. He said she wouldn’t mind him. What an idiot a man is to attempt to keep one of his employes as his mistress! They always grow impudent. When Lottie Darrell wrote to you for money, did you send her some?” “Hardly.” “That showed you were not a Christian. I always thought you were not. If you had been, you would have sent money to Lottie to help her in her trouble.”

“You have led a disgraceful life, John.” “Why do you say that to me? I have done nothing more than every other man in the country. If you think what I’ve told you makes me wicked, just wait until you hear something else. Two mistresses? Why, I have had numbers—in different towns and cities.” Then John Granville, beginning at the start, told his sister, in detail, the whole shameful story of his experiences. “And when you heard of some of these things,” he railed, “you didn’t try to save me, but cast me

off. You don't love me. No, no! you don't love me. You never did."

Helen regarded him with loathing and horror. His face was yellow in hue, his eyes were sunken and his cheek-bones stood out prominently. As she looked at him, she thought that he was the most repulsively hideous being that she had ever seen. He began to talk again. "I have no regret about my life. I wouldn't be afraid to die if it were not for the thought of hell. When it comes to a question of responsibility, the whole thing goes back to God. He placed the sex-instinct in the body of every man. If it were wrong to indulge it, He should have given some sign."

Helen was silent. "I want Gertie," she heard John say whiningly; "I'm going to marry Gertie, then you'll have her for a sister-in-law. I gave Gertie that diamond breastpin you returned to me. I wish you would go away. If you don't, I shall. I had made up my mind that I would leave this hospital early this morning—just at sunrise, so that I couldn't see you again; but, at the last moment, I decided to have another talk with you. This is the last time that I want to see you. Please go away." "Very well, John;

I will leave immediately. Good-bye," and she slowly left the room—gently closing the door.

As Helen entered the lobby of the hospital, which was conducted like a huge hotel, she was accosted by the clerk, who leaned over the desk: "Miss Granville?" "Yes." "You are wanted at the telephone." She took down the receiver. "Well?" A strange, uncultured voice asked, "Is this Helen Granville?" "This is Miss Granville." "John 'phoned me yesterday that you would call to see him this morning. When do you leave New York?" "Who are you?" "I'm Mrs. Gertrude Hammond." "I do not know you, madam," and Helen hung up the receiver.

Soon after she returned to Washington, a letter came to her from the woman—a scurrilous letter—in which she wrote: "You are the cause of your brother's nervous breakdown. He has worried so long over the mean way that you have treated him, that he collapsed. I hope you asked his forgiveness when you was with him at the hospital. I've been with him nights when he was raving. You've neglected him all along. He hadn't nobody but me. You acted outrageous at the hospital. You always act outrageous. You

had ought to get on your knees before your brother and ask his forgiveness for your cruelty to him." While Helen tore the letter to bits and dropped them into a waste-basket, she wondered through what deeper and blacker waters she would be called upon to pass before the ghastly tragedy ended.

Their Philosophy of Life

CHAPTER XXXIX

THEIR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

When Helen returned to Washington, and entered her apartment, she was amazed to find herself folded in the arms of Miss Randolph, and to hear her say, "My intuition led me to you, dearest. I hadn't heard from you in weeks and I began to fear that you were in distress." "Precious Miss Alice!" "When I arrived an hour ago your hostess told me that you were expected at any moment, so I waited for you here." "Do take off your wraps and prepare to stay with me all the time that you are in the city. You see, I have quite a little suite and you can have a room to yourself." After the night closed in Miss Randolph drew near to Helen, and taking her hand, she said, "You look so troubled, little girl. Tell me all about your anxiety. I think you can trust me." "As I would my own soul!" Then she told her friend, without reservation, the whole story of John's infamies—from the time of the revelation made by

Estelle Vaughan's letters, up to the recent hour when her brother drove her from the hospital.

When she finished, Miss Randolph was deathly pale. She looked ill. Helen was too engrossed in her harrowing recital to notice her acute suffering; and only half heard when she asked, "Have you seen that wonderful bas-relief, done by Daniel C. French, called 'Death and the Sculptor'?" "No, Miss Alice." "It shows a young man carving out the head of a sphinx from a block of granite. In the midst of his life-work, Death comes in the form of a woman with hooded face. One hand carries a cluster of lotus pods; the other touches the young sculptor lightly on his hand holding the chisel, and the work stops. While John was in the rush of splendid activities—nearing the summit of his ambition—Vice appeared, veiled, sinister, and laid her hand upon him and the crash came. Terrible! Terrible!"

"It is unthinkable!" and Helen groaned. Then she said: "When I was at college, I met a girl from New Orleans who told me the people of that city interred their dead in vaults above the ground, because the water is so near the earth's surface that it is im-

possible to dig graves. My friend said that she saw the bones of her mother, who had been dead for years, swept aside to make place for her father's body in the family vault. After that, for months, she saw nothing but bones; with eyes open or with eyes closed, she saw nothing but bones." "Horrible!" burst from the lips of Miss Randolph.

"Since I have learned about John's life," continued Helen, "I have seen nothing but sex. You remember about the visit of the famous English essayist who went into the country to study the habits of fowls?" "Well?" "When he returned to London he wrote, as his deliberate opinion, that all their time was devoted to food-hunting and sexual indulgence." "The two primal passions of the animal world," remarked Miss Randolph, "are hunger and lust." "It is true; but let us say lust and hunger, for lust comes first in the animal instinct—from the lowest entity up to man."

With an impatient gesture, as if she would throw off forever the hideous nightmare that haunted her life, Helen walked to the window and gazed out. "I see an old, brown mare going by. Her face looks worn and haggard. Her body sags with a forlorn

weariness which comes from the load she is carrying in the form of her unborn colt." "Poor thing," murmured Miss Alice. "I am conscious of a fierce anger whenever I see a woman enciente or any other female creature heavy with pregnancy. Not that I object to the young things being brought upon the earth, but I do object to the process by which they come. Why should the female be the burden-bearer?" Helen demanded with a flame of indignation. "Why should she be subject to the lusts of the male?"

Miss Randolph said, "A woman physician in the West gave a grain of comfort when she asserted that in the life to come, women will not be confronted by the insult of lust." "In the life to come," Helen repeated drearily, "doubtless; but we are now dealing with the life which is here. The entire system is unjust. 'From generation unto generation,' there is a repetition of the tragedy: sex expressed, suffering, death. Men are sex-cannibals. They feast upon the bodies of women. The women are blind and submit for the sake of what they are told is love. What is sex-love? Love between the sexes, I mean? It is lust, wrapped in silk."

"You are mistaken, Helen. It is the purest emotion known to the human heart except the love of a mother for her child. My devotion to Henry Neville partakes more of the nature of a religion than that of passion. It has been all soul with me. I would die for him. He is my cosmos. He represents the universe to me. Heaven would be incomplete without him." "You are unusual, Miss Alice. So is your love." "No; I'm just a normal woman, giving a normal affection. I think that is the way nature intended us to be."

"Don't you think," Helen asked, "that some women are as strongly-sexed as men?" "I do. Many of them are vampires," and Miss Randolph shuddered. "I heard a police matron at the Union Station in St. Louis say to a deaconess, 'Tell mothers to guard their sons; for they are as much in danger from immoral women as their daughters are from lascivious men.' At a Purity Congress which I attended, a worker from New York said that she had been brought into contact with ten thousand cases of white slaves; and that every one of those girls was a willing victim."

"I don't doubt it," Helen replied; "and I think that women generally would be as free in their sex-lives as men if it were not for the

existence of the double standard of morals. Then, too, fear of conception deters many. I'm quite sure that women are as ardent and persistent in their efforts to attract men as men are vehement in their answer to the sex-call. Women conduct most courtships and lead men to marriage."

"They do indeed," agreed Miss Randolph. "I think that a wife who lives with a husband that is a drunkard or a sensualist is as low in principle as that husband. Don't you?" Helen asked. "I do; but there are often children to be considered. What would become of them if the mother should leave her dissolute husband?" "What would become of them if the husband were to die?" "I hadn't thought of that." "I insist that a woman who bears children for a drinking man or an immoral man is both a fool and a criminal; for she curses the children with inherited tendencies to do evil and loads the state with incapables."

"You are exactly right about that; but when the husband is worthy of fatherhood and the wife of motherhood, the greatest blessing that God can send to them is a little child. I grieve over the thought that if I should ever marry, I would have no children

because I have passed the age of maternity." "What beautiful children you would have had, Miss Alice! If all women were like you, we would have paradise let down to earth." "Ah! no, my dear; far from it."

"How could God think of such a thing as sex?" Helen questioned, going back with intensity to her subject. "It is so abhorrent." "Many persons regard sex as most beautiful," remarked Miss Randolph, "because through sex comes life." "Life!" echoed Helen bitterly; "life! I find it in my heart to despise my parents for having given me life." "Your parents didn't give you life. That came from God." "But God implanted in their beings the power to generate life; and that amounts to the same thing, for life comes after the sex-touch. It is the exercise of that power by men and women which has filled my soul with such repulsion."

"Why, my darling!" exclaimed Miss Randolph; "you astonish me. If you had the right concept of God, you would realize that life is a glory and not a curse. God is not a person to issue mandates; not a fiend to persecute." "What is your definition of God, Miss Alice?"

"God is love; God is principle; God is wisdom; God is power." "I believe all that and I know that we are as nothing before Him. It is the murk of life and its discords that kill. Once I said, 'There is no hell,' and I hooted at the thought of a devil. Now I believe, not in one hell, but in many hells; not in one devil, but in legions of devils."

"God is the Strength that enables us to face tragedy without despair. You must learn to realize that there is no night, for God lives." "Don't speak to me in riddles, friend. I'm too miserable for that. What do you mean by saying, 'There is no night'? The shades of many nights are all about me: the night of disgrace, the night of sorrow, the night of desolation. In the pathway of some persons blessings spring about their feet like flowers. In my pathway curses grow like thistles on stalks that bend to sting."

"If you believe in God, you must accept the thought that He is all light. Where light is there can be no night." "It is a mystery, this thing we call life," Helen said with a long-drawn sigh. "I shall be so glad when the time comes for me to shake it off and pass into another world." "Until then, what will you do?" "I shall continue to live and work

—not for myself alone, but for the race. There is nothing else for me to do.” “No, nothing else; only to live and work for the race. Poor humanity!” and the voice of Miss Randolph dropped into a whisper.

Tasker's Wife

CHAPTER XL

TASKER'S WIFE

After a long silence, Miss Randolph said, only half-aloud, "We have to carry the unwelcome loads which are thrust upon our shoulders by others. Your not wishing to be a mother, Helen, recalls vividly to my memory one of the noblest American women that I have known. We have been friends for years. I would like to tell you her experience." "Please do." This is the story which was told by Miss Randolph:

Ethel Raymond had entertained the club women that afternoon in her elegant home. All had gone except Stella Proctor, who remained for an intimate after-talk. There was admiration in her eyes as she looked at the commanding figure of her friend, who had just passed her fortieth milestone.

"You have everything to recommend you, Ethel!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "All the women love you and are proud to have

you as president of the State Federation." "I love them too," replied Miss Raymond, "and am grateful for their appreciation."

"We can never forget the great work you have accomplished for humanity through your philanthropies," continued Mrs. Proctor. "You are ideal, Ethel: strong and beautiful in body and in character. Just the kind of woman who should be a wife and mother! Why is it that you have never married?"

"For the simple reason that I have never desired children," was the quiet answer. "How revolutionary!" laughed Stella. "Where did you get such ideas?" "By way of pre-natal influence, I presume. Mother was always rebellious over having to bear children." "Do you mean to say that you have an inherited repulsion toward motherhood?" "I do. Besides that, I have thought it would be wrong on my part to marry a man and rob him of his right to fatherhood. The usual man wants sons and daughters."

"You are correct there," responded Mrs. Proctor. "Men may declare to the contrary before marriage, but as the years lengthen, nature asserts itself and the male calls out for the perpetuation of his breed." "True! and the lack of that brings loneliness to his heart

and discontent," added Miss Raymond "Holding the views that I do, there was no honorable course left to me except to remain unmarried."

"I agree with you, Ethel, but it seems a pity." "No; you are mistaken. I have no maternal instinct. I shrink from the responsibility of rearing children. I am sorry for all that have to be born. I have a deep pity in my soul for every woman who has to bring children into the world. Like Jane Carlisle, when I hear of the marriage of one of my girl friends, my first impulse is to go to my room, lock the door and weep."

"Well, dear," Stella Proctor sighed, as she arose to go, "you have been a mother to hundreds of children brought into being by other women. I adore you because of your unselfish life, but I mourn for the man who has lost you for his wife."

That night, as Mrs. Proctor was talking with her husband, she said, "Sam, did you know Ethel Raymond when she was a young girl?" "Yes, and a lovelier one never walked," he replied. "She was a prime favorite with men. In one year, to my certain knowledge, she had twelve offers of marriage—one for each month. It was said that every man who

had ever looked upon her loved her; and that every unmarried man whom she knew had asked her to be his wife—from old Governor Leonard, with his eleven children, to the gardener who worked among her flowers.”

“Why do you suppose she remained single?” asked Stella. “I don’t know unless she was disgusted with her brother and feared to have children who might be like him. Tasker Raymond belongs to the vast horde of ne’er-do-wells. He went from one college to another—never finishing a term. At last he quit entirely and was as ignorant at the close of his moth-eaten college years as he was before he began his ignoble career.”

“It seems such a shame!” interrupted Stella. “He had every inducement to lead a useful life.” “He threw it all away!” Sam Proctor snorted with contempt. “After he returned home, he became so disreputable that his father drove him from the house. The last time I heard from him, he had joined the United States Army and was stationed on the Island of Tybee, off the coast of Georgia. That was three years ago.”

“While he was there,” observed Stella, “he wrote imploring letters to his sister, professing the deepest repentance for his sins. He

declared that if she would secure a discharge for him, he would devote the rest of his life to her and to his parents." "What did Mr. Raymond say to that?" asked Sam Proctor. "He asserted firmly that Tasker must remain in the army; and he was left there until several weeks ago." "Then what happened?" "Mrs. Raymond demanded that Tasker should be released, if it was possible to effect it. Ethel had influence at Washington and obtained an honorable discharge for her brother. He returned home yesterday." "I sympathize with his parents and sister," Sam Proctor remarked. "They are so fine! It is sorrowful that they should be made to suffer through such a reprobate."

When Tasker Raymond walked into his father's house he did so with humility. He appeared completely changed for the better. For several months his conduct was above reproach. He was in his room every night, and was the flower of courtesy. He confided to his mother that he desired to marry. Then he began to associate with women who were totally out of the social circle of his family. Every few weeks he would become engaged, then deliberately break his promise. The first entanglement was with a widow who had

three children, and whose husband had been dead only two months. The second ensnarer was a telephone girl of bold manners. The third was a rude clerk in a drygoods store. The fourth was a sewing-woman of questionable repute.

Ethel Raymond and her parents were in despair. One day when they were holding a conference over the unhappy situation, Mr. Raymond cried out angrily, "What are we to do, wife, to save ourselves from disgrace through our son?" "Encourage him to marry the first girl in whom he becomes seriously interested, if she is respectable. We shall have to sacrifice our family pride in order to save the boy," was the reply wrung from a broken heart.

Soon after that, when Tasker Raymond was out hunting, he came unexpectedly into a clearing, in the depths of the woods, where a little school-house was seen. Standing on the doorstep was a young woman. Tasker approached. Lifting his hat he inquired deferentially, "Are you alone?" "Yes," the girl answered. "I came too early. The scholars have not got here. I am the teacher."

At the end of a month, Tasker Raymond announced at the breakfast table that he

would be married the following week to Miss Ada Mershon; and pushing his chair noisily back, hastily left the room. "Who is she, father?" Ethel asked. Mr. Raymond replied with apparent effort: "The Mershons are very poor, very plain, but very honest people who live in the adjoining county. This girl, Ada, has been teaching a small school on the plantation of Major Evans. I presume it was there that Tasker met her."

"Does she belong to a reputable family, Mr. Raymond?" his wife inquired anxiously. "Yes, and the girl has a spotless record." "Then we must not oppose her marriage with Tasker." "No, I presume not," the proud, old man agreed; but there were tears in his eyes and he staggered as he walked away.

Mr. Raymond had been reared to believe that to marry beneath one's self was an ignominy. Race pride was firmly fixed in his character. He had often said it would require the injection of much acidity to fade the corpuscles of his prejudice. Now, here was Tasker. What could he do but lower his colors?

"Don't you think I am right, daughter?" Mrs. Raymond asked as she turned to Ethel. "Perfectly, mother! There is nothing else

left for us to do. If we were to oppose this marriage it might drive Tasker to lower depths, and we would be shamed some day by his bringing a woman into our home whom we could not receive."

Tasker's wife entered the stately dwelling of the Raymonds with boisterous laughter. When she was shown to her bridal chamber, luxurious in every appointment, she shouted, "Huh! What a pretty room!" Then throwing herself into a rocking-chair, with knees wide apart, she swayed rapidly back and forth, swinging her feet and tapping her heels upon the floor. Suddenly she rushed to a table where a cluster of white roses reposed in a cut glass vase, and gathering them up in both hands, threw them out of the window, saying disgustedly: "I don't care for them things where I have to sleep. Flowers ain't healthy." Ethel, who had acted as hostess, withdrew immediately. She had gained a vision of coming days. Walking rapidly to her room, she threw herself upon a couch and wept.

A week later, when the family were seated around the fire after supper, the bride remarked, "I sure have caught a bad cold," and, pulling up her dress, blew her nose on

her underskirt. Mr. Raymond coughed, and, reaching out for the evening paper, buried his face behind it. Ethel picked up a book and her mother began industriously to embroider.

Tasker was out for the night. Upon the anniversary of his marriage, a child was born to him. When it was several days old, the young father said to his mother, "Ada is not feeling well and I would like for you to go to her room." Ethel went also. As they entered, Mrs. Raymond began, in her nervous, energetic way, to prepare for the relief of the sufferer. Tasker's wife, in extreme irritation, cried out in rasping tones, "There is always a storm in this house! I can't ask the slightest favor without being greeted by a tempest!" An experienced woman had been employed to serve Mrs. Tasker Raymond. Her time was now extended. Ethel did not re-enter the place of nativity for several weeks.

One afternoon, in going to the upstairs veranda, she found a large tin bucket containing a half-dead plant covered with pods of red pepper. It had been placed so that the rains would beat upon it. The dirt had been washed from the vessel and was running, in a muddy stream, down the delicately painted

floor. The instinct for cleanliness was so strong in the nature of Ethel Raymond that, not stopping to count subsequent eventualities, she seized the bucket and threw it over the railing.

That evening Ada appeared at supper for the first time in two months. Tasker looked severely at his sister and said: "What right did you have to take my wife's pepper plant and throw it outdoors?" Ada compressed her lips and gazed at Ethel with hatred in her eyes. The new wife had her baby's clothes washed in her bedroom and strung out on the front veranda. Ethel dared to request that the practice be discontinued. "Where am I to have the things dried?" the woman demanded in a high voice. "In the back yard, of course," was the quiet answer. "They should also be washed there." Ada burst into tears, and whined, "I am doing the best that I know how to do." The baby's clothes were persistently hung on the front veranda, and the laundry was continued in the bedroom.

Tasker made no pretense of being employed. He was thoroughly satisfied to be supported by his mother, who had an independent income. When his child was six months old, his wife decided to economize

for the purpose of helping her husband. She did it by ironing for her family. A laundress was hired to come once a week and do the washing. Late in the afternoons, Ada would bring the clothes in from the line. At first they were placed on chairs in her bedroom. After awhile they were hung on the banisters of the stairway in the front hall. At last they were flung across the railings of the veranda leading into the main entrance of the residence.

Ethel had a private interview with her brother's wife in which she said: "It is mortifying to have you bring your clothes from the line and to iron them. That is something we have never known in our family. Mother is perfectly able and willing to pay for your laundry work."

"If she is, I'll never allow her to do it!" snapped Ada. "I have received enough charity in this house. I have done my washing and ironing all my life, and I intend to do it as long as I live. Don't you fret." Ethel went on to say, "Please remember that I am connected with the leading women's clubs, and am constantly receiving visitors. I can not permit you to hang your laundry in the front part of this house."

"How are you going to help yourself?" the woman asked insolently. Miss Reynolds said, "If you insist upon doing the ironing for your family, I shall have some strong wires extended across the back hall and the rear porch, and you can hang your clothes there." Tasker's wife railed: "If you do, they will never be used by me. If you are so keen to have the wires hung, put them in your bedroom. That is where they belong."

After that Ethel never made a statement which was not flatly contradicted by her sister-in-law. Ada made a point of doing this when guests were present. Miss Raymond was humiliated at every turn. As the insults in her home were multiplied, she went to Europe and stayed two years. Upon her return, she brought beautiful gifts to every member of her family. She gave costly silks to Tasker's wife, who examined the texture of the goods, then threw them scornfully upon a chair. "What do I want with stuff like that?" she sneered. "Cotton is good enough for any woman!" She dressed worse than any servant in the town.

While Ethel was away another child had been born to Tasker and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were now very aged. They

were wrapped up in their grandchildren. They had no thought for any one except Tasker and his babies. One day the older child went into Ethel's room. Its hair had been allowed to grow so long over the forehead that the little girl could see only by perpetual blinking and shifting of the head.

Without realizing the enormity of the offense, without taking time to humbly ask permission of Tasker's wife, Miss Raymond clipped the overhanging locks. As the scissors neared the child's left ear, she gave a lurch causing the hair to be cut unevenly. It created a furorè. The following morning at the breakfast table, all left except Ada and her sister-in-law. Tasker's wife, resentful because of the preceding day's event, glared at Ethel and said: "I have never felt at home one hour in this house since I came here."

"I am sorry," was the reply. "We have done all we could to make you happy. I should think that you would be grateful for everything you have received at the hands of your husband's family. You had so little before your marriage and were compelled to work very hard." Ada sprang to her feet and ran into the hall screaming as if she had gone mad. Then she rushed into a room where

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were seated and shrieked: "Your daughter has insulted my father's poverty; I shall not remain here another day."

At once preparations were made for the departure of Tasker's family. Ethel sent for her brother and asked him why it was that Ada had decided to go away. "She says that you insulted her father's poverty," he answered sullenly. Ethel replied, "I did not mention her father." "My wife does not tell falsehoods," Tasker asserted and immediately left the room. There was iron in his face. His wife went to the home of her girlhood, a log house of four rooms on a small farm, which could be reached only after a railway journey that involved several changes and tedious wait-overs, and a drive of twelve miles through the country. Tasker accompanied his wife and babies, but returned.

The weeks dragged by their slow lengths. Ethel worshipped her father. As she sat with him on the veranda, in the sweet, spring sunshine, trying to interest him by reading or conversation, he would say, over and over, "How I miss the children! They looked so charming as they stood among the flowers!" "They will come back, father," Ethel assured

him. "I don't know. I don't know," would come the trembling complaint. "You seem to have a faculty for making enemies, daughter."

Ethel Raymond felt that some one had rolled a stone to the door of her sepulchre shutting out all hope of a resurrection. She viewed her dead self with wondering gaze. "Can this be I—the creature once so radiant with the throb of life, now so pulseless and silent, slain?"

Tasker decided to visit his wife and children. The night before he was to start, Mr. Raymond became critically ill and died at the end of a week. Very soon afterwards Tasker brought his family back to his home. Ada entered with smiling lips. She threw her arms about her sister-in-law, crying out in loud tones, "I loved your father, Miss Ethel." Miss Raymond had always been thankful that the woman had never called her sister. She shuddered and released herself from her embrace.

Tasker's two older children were girls. Several months after Ada returned to the Raymond home, she became the mother of a son. As the children grew, they were wholly uncontrolled by their parents. Whenever

Ethel and her mother made the slightest effort to correct them, they were assailed by abuse from Tasker and his wife. The children had no respect for their parents nor for their grandmother, whom they had never been taught to revere. The only being of whom they stood in awe was their Aunt Ethel and they adored her.

The little boy was uncommonly fine. His name was Paul. He had the face of a poet and the soul of a saint. Ethel Raymond now spent most of her time away from home. She went back occasionally only because her mother was there, and because the element of homehood was as strong with her as life itself.

Tasker's wife insisted that if she remained upstairs, she would develop into an invalid. There were only three bedrooms on the first floor. Two were occupied by Mrs. Raymond and her daughter. The third was very small. Ada declared that she would stay only in a spacious apartment. Ethel promptly placed hers at the disposal of Tasker's family. It opened out on the front veranda and adjoined Mrs. Raymond's room, which was situated between that and the small one.

Instead of having the children go through the hall, they were taught to pass through their grandmother's room. The situation became intolerable to the aged woman, who was robbed of her privacy and disturbed in her rest. She did not dare to lock her doors, for fear of offending Ada. From a masterful spirit, she had degenerated, through the attrition of anxiety, into a moral coward.

On one of Ethel's visits to the home, her mother spoke of the discomfort to which she was subjected and implored her daughter to persuade Tasker's wife to exchange rooms with her. When Ethel made the request of Ada, she found her seated at a machine in the beautiful room which had been hers through most of her life. The woman did not stop sewing. In the midst of the whirring noise, Miss Raymond said: "Mother is very much annoyed by the continual passing of the children through her room. I have come to ask, Ada, if you will be kind enough to exchange apartments with her." Without turning her head, Tasker's wife replied, "I am entirely too comfortable to care to be disturbed." "This house belongs to my mother," Ethel observed with severity. "If she desired to have its occupants change their rooms every

day, it should be their duty and their pleasure to comply." Ada sprang to her feet and with blazing eyes she shrieked, "Leave this room and stay out of here! This is my husband's home. I order you out of it." All the children were present. The two girls laughed. Paul looked at his aunt with pitying glances and a swift flush passed over his face.

Two weeks later Tasker's wife concluded to go to the seacoast. Before leaving she remarked casually to Ethel, "If you still want your mother to have my room, you can move her into it while I am away." The concession was promptly accepted. The two rooms were completely renovated and exquisitely redecorated. During the absence of Tasker's wife, Ethel had the whole house cleaned and beautified, and again opened its doors to her friends.

When Ada returned, she did not speak to any one, but went straight to the apartment which was now to be hers. Ethel Raymond waited in the moonlight on the veranda alone. The little children went out and crouched at her feet. They were welcomed cordially. "Tell me the news, lambkins. What happened while you were gone?" "One man had suicide," the older girl replied seriously.

"Oh! oh! What else occurred?" "Another man was killed by lightning; but that didn't matter—he only had one leg," came the added information from the same source, given with the deepest gravity.

Paul relieved the embarrassment by asking, "Did you fergit me, Aunt Ethel?" "Ah! precious boy," she answered, "how could I?" Turning to the second girl, who resembled her mother in appearance and disposition, she asked, "How do you like your new room, Florence?" "Not at all!" the child replied. "I have never cared for the tint of the water-color you had used on the walls. What did it cost?" "You must never ask that question. It is very rude." "Oh!" the child sniffed lightly, "I wouldn't mind asking a king the price of his crown." Very soon the house reassumed the air of commonness that had settled upon it ever since Tasker's wife had undertaken to be its keeper. Again a horde of Ada's plain relatives swarmed into it.

In those years Ethel Raymond was made to see life in all its grimness. She searched the earth for happiness. She was urged to make her home with friends. It was delightful for a few weeks, then the claws would begin to show themselves. She was made to

understand that the home was her friends' and not hers. She stayed in great hotels, only to feel the excruciating loneliness of such an existence. She went to boarding-houses so as not to be entirely bereft of human companionship. There she would be disgusted with the familiarity of the persons whom she was forced to meet.

Finally the bald truth confronted her that there is no place in the wide world for an unmarried woman outside of a home which she has created individually for herself. She saw keenly that she had made a deplorable blunder in not leaving the home of her parents when Tasker entered it with his wife. She acknowledged that she had been defeated in the game of life by a wisp of human straw. Through a feeling of sentiment and a deference to conventions, she had permitted herself to occupy a position to which no dignity was attached.

Ethel Raymond had been shown in a thousand ways that she was not wanted in her home, that she was necessary to no one. She told herself that she should have been brave enough, years ago, to have gone to some city and become established, as many other lonely women had been compelled to do, and devote

herself to some absorbing work for the uplift of the race, or to secure employment for financial returns. Knowing that the bloom had gone from the fruit, but that the fruit itself was still there, she asked her mother to go into apartments with her in New York. "Oh! no, daughter," was the reply. "I could never be happy away from Tasker and his children." Shrinking from breaking completely the ties of a lifetime, Ethel continued to travel, and to visit her old home at rare intervals.

On those occasions she cultivated the friendship of Paul. Hours would be spent in his company. She would create wonderful tales for his entertainment and teach him to improvise in the art of story-telling. They had a flower garden all their own. They took long walks together. In her moments of direst unhappiness the little boy would find his way to her room and sit close by her side.

One day when he was acting as comforter, his big eyes luminous with thought, he said, "Aunt Ethel, if it had not been for you, I never would have known flowers and I never would have loved them." "You must learn to love pictures, too, dear," she answered. "I do love them!" the boy exclaimed. "Pictures

don't shatter like flowers. Now, Aunt Ethel, let's tell tales. What sort will you have? A flower-tale, a bear-tale, or a rabbit-tale?" "I'll take a flower-tale."

"All right, den! Once upon a time dare was a tall hollyhock in a lady's flower garden what made up his mind to be a preacher. A Sunday mornin' when he was standin' in his pulpit a bunch of roses what was swingin' above his head bent over and kissed his lips. De cosmos walked by and painted his cheeks wif dare powder. 'Nen de lilies brought him water to drink from dare cups, and de violets kneeled at his feet. Dis went on all de blessed day. Oh! Aunt Ethel," in a sudden burst of religious enthusiasm, "how I would love to be a preacher! I am goin' to be one when I am a grown man, if only I can find somebody to learn me how to preach."

It was time for their afternoon walk. As they went down the steps, hand in hand, they heard the most piteous cries issuing from the room of Tasker's wife. Seeing the look of inquiry upon his aunt's face, Paul explained: "Mama is whipping sister. Anna always do yell so when she gits her beatin's. When Mama whips me, I pit my hands over my mouf and try hard not to skeam." Suddenly

Ethel heard her mother ask, in a voice full of condemnation, "What do you mean, Ada, by giving Anna such a terrible punishment?" Tasker's wife roared, "Leave this room, Madam, and attend to your own business!" Paul heard too and lowered his head. His grasp around his aunt's hand tightened, and together they strolled into the fields.

The boy soon regained his joy and went skipping and dancing ahead of his companion. A shower of butterflies came into view. Slowly they sifted through the serene air. Paul stood still, his eyes wide open with heavenly light. On, on, slowly came the butterflies. One by one they rested on the child: his white clothes, his head, covered with yellow curls, his slender little hands held out in ecstasy.

The lonely-hearted woman looked upon the picture of surpassing loveliness, marveling at the boy's beauty of body and mind. Thinking of his father and mother, she murmured: "That is the way God does things. He sends the flowers to cover the waste places."

Tasker Raymond began to absent himself from home, as he did before his marriage. He always came back half-sick and so peevish that it was impossible for any one to speak to

him without being insulted. Upon his return from one of his mysterious visits, his sister spoke to him about the wrong he was doing. She said, "Don't forget, Tasker, that you are the head of a family." He faced her savagely. "I am not going to allow you to criticise me any longer, Ethel," he stormed. "You must also let my wife and my children alone. Do you hear?" and he cursed her. Ethel Raymond decided at last to go away, never to return.

At ten o'clock that night Tasker knocked at her door, asking that she go at once to his wife who had been seized with a violent illness. A physician and a trained nurse were called. The next afternoon, as the children returned from school, they trooped into their mother's room. She seemed to be resting. Ethel had stepped into the hall to give some directions to a servant.

Tasker Raymond sat by the bedside of Ada. He leaned over her and touched her hand. It was cold and lifeless. The man sprang to his feet and uttered a terrible cry: "My wife! My wife is dead!" he screamed. The children followed him from the room, silent with horror. Seeing Miss Raymond, they rushed to her and threw their arms about her knees,

wailing in their helplessness: "Aunt Ethel! Oh, Aunt Ethel!"

In one swift mental sweep the woman grasped the meaning of it all. She saw what the future held for her. Stretching out her hands as if in supplication, and throwing back her head in strong soul-agony, she groaned.

Just at that moment Stella Proctor appeared at the entrance and witnessed the entire scene. "Inevitable!" she whispered. "The woman who does not bear children has those thrust upon her, sooner or later, that have been brought into the world by some other woman. Poor Ethel!"

She Learns the Secret

CHAPTER XLI

SHE LEARNS THE SECRET

In April, the following year, when Helen Granville was in Denver writing articles for a magazine on special features of Western life, she received a letter from Claude Lewis. That young man had been at the University of Virginia with John Granville and had acted as his clerk in Brampton. When the business was sold out there, he secured a position as cashier in a fashionable sanitarium at some famous Springs in the East. In his letter to Helen he informed her that for three months her brother had been with him there. "In a recent conversation with John," Mr. Lewis wrote, "he expressed a desire to see you. He is now almost helpless. I wish that you would come to him as soon as you can conveniently do so."

While Helen was preparing to start on her journey, a telegram was handed to her. It was signed "Claude Lewis" and read: "John Granville was married today to Mrs. Ger-

trude Hammond. Come at once." Helen staggered as if she had been struck. A wave of fire passed over her—succeeded by an icy chill. A culmination of the horror which had been impending for months had come. This reply was sent to Mr. Lewis: "If John is married, why should I go to him?" "Come immediately," was the answer. Deciding to see the grim drama enacted to its most tragic finality, Helen nerved herself and left for New York. When she arrived at the Springs, she was met by Claude Lewis. "What was your object in sending for me?" she asked.

"It seemed a pity for John Granville to accumulate a fortune and have the effort of his lifetime wasted on a creature like Gertrude Hammond," he replied. "But what can I do to lessen the disaster? It is now too late." "Wait until you talk with John's physician, who is a great nerve specialist. I have arranged for you to see him tomorrow morning. I will call for you at your hotel at eleven o'clock and go with you to the doctor's office. I will manage for you to see your brother in the afternoon, at an hour when the Hammond woman is not admitted to his room."

"How did this terrible affair happen?" Helen inquired hopelessly. "For weeks one of John's friends from Brampton has been here at the Springs—the wife of a prominent lawyer. She often visited your brother. When he became so very ill lately she sent a telegram to the woman in New York, at John's request, asking her to come to him." "After that?" "Why, when it was thought that John couldn't live through another night, Gertrude Hammond evaded the doctors and nurses and John's friends and slipped into his room with a preacher and married him."

"The woman is a Roman Catholic, and I have heard that this sanitarium where John is staying is a Catholic institution. How could the woman take a priest with her under such conditions without being detected?" "I said she was married by a preacher. John objected to a priest. There was a Protestant minister in town who had no pastorate—a person who was without standing in the community, almost unknown, really. He was the man that Gertrude Hammond took with her." "Did the woman procure a marriage license?" "Yes, indeed. She was sharp enough for that. I'll see to it that you will not meet her while you are here."

By that time the hotel had been reached and Claude Lewis lifted his hat at the entrance and walked away. The following day he introduced Helen to the famous specialist of nerve diseases, Doctor Clifton Ramsey, and remained in his office with her during the interview. The physician said, "I regret, Miss Granville, that such an unfortunate event should have occurred as this false marriage of your brother's, while I was in charge of his case." "False marriage? What do you mean?" Helen asked in astonishment. "For several months—in fact, ever since Mr. Granville's arrival at the Springs—he has been insane."

"Insane?" echoed Helen, as her face blanched and her eyes grew wide with horror. "What caused his insanity?" "Syphilis. He has probably had it for twenty years," the doctor answered. "What is syphilis?" "A treacherous, loathsome disease which destroys the minds and bodies of men. Your brother has it in its worst and most pitiable form." "How did he contract such a frightful malady?" "Through vice."

Helen remembered her conversation with John at the hospital in New York, and a tide of crimson swept over her face. Noticing her

suffering, Doctor Ramsey said, by way of consolation, "Your brother is not the only one who is afflicted with a sex disease, Miss Granville. I have seen one thousand American men die from syphilis; and I'm not an old man, as you see." He was in the full swing of life. "Is my brother's case hopeless?" Helen asked, not knowing what else to say. "Absolutely. There is no chance for him. He is bound to die. I have worked hard to save him, but I wish he would die. He is a generous, chivalrous gentleman by nature. I am sorry that this awful fate had to come to him."

Claude Lewis interrupted by saying, "I have told Miss Granville about the way that Gertrude Hammond found her way into John's room with the minister." "That preacher married a prostitute to an insane man. He should be put into the chain gang," Doctor Ramsey replied. Turning to Helen he said, "Miss Granville, I regard Gertrude Hammond as the most infamous creature that I ever met. I have never known any human being so devilish! She didn't undertake that marriage ceremony with your brother until she learned that he was lying at death's door. I was in the room with him all that night. So was Gertrude Hammond. Toward day-

break, when the patient's life was at its lowest ebb, she turned to me with a fiendish expression on her face and asked triumphantly, 'Do you think he can possibly live longer than an hour?' "

"So, you see," Claude Lewis remarked, "she married him for his money. She put off the ceremony until the last moment, hoping that he would die soon after." "I wouldn't have you to meet that woman for the world, Miss Granville!" Doctor Ramsey exclaimed vehemently; "I'm afraid something terrible would happen. She hates you. Hush! I wonder if she is in the hall now? Listen! She is coming here this morning." He arose hastily, went to the door and looked out. "No, thank goodness, she hasn't come yet."

"Mr. Lewis is an old friend of my brother's, Doctor Ramsey," Helen said. "He telegraphed me to come here, thinking you could give me some helpful advice. Is there anything that I can do, under the circumstances, that could redeem the situation even partially?" "I advise you to see a lawyer." "Here, at the Springs?" "Mercy, no! Go to one whom you have known a long time—one that you can trust. Have this fraudulent marriage annulled and save your brother's for-

tune. If he lives, he will have to be sent eventually to an institution for the insane; and he will then need all the money that he possesses." "I will consult my lawyer in Washington," Helen answered. "He knew my father at Harvard."

"That's just the thing to do," replied Doctor Ramsey; "but don't take any legal steps until your brother is dead. The shock would be too keen for him. When you undertake this suit, I shall be willing to appear in any court of justice in the United States and swear that at the time the marriage ceremony took place between John Granville and Gertrude Hammond, your brother was insane and had no consciousness of what he was doing; but go to a lawyer now." Helen thanked the specialist and left his office.

That afternoon she went with Claude Lewis to the sanitarium. She found John in bed, lying very still, except for the constant movement of his hands. When she entered his room, she heard him say to the nurse, in a low voice, "Don't tell my sister. Don't tell," and the reassuring response, "No, I won't." As Helen stood by her brother's side, she said, "I came from Denver to see you, John." "Yes, I know you did." After that, neither spoke for awhile. Helen could think of noth-

ing to say. The valves of her brain-cells seemed to close.

John suddenly became excited. "Why should this curse have been sent upon me?" he called out; "I've always been a good man. Why should I be cursed like this? I'm suffering horribly! Oh, I'm so sick!" In desperation, Helen turned away. "I'll come to see you again tomorrow, John. I hope you will be better by that time. Good-bye." "Good-bye," the invalid answered and groaned.

The nurse followed Helen into the hall. "Your brother is insane," she whispered. "He has been for months. He was very ill lately, but now he is free from pain. He made no complaint this whole day until you came." Mr. Lewis joined them. In going from the hospital with Helen he said, "Take my advice, Miss Granville, and leave the Springs at once. You can render no service to John and the Hammond woman may appear at any moment." Helen caught the next train for Washington. Standing on the steps of the Pullman, she said to Claude Lewis, "Go to see John for me and explain that my going was very sudden. Will you not?" "Yes, certainly," the young man answered, "I am willing to serve you in any way," and waved a farewell.

In the Court Room

CHAPTER XLII

IN THE COURT ROOM

As soon as possible after reaching Washington, Helen consulted her lawyer, Judge Robert Wilby. When she told him that Doctor Ramsey had said that she must not take legal action in John's case until he was dead, the Judge exclaimed, "By that time it will be too late! The Hammond woman will have gotten all of his money and you will be powerless to save him. Don't delay one moment longer than is absolutely necessary." "What shall I do?" "Where was your brother's last place of residence? Where was he last established in business?" "At Brampton." "There you must go and employ a lawyer. I can do nothing here."

Helen went to Brampton—to the hotel where John had lived when he was in the town. The Sheltons had removed to New York. Helen sent for the wife of John's former partner, who was now the partner of Fred Willis. She found her to be a thor-

ough-going person. "You must first see Doctor Winston, who was your brother's physician," she advised; "I will go with you to his office. He knows more about Mr. Granville's condition than anybody else; but, of course, every one noticed that there was something wrong with his mind for months before he sold out his share in our business."

"How was he affected?" Helen asked. "Whenever he began to talk, he would cry. This happened constantly in the store. When he saw the traveling salesmen, he would buy enormous quantities of the most useless goods—things that one could never hope to sell in a place the size of this. For instance: ten dozen long, white, kid gloves and bales of lace curtains. Your brother was always a gentleman, Miss Granville, but I am sorry that my husband and I had to be embarrassed financially by his misfortune."

Doctor Winston showed the deepest interest in Helen and began at once to ask questions about John. "He was very popular in Brampton," he declared; "it is a pity that his life should have lapsed into such a calamity."

"Did you notice anything suspicious about my brother's mind when he was in Brampton?" Helen inquired without hesitancy. "Oh,

yes! he was insane the entire time he was here; a mild form of insanity, it is true, but it grew persistently worse." "What was the cause of it?" "Syphilis. He had gone the way of many men. Fred Willis is one of them. He is now in a New York hospital, being treated for a serious venereal affection which promises to end disastrously for him."

After that conference Helen went to the bank in which John had deposited the money which he had realized from the sale of his business in Brampton. The president, Mr. Foster Clinton, received her most kindly. "I'm relieved that some one related to Mr. Granville has come at last to see about his affairs," he said; "I was beginning to grow uneasy and wondered what I should do." "How much money has my brother in your bank?" "Twenty-five thousand dollars; and I hear that he had deposited equally large sums in a New York bank and one in Chicago." Helen told the gentleman that her intention was to have a guardian appointed for John to look after him and administer his estate, and asked Mr. Clinton if he would assume the position. He gladly consented.

The next task was to see a lawyer. Mr. Shannon Ronyers was recommended as the

ablest attorney in Brampton. In the first conversation which Helen had with him, she went into John's case in detail, laying stress upon the promise of Doctor Ramsey to appear in any court of justice in the United States to testify that her brother was insane the day that Gertrude Hammond had entered into the false marriage with him. She also told the lawyer about Mr. Claude Lewis and his presence in Doctor Ramsey's office when that statement was made; of her talk with Judge Wilby in Washington and of his advice not to wait until her brother's death to institute the suit.

In the stress of her anxiety and bewilderment it had never occurred to her to write either to Doctor Ramsey or to Claude Lewis about the instruction which she had received from Judge Wilby. No doubt entered her mind as to the sincerity of Mr. Lewis, and she believed implicitly in Doctor Ramsey, remembering that he had urged her to see an attorney at once, regardless of everything else. This was her first experience with lawyers, and she shrank from the ordeal as every other sensitive woman-soul has from the beginning of civilization.

She was driven to prosecute the undertaking because of an intense longing to save John's fortune for himself, so that he could be provided for in comfort through the years of probable helplessness which stretched before him. Mr. Ronyers informed her that she would have to appear in court to declare that her brother was mentally unfit to conduct his business affairs. It was done and she signed a paper to that effect. Fortunately for her pride, no one was in the courtroom except the official before whom she had to appear, her lawyer and his son, who was the attorney's partner. However, the incident became known and was heralded to the world in the Bampton morning papers the following day. A copy was sent to John Granville.

The same mail carried to him the notice from Mr. Ronyers of the action taken in court. The invalid fainted. The Hammond woman engaged a lawyer, by wire, to oppose the case. Several days later Mr. Ronyers called at the hotel to see Helen. With marked coldness he said, "I wrote both to Doctor Ramsey and Mr. Claude Lewis after my first interview with you, and asked each one if he would testify in your suit. Here are their replies." He handed her a telegram. This

is what Helen read: "Hon. Shannon Ronyers: The action taken by Miss Granville was wholly unwarranted. Signed, Clifton Ramsey, M. D."

When Helen returned the astounding message to Mr. Ronyers, he held a letter before her eyes. "Do you recognize this handwriting?" he asked in a constrained voice. "Yes, it is that of Claude Lewis." "Please see what he writes." Helen read the following: "My dear Mr. Ronyers: Your communication came as a complete surprise. I have been acquainted with Mr. John Granville for many years. I have never known him to be saner than he has been for months past and is at this time. His mind is in a thoroughly sound condition. Yours faithfully, Claude Lewis."

Helen returned the letter to Mr. Ronyers in silence. She was too appalled to speak. "Well, what is your opinion of this development?" the lawyer asked derisively. "Years ago, Mr. Ronyers," Helen replied, "my brother saved Claude Lewis from the penitentiary and afterward gave him a position in his business at Brampton. The man is always in need of funds." "I know that he had a very shady reputation here," Mr. Ronyers

conceded. "Doubtless, when your notice was served on John that suit had been instituted," Helen said slowly and with painful effort, "Mrs. Gertrude Hammond, in her terror, offered a large sum of money to Mr. Lewis to swear to this falsehood."

"That is quite probable," Mr. Ronyers observed; "but how do you account for the apparent perfidy of Doctor Ramsey?" "I presume he was offended because I hadn't followed his advice and waited until my brother was dead before bringing the case in court. His professional pride was affronted, you see." "Well, Miss Granville, whatever solution you may offer for the mystery, one thing is certain: you have no witnesses and nothing can be done," and in anger Mr. Ronyers left the hotel parlor.

Helen was plunged in despair. In her extremity, she wrote to a cousin of hers in the North, who was a prominent physician, imploring him to go to the Springs to see John and testify to his insanity in the court at Brampton. He sent no reply. She wrote to another physician—a presumable friend. He refused to answer. She thought of Doctor Ralph Gordon and Don, but she couldn't bring herself to write to them—an indefinable

delicacy deterred her. She sent an appeal to three of her relatives, business men, to visit John and help her in the effort she was making to save his fortune. They declined to act.

One of the cruelest stabs that Helen Granville had to suffer in those days of misery was the reception of a letter from one of her cousins in the South, whom she had loved very dearly and whose home for years had been a haven of peace and happiness for her. The girl wrote: "For a long time, when John has made his trips to and from New York, he has stopped over to see me. I have had many hotel dinners with him. He has often spoken of the way you had talked about him to everybody, and of how you had interfered with his love affairs. He said when everything was reaching a happy culmination and he was at the point of winning a lovely woman as his wife, that you would step in and ruin it all. Now that your brother has married a prostitute, I hope you are satisfied." Helen understood, for the first time in her life, the despair which swept into the heart of the Christ that pitiable night when all had deserted him and He stood alone and betrayed.

The Mansion Is Invaded

CHAPTER XLIII

THE MANSION IS INVADED

In June, John Granville and Gertrude Hammond left the sanitarium for the South. He had sent letters ahead to friends and relatives along the route telling them of his marriage and expressed the hope that they would try to see his second wife. No responses were received. It seemed that every one who knew him had learned of his condition and of the wedding episode at the infirmary except his mother. Helen had done her utmost to shield her from a knowledge of it all and had succeeded so far.

When John arrived at his old home, no one was at the gate to welcome him. After he had staggered up the steps of the Mansion, assisted by his companion, and had passed into the hall, he saw his mother standing in the library. She reached out her hands in silent greeting to him and kissed him on the forehead. Without waiting to be presented, Gertrude Hammond sprang forward and in

a loud, patronizing voice exclaimed, "And this is mother!" The patrician woman before her was shocked as by a galvanic battery. She drew back instinctively, saying coldly, "To you, Madam, I am Mrs. Warren Lyerly Granville."

John paid no attention to the episode. He had fallen upon a divan in utter exhaustion. Not daunted in the least by the repulse, Mrs. Hammond asked, "Where is Helen?" "My daughter is not at home at present," came the reply. "Is she coming back soon?" "Not soon." "You sure must be lonesome in this big house. My notion is that Helen ought to stay with you." "I can not allow you to criticise my daughter, Madam," came from the tense lips of the lady of the Mansion, as she laid her finger on a soft-toned bell close at hand.

Dora Morris appeared. "Please show our guests to their rooms," Louise Granville said quietly. On leaving the library, the voice of Gertrude Hammond, with its grating, nasal twang, was heard saying, "Are you the girl what used to live across the creek? John often entertains me nights by telling me about you people." Dora made no response, and

after leading the way to the assigned apartment, withdrew.

Mrs. Hammond at once began an inspection of the furnishings. "Land's sake!" she called out to John, who had dropped on the bed; "I didn't half know how fine things was in this old house. I'm sure glad that you brought me here. I wouldn't have missed it for a peck of potatoes. I hope you'll see to it that you get your share of the property."

At the end of the first week John went into his mother's private room. Sinking into a chair, he asked, pantingly, "Have you made a will?" "Yes, son." "Have you devised half of this estate to me and the other half to Helen?" "No, I have given everything to your sister." "What right did you have to do that?" he railed. "I did all the work on this farm until I left for the university, and for years I sent money back to insure a living for you and father. You have defrauded me."

"A long time ago, John, on one of your visits home, you said that you wanted Helen to have everything; that there was nothing here you wished—either of real estate or of personal property. I took you at your word." "It was ridiculous for you to have done it. Affairs have changed with me. I need all

the money I can get. My health is a wreck." "But you made a fortune, John. You have enough income to support you comfortably the rest of your life." "That is not true. I have very little; and my wife has to run a rooming-house in New York to make ends meet. She works like a nigger. I order you to write another will and leave me half of my father's estate."

"Why do you say your father's estate? At the close of the civil war, Colonel Granville undertook to manage a large plantation which I inherited from my father. He placed mortgages on it and the property was lost. He then turned over this estate to me. At that time there was as much land in this plantation as in the place which was lost. I disliked the idea of having your father embarrassed by my ownership, so I deeded this plantation back to him." "That was what you should have done, because it was his and a long line of Granvilles back of him. They lived and reigned here before you were ever heard of—or your family. I demand, I tell you, a share in the estate of my forefathers."

"If the land should be divided, there wouldn't be enough left for your sister's support." "That's not my lookout. Let her con-

tinue to work. She is able to make her living. Let her work." "I shall have to ask you to leave me alone now, John. I am very tired and I'm no longer young." This was the beginning of a series of persecutions that continued for months. John eventually grew violent in his threats to his mother, standing over her and screaming out his demands. He invariably finished by saying, "I'll never give you anything again." Louise Granville became terrified. Her horror increased as time lengthened. She began to speak of her son as "that man, J. S. Granville." When he was out of the house, she would go from room to room getting together her most precious valuables and hiding them. She kept the china closet and the chest holding her oldest silver locked. She was in a state of panic. Since the first few days following her son's arrival she had not entered his apartment.

One afternoon Dora Morris found her lying on a sofa sobbing hysterically. "Oh, Dora, Dora!" she moaned, "protect me from that horrible man, J. S. Granville, and that frightful creature whom he has brought here to insult me. I have no one now to shield me but you, Dora." The faithful attendant decided upon a definite course. The next day

when John was in his mother's room shrieking out his threats to her, Dora entered. Rigid with anger, she said sternly to the infuriated man, "Leave this room, sir, and don't you dare ever to come back. If you do, I will have you arrested. I will not allow you to torment your mother again. Leave! Do you hear?"

John Granville broke down and cried and reeled into the hallway. He never returned to his mother's room. He began to remain in bed a great deal. While the Hammond woman was out for her usual long walks, he would lie helpless, waving his hands incessantly and calling to any one passing near his door, "Come in here! Come in here, I tell you!" This would be succeeded by strange, wild laughter.

Sam Morris and his wife went off for a week's visit to relatives in another part of the state. While they were gone, Louise Granville spent a day with Mrs. Gordon. Of course Dora Morris accompanied her. The keys to the whole house were thoughtlessly left hanging by the mantel in Mrs. Granville's room. Alone with John, Gertrude Hammond said, "Now is our chance to look for the will. Where do you guess your

mother left it?" "I should say in Helen's room." "We'll go there first." When they reached the door, they found it not only locked, but there was no key that would fit. "What shall we do?" whined John. "Burst it open," replied the woman; and with that she fell with her whole weight against the door. The lock was old and rusty and snapped apart. Gertrude Hammond pushed open the door and entered the room where all the treasures most sacred to the heart of Helen Granville were kept.

Everything was ransacked, and every article taken away that appealed to the cupidity of either of the invaders. In looking through the papers in Helen's desk, they came across a package of love-letters from Arthur Vaughan and read them with great glee; but no will was found. Gertrude Hammond uttered an oath. John Granville raved. "Never mind, dear, we'll get even with your old mother yet," and the woman helped him down the stairs.

The Feast

CHAPTER XLIV

THE FEAST

That afternoon Gertrude Hammond found all the silver which was not in daily use, packed it and sent it to the express office. The box was addressed to her mother who was conducting the rooming-house in New York during her absence. Every night for a week after that, when every one was asleep, she would go into the state dining-room, which was now never used, and pack the costly china and cut glass and have one box of it after another sent away in the darkness. Other valuable possessions of the Granville family followed, until every precious article which could be taken without its loss being detected was shipped to the East.

By the time that Sam Morris and his wife returned, the house had been successfully looted. On the day that Mrs. Granville and Dora came back from their visit to Mrs. Gordon, the keys were found innocently reposing where they had been left on the lady's

mantel. Neither discovered that two or three were missing, and they did not know when they were secretly restrung. "Do you think that you have taken everything that we will need, Gertie?" John asked with a gleam of cunning in his eyes. "I think so; everything. I looked everywhere. Even on top of the wardrobe in your mother's room." "You didn't find anything there, did you?" "Yes, a long box. In it was fine underclothes, a pair of white silk stockings and a pair of white kid slippers. To top it, there was an awfully fine dress of white silk covered with white net embroidered in silver. Over it all was a long veil of white lace."

"Do you know what those things are, Gertie?" "No. What?" "They are mother's grave-clothes. All of her married life she has kept a box filled with things for her to be buried in, so, at her death, there will be no hurry nor confusion." "You don't mean it?" "I do. Every few months mother has put fresh clothing in that box and taken out the older garments. That splendid dress you saw was her wedding costume and that lace wrapped about it was her bridal veil." "Great scott!" "Do you know what that veil cost, Gertie?" "I can't guess. Tell me."

"My grandfather Stuart imported it from Antwerp. It cost one thousand dollars."

"Stars alive! Do you calculate it would bring anything in the market now?"

"Well, I reckon. Age has enhanced its value." "Don't you think we had ought to send that whole box of grave-clothes to New York and try to sell the fine things?" John's voice was scarcely audible. "Do it, old girl. You can easily manage it. Mother goes out for exercise every morning on fair days with Dora Morris, you know," and he winked shrewdly.

The burial clothes were duly sent away. The empty box was replaced over the wardrobe. Into it Gertrude Hammond dropped a card bearing her name on which was written: "The clothes what was once here will be sold in New York. I and John have not only taken these things, but all of the china and cut glass and much of the family silver. Insults have their returns. Vengeance belongs to me."

Every evening, after the heat of the day had passed, Gertrude Hammond would order an automobile from the garage at Strathmore and go driving with John Granville. They usually paid visits to the bakeries and grocery

stores. The woman detested Southern biscuits and cornbread, so she supplied herself with food that was palatable. While seated at the supper table one evening, John forgot to eat and, as usual, sat staring out of the window. The neatness and elegance for which he was once noted among his friends had long since disappeared. Today particles of the scrambled eggs which he had attempted to swallow were streaming from the corners of his mouth. Gertrude Hammond said to Mrs. Granville, "Won't you have some of my white bread?" nodding at the loaf on a plate before her. John nudged the woman on the arm and whispered, "You had better look out, Gertie, how you offer that bread. It's got to last us for a week. Our baker is going away, you know."

After that Louise Granville had all of her meals served in a private room, and she ate alone. This was the crowning offense to Gertrude Hammond. With suppressed fury she said to John, "Have you done anything yet to hire lawyers to prosecute your sister?" "No, I'll do that tomorrow. Make me think of it, won't you, Gertie? I'll drive Helen to the wall if it takes the last dollar on earth that I have." John Granville's hatred for his

sister was inveterate. In fact, he had turned against all who had been dear to him and who were closest to his life. He regarded each one with suspicion. Very soon he called to see the most prominent lawyer in Strathmore, who for years had been a friend of the Granvilles. "Mr. Gartley," John began, in a slow, hesitating way, "I have come to ask you to act as counsel in a suit that I shall enter against my sister."

"Against your sister?" "Why, yes. Several years ago I gave her four handsome dresses. She offered to pay for them, but I would not permit her to do it. Now I need the money and she must hand it over." "John Granville!" "Yes, sir." "Drop the suit, John. Is this complaint the only charge which you have to bring against Miss Helen?" "Isn't that enough?" John called out boisterously. "If you don't want to take the case, you can let it alone!" and he left Mr. Gartley's office trembling with anger and pounding his feet upon the floor. He was led downstairs by Gertrude Hammond. The two visited every lawyer in Strathmore and in the county. Every one regarded John with a smile of compassion; each treated Gertrude Ham-

mond with scant courtesy, and all refused to undertake the prosecution.

At the close of the interview with the last attorney, John said, in a voice vibrating with vindictiveness, "This day I register a vow, Gertie, that after my mother's death I shall employ the most astute lawyer in New York and I will hound Helen Granville down. Do you understand?" "Yes, dear; you are right." "I shall have my mother's will broken and get my share of my father's estate if I die for it. If I fail in the attempt, I want you to continue the prosecution after my death; and after your death there will be lawyers through generations to sue. I will be avenged. My spirit shall haunt Helen Granville. If she should attend my funeral, I would stand up in my coffin and shriek at her." "I'll do the prosecuting all right," the woman answered. "Don't you worry. I know a little of hate and revenge myself. I'll pursue your sister to the grave's limit and to the gates of hell."

At the end of four months, the two returned to New York. In honor of the event, they gave an elaborate dinner. The friends whom John Granville had in his earlier days in the city had passed out of his life. It was a motley crew that came as guests on the occa-

sion of the feast: men with much-worn suits and run-down heels; men with dissipated faces and loose manners. Women of the underworld were there, and women of the servant class: loud, frowsy, insolent women. As John Granville sat at the head of his dinner-table, which was royal with the rich heirlooms that had been taken from his old Southern home, he would say, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to call your attention to this china. It is Sévres—the finest that can be bought. My great-great-grandfather Granville ordered it from Europe decades ago." "Hurrah! Hurrah!" came from the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must tell you that this handsome soup ladle and all of the costly silver which you see on this festal board, also belonged to my ancestors." "Hail to the old boys!" one of the men, with leery eyes, called out, and the other guests clapped their hands. "Ladies—especially ladies," John hesitated, gazing lewdly at the half-naked women about him, "this cut glass has been handed down through many generations. I beg each of you, as well as every gentleman present, to carry away a piece as a souvenir of this most happy occasion." He staggered to his feet and began to rave. At that moment

Donald Gordon walked into the banquet hall, laid his hand on the shoulder of the master of the feast and led him gently away.

Just as soon as Helen Granville heard that John and his companion had returned to New York she cancelled her engagement with the papers and magazines for which she had been writing and went home to stay. Doctor and Mrs. Gordon had left the week previous to make their home in Baltimore.

His Removal

CHAPTER XLV

HIS REMOVAL

The night following the dinner, Gertrude Hammond had a confidential talk with her mother. The older woman said, "Are you sure that John Granville has made over all of his property to you?" "Yes, cocksure. You can wager your last link on that. But I had a time getting it. When his spells was on him, he was that contrary I couldn't do nothing with him. At times I thought everything was lost for me. He wanted to give all he had to that Alice Randolph." "Gertie, do you intend to put up a fight against having John Granville taken to the insane asylum?" "Not a bit of it. Why should I care where he goes, now that I have all of his money? I would have shipped him long ago, if I could have made him sign them checks giving me everything. He's a sight to look at now. His teeth are dropping out and he's almost totally paralyzed. He had ought to go to a madhouse. He has been batty in the

belfry many a day. I have had to dance to his piping until I'm about played out." "You sure have earned the coin," the mother replied, wiping her watery mouth.

The appearance of Donald Gordon, on the occasion of the dinner, was the first time that he had been in the New York quarters of John Granville since the death of Estelle Vaughan. He went to the house of Gertrude Hammond now, to see him because Miss Alice Randolph had requested him to do it and to write her of his condition. After that he visited John every week—taking one or two doctors with him. Finally he wrote Miss Randolph that the physicians who had seen John concurred in the opinion that he was hopelessly insane and should be placed in a private retreat or in a state institution. Miss Randolph showed the letter to Helen, who wrote to Donald asking him to do what was best for her brother's comfort and protection.

The removal was effected without a violent scene, the demented man thinking that he was starting on a journey to his old home. "I'm sorry I can't take you with me, Gertie," he whimpered when the men appeared to carry him down the stairway. "You see, mother has sent for me and I must start at

once. You wouldn't have time to get ready, would you?" "No, dear." "I'll be back soon, Gertie. I'm going to get strong in the South. When I return, I'll run up these steps just as I used to do when we had our dream-days here, won't I, Gertie?" "That you will." "You won't be lonely while I'm gone, will you, Gertie?" "No, dear. Take good care of yourself. Good-bye, John; good-bye."

He was taken to the asylum at night. As he sat in an invalid's chair in the office waiting for the manager to appear, he looked about him vaguely; then turning to Donald Gordon, who stood near, he said, "Mother has been making some changes in the old house. It doesn't look natural here. I wish you would ask the Colonel out for a little talk with me, Don." "Very well." "My father is quite a gentleman. I would like to see him at once." Then he called out in a loud voice, "Mother! I'm here. Your boy, John, has come! Where do you suppose mother is, Don?" "She's coming."

"Don, I want you to go with me tomorrow to Ingleside. Such a wonderful thing happened yesterday." "What was it?" "I was in the woods with Miss Randolph; those same dear, old woods near Strathmore. You re-

member, don't you?" "Yes, indeed." "Well, Miss Alice and I were talking. She said, 'John, if you conquer the tiger, you will be master and he will draw your chariot for you. If the tiger conquers, he will be the driver and you will drag his wagon for him.' Wasn't that a remarkable thing for a woman to say?" "Very!" "Well, which do you think has conquered, the tiger or John Stuart Granville?" and he gave a wild, maniacal laugh.

"Mother!" he called out the second time, "I'm at home again! Come to your boy! Mother!"

The men approached to take him to his room. "Come, Don, stay with me tonight. I'm not brave as I used to be. I'm not well, you see." "I'm sorry, John, but I have to start back to Baltimore right away." "So soon? Why, you can't go with me to see Miss Alice." "No, not this time. I must leave you now. Good-bye, old boy." "Good-bye, Don. Good luck to you. Mother! I'm coming now!" and his chair was wheeled into the elevator.

The following day Donald Gordon had an interview with Gertrude Hammond. "Can you tell me, madam," he inquired, "where

John Granville's money is deposited or invested?" "John Granville's money?" the woman sneered insolently; "he hasn't no money. What he once had is mine. He made over the last dollar to me three days ago." "May I ask where you have deposited or invested that money?" "I don't mind telling you nor anybody else. It is safe and sound—all in the name of Gertrude Hammond." "Will you tell me where you have placed the money?" "What do you take me for—a ninny? I had a right to my husband's money and a right to put it where I chose; but nobody has a right to come peeking into my business and to insult me. If it will do you any good, I'll tell you where the cash is deposited," and she named one of the smaller banks in New York City.

Don wrote again to Helen to know if she wished to institute a suit for the recovery of her brother's property. "No, no!" she replied; "not for worlds would I have that grave reopened. Let the woman keep her ill-gotten gains. My fingers would be stained if I touched one cent of it. Neither would I have back my family heirlooms. The sight of those precious old things and the memory of their profanation would break my heart."

A Long Journey Ended

CHAPTER XLVI

A LONG JOURNEY ENDED

October had come again. The golden-rod and coreopses bordered the roadsides like soldiers in yellow uniforms. Vines laden with crimson berries hung from every available bush. The trees were assuming their royal raiment. Cotton was drooping in snowy cascades from its ripe bolls. The brilliant sheen of the sugar-cane flaunted itself in emerald grandeur. Wagon loads of unhusked corn were being emptied into the barns. Pecans and walnuts, scaly-barks and hickory-nuts were falling plentifully to the ground. Muscadines and other grapes hung in purple clusters waiting to be plucked. All nature was in gorgeous array. The long, hot summer had gone. In its stead stood autumn—glowing, beneficent, beautiful.

Miss Alice Randolph was alone at Ingle-side. She had just returned from a long walk. Sinking into a chair, she closed her eyes, more in retrospection than in fatigue.

She was thinking of John Granville. A large shepherd dog, that Donald Gordon had brought to her from Virginia, lay at Miss Randolph's feet. A sudden growl from him caused her to look up quickly. Standing in the doorway, bronzed by life under a tropical sun, but resplendent in his mature manhood, stood Lord Neville. With a cry that had in it the heartbreak of years mingled with a boundless rapture, Alice Randolph sprang toward him holding out her hands. Then, as the memory of their last interview flashed through her mind, a painful flush dyed her cheeks and throat. She hesitated, trembled and stood still.

With one bound forward Lord Neville caught the frail figure in his arms, and, like a soul that had been starved, but now had the bread of life before it, he began to kiss her ravenously: her lips, her hair, her hands. All the while he was murmuring passionate, endearing terms, imploring to be forgiven. "I went away because I thought you didn't care, Alice, darling," he said at last. Extricating herself from his embrace and turning away from him, she asked, "How does it happen that you are here now?" "Your friend, Helen Granville, wrote to me years

ago, saying that you had come to America and gave directions about reaching Strathmore." "Years ago! You were in supreme haste to respond. Allow me to congratulate your lordship upon your ardor."

"Let me explain, Alice. At that time I was in the Soudan with the British forces. My mail was given to an officer who was killed before he could deliver it to me. Miss Granville's letter was in his pocket at his death. In the confusion that followed it was sent, by mistake, to England, with papers belonging to him. There it remained untouched until four months ago, when a relative unstrapped the package, found Miss Granville's letter and sent it back to me."

"Amazing! Where were you when it reached you?" "In Cairo." "Henry! And did you make that long sea-voyage, in the heat of summer, just to see me?" "Did I?" and he reached out for her hands. "Oh, sweetheart, I have felt at times that I would go mad if I couldn't be with you again; that I would give all the world and my hope of heaven for one glimpse of your angel-face. I haven't written through all these empty, cruel years because I feared you would spurn my letters."

"And in all this time, Henry Neville, I have longed for the sound of your voice 'as the homeless long for home.' I didn't write because I thought you were too angry to care to hear from me." "Isn't it tragic, and isn't it maddening?" he exclaimed. "But there are years yet to be lived. Come, Alice, darling; let's go back home. Be my wife, dear heart." "Wife?" Alice Randolph repeated slowly; "how strangely that sounds! Wouldn't your mother and sister object?" A shadow darkened the countenance of Lord Neville. With reverent voice he replied, "They have both passed into another life."

"Forgive me, dear," and her lips trembled. Then she said: "The dead years must now have their gates closed because the day has dawned. We shall marry and return to England. There, in the land that is so precious to you and to me, we shall live our resurrected lives; but—" and she faltered. "Father and I are together now. I couldn't leave him, you know." "Judge Randolph shall go with us." "Yes, he must. He once lived in Great Britain. The change will probably be welcome to him. He has been lonely here since the death of Helen Granville's father."

"England will have its memories, too, will it not?" "Many. My mother's grave is there." Noticing her growing sadness, Lord Neville said cheerily, "Come, sweetheart. Tell me all about our evangel, Helen Granville. She has a name of distinction. You remember the connection of Earl Granville with the American Colonies in the early history of this country?" "Yes, I have often seen his name on old land grants."

Miss Randolph grew enthusiastic in speaking of Helen's beauty, her force of character, her struggles for mastery over poverty and misfortune. Then she related the romantic story of the finding of the jewels. "Those old haunts in New Orleans must be very interesting," Lord Neville observed. "I shall run off for a day or two while I am here and visit them, especially the shops where the old Southern things are bought and sold," and he inquired the address of the dealers who had purchased the Beaufort treasures. That night Henry Neville was the guest of Judge Randolph, as he had been in the long ago of his daughter and her grandmother when he was lost in the mountains of Scotland. The courtly old gentleman never appeared more at ease than when in the company of the Eng-

lish nobleman. His own had come to him. The call of the blood was strong in his veins, and with all its might now it tugged at his heartstrings.

The following day his lordship left for the capital of the state for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for a civil marriage in a foreign country. From there he went to New Orleans.

Miss Randolph sent for Helen Granville and told her of the miracle that had appeared in her life; then she took the girl's hands in hers and kissed them for having written that letter to Henry Neville. As they entered the house, Miss Randolph was speaking of her approaching marriage. She said, "Weeks ago I ordered some things for the early fall wear. They came two days ago—most opportunely for me now; for among them is an afternoon costume of dark-blue silk velvet. It will be impossible for me to get anything more at present, as the time for preparation is so limited. I shall wait until I get to Europe to purchase my trousseau—one befitting the social position of Lord Neville. I wish to ask you, dear, if you think the dress I have selected will be suitable for my wedding."

The room in which they were now standing was one that Helen had never seen before. It was finished in white and gold. The furniture bore the same decoration. Before a large mirror on the mantel, in a tall silver vase, was a cluster of white carnations that Lord Neville had brought. The air was redolent with their fragrance.

Helen Granville stood dazed and benumbed with a sense of overwhelming loss. In utter silence she looked about the room, as if startled from a bewildering dream. When her glance rested upon the bridal costume, she seemed to comprehend, for the first time, the fulness of its meaning. Walking unsteadily toward the stand upon which it had been laid, she fell upon her knees beside it, and covering her face with her hands, broke into a passion of weeping. Miss Randolph had gone to the mantel to readjust the flowers in the silver vase. She was holding some of them in her hands. As she heard the girl's moans, she bent her face over the carnations and blinding tears fell like rain upon them. "Please, don't cry, dear," she said, her voice faint with emotion. "If your mother passes into eternity before you do, come to England and to me. Will you not? Promise me now."

Lord Neville returned one day sooner than he had expected. In true English style, he had walked from the village. In his eagerness, he didn't wait to reach the front gate, but was approaching the dwelling from a side entrance which led through the flower-garden. The windows of the room of white and gold opened into it. Hearing the sound of crying, he looked in the direction from which it came, and there beheld a picture which it was never possible for him to forget.

The hospitality of the Mansion was offered to the English gentleman for the remainder of his stay in the Strathmore neighborhood, and it was gladly accepted. His gratitude to Helen amounted almost to adoration. To Mrs. Gránville, who had donned the manner of her queenship of ante-bellum days, he was all deference.

The hour for Miss Randolph's marriage arrived. The woods had emptied their glories into the spacious halls and beautiful apartments at Ingleside, until they seemed to breathe and thrill with the warmth and splendor of autumnal color. The bride appeared as the incarnation of the spirit of the forest in its beauty and its quietude as she stepped into the drawing-room. At the doorway she

was met by Lord Neville, whose face was radiant with the effulgence of a happiness that had been lost, but was found again. They stood in front of the deep, broad windows which looked out toward the west.

Rainbow tints lingered in the sunset sky. A rosy volume of opaline light flooded the room. For a second, it withdrew; then, with dazzling splendor, returned to envelop the delicate sapphire-clad figure of Alice Randolph as in a heavenly embrace. Again, there was an evanescent flight, to come back in concrete form and rest for one moment in shimmering glory, like a halo, above the head of the bride, before it disappeared forever. Helen Granville stood by the side of Judge Randolph. Just before the clergyman began the wedding service, the big shepherd dog leisurely entered the room and, going up to Miss Alice, gazed steadfastly into her eyes, then laid his head against her knee. So, she was married.

Two weeks later, Helen Granville received a letter from Lady Neville, who wrote: "We had a happy journey. For several days we have been in New York. I am so thankful that you sent a letter of introduction to Edith Shelton, who called to see me at my hotel.

She told me that the bank in which Gertrude Hammond had deposited all of John's money had failed and that she had lost every dollar of it. When the woman heard the news she became infuriated. Turning suddenly she slipped and fell violently on the floor, striking her head against the brass claws of a table and crushing her skull. After she had been dead for hours, her body was discovered by her old mother. So, my dearest, we see that although Retribution may seem to sleep it has its waking hours.

"To my delight I met Donald Gordon yesterday. He had just arrived from France. Wasn't it splendid that he was among the first to enlist in the great World War—that he was honored with the title of Major—and that he was among the first of the contingent who were returned to their native land? He made an enviable record as Surgeon in the American Army.

"Donald told me of the suicide of Fred Willis, which occurred last week in a New York hospital.

"Father, Lord Neville and I, take shipping tomorrow for Liverpool. Farewell, my darling. I wrap about you my love and my religion."

That afternoon a package came to Helen Granville. It contained a handsome case. When the spring was touched and the cover flew open, the jewels that had been so precious to her mother's heart and hers lay revealed: the diamond necklace given by the Russian grand duchess to her great-grandmother, Eugenie Beaufort, and the string of pearls which was presented by the Empress Josephine. There was a little card attached. Helen lifted it to her lips. On it was written, "From your grateful friends, Alice and Henry Neville."

The Appeal Is Rejected

CHAPTER XLVII

THE APPEAL IS REJECTED

One afternoon, late in the spring, Louise Granville made her toilet with particular care. About five o'clock she stepped out on the veranda dressed in an exquisite *crêpe de chine* which her daughter had brought her from Washington. Every article of her apparel was white. Her hair, now snow-white, lay in masses about her proud head. A faint color was in her cheeks. Her eyes were shining. When she appeared, Helen glanced up from her book. "Mother! How beautiful you are!" "Thank you, darling."

"Why are you gowned so elaborately? Are you expecting company for supper?" "Yes, a distinguished guest is coming. He will be here before tea-time. Isn't it strange about one's premonitions? I can't tell you who the visitor will be, but I know that I must be ready to receive him." Helen felt alarmed. "Rest awhile, mother. Lie here on the couch." "Thank you, daughter. I am tired; very, very tired," and she closed her eyes.

The rays of the evening sun fell slantingly across the reclining figure, touching the whiteness into roseate hues. Suddenly Louise Granville looked up with startled gaze in which there was an expression of surprised delight. "How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed; "I am waiting to go home with you." The voice died in trembling cadences and the eyes closed forever. The distinguished Guest had come and gone and the spirit of Louise Stuart Granville had departed with him.

June came once more. Helen was sitting on the veranda alone, vaguely conscious of the fragrance of flowers with which the air was laden. She was living over in retrospect that incident of her childhood when she sat crushed and still in the great guest-chamber, too weary to think or to care. She could see herself stretched out upon the floor with her arms for a pillow, sinking into sleep. The click of a gate attracted her attention. Glancing down the walk she saw Donald Gordon. He walked quickly up the steps and went toward her. She didn't rise, but extended both hands to him in greeting. He sank into a chair near her.

Neither spoke. The spell of the night was upon them. The moonlight was glorifying the world. They noticed the shimmer of its beams upon the brilliant green leaves of the live-oaks and the fairy pictures etched under the trees. The tinkle of a far-away bell was heard, followed by a weird refrain:

"I'm going away, yes, I'm going away—
To a land that is fairer than this."

"Donald! Donald!" Helen cried out, her mind acute with memories; "all have gone who made up life for me." "No, dear," the man replied, his tones deep with emotion; "I am left to you. Let me stay, will you not? Grant me the privilege of remaining with you while life for us shall last. I love you!"

"Please, Donald; please don't." "I will speak. I have waited untiringly. I have filled the years with work. I have accumulated a competency for your sake. I have built a home for my darling. Let us go to it. Allow me to claim you as my wife." "No, Donald; that can never be. Nothing could induce me to marry. I would kill myself before I would bring a child into the world. I would be afraid that it would develop like John," and she shivered. "I would not re-

quire motherhood of you." "You may think that now, but you would change after marriage. The usual man desires children of his own; and when they do not come to him, he is disappointed." "Helen!" "It is true; and the woman who decides before marriage not to bear children for a husband who is blameless, morally is a thief, for she deprives him of his right to fatherhood. Oh! Donald, my brother, through his vices, has robbed me both of wifedom and motherhood."

Unheeding, Don cried out, "You don't know my heart, Helen." "But I do know men. You would make a glorious father, Donald. Go back to Baltimore, which is famous for its beautiful women, and marry a young girl who would be glad to render motherhood to you. Marry a woman whose blood is free from taint and her mind unburdened with memories." "If you refuse to be my wife, Helen, I shall marry no one else. Don't waste your splendid energies in clinging to a shadow. Don't sentence your existence and mine to a loneliness which can bring nothing in return but wretchedness. Walk with me through life, Helen, darling," he pleaded.

"Would you be willing to accept only a half life, Donald? That is all I have to give to anyone." "I would take the smallest fraction and regard myself as the most fortunate of men. I would grasp the faintest reflection of love from you and be satisfied." "Ah! Donald, you deserve a better fate. I wish that I was like other women and could receive the happiness which you offer me." "Why not? Why not?" he asked impetuously; "I can not understand." "It is simply this, Donald Gordon. I will not, I will not subject my body to the passion of any man. The very thought fills my being with repugnance."

"I wonder if you will believe me, Helen Granville, when I tell you that I have kept myself free from sexual indulgence for your sake? I have always dreamed of marrying you; and I felt that it was as much my duty to maintain the sanctity of my sex-life, as it would be my right to expect purity from my wife." You have been most noble, Donald, and I honor you for your strength; but because you have kept your physical life inviolate, that is no guarantee that you would not require sexual submission from your wife.

After your years of continence, you would demand that as a man's right."

"If I have held my sex-nature in subjection all these years, don't you think I could control myself in marriage?" "No, I do not; and it would be unjust on my part to exact it of you." "You haven't always held these views, Helen. You would have married Arthur Vaughan." "I would, as a young girl, for I knew no better; but I would not now. I'm a perfectly normal person. I'm splendidly strong and well; but I give you my word, that the revelations concerning sex which have come to me through the tragedy of my brother's life have steeled my heart against the possibility of the sex-touch in my experience. So, go away, Donald."

"I declare to you, Helen, by all I regard as holy, that if you will marry me, you shall be my sweetheart wife and that only. You shall have your apartments and I shall have mine. We shall be companions." "That program has been tried often and has always ended in failure; generally in a divorce suit instituted by the man. Don! Don! You are pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. You are pledging yourself to impossible fulfillments."

"You don't know me." "Yes, I do; better than you know yourself. You will never realize what this decision has meant to me. I love you, Donald Gordon. Oh! how I love you! Arthur Vaughan was the adoration of my college days. You are the love of my womanhood." "Helen! Helen!" "Be still, Don. Listen for a while. Your very presence rests me. It gives me a consciousness of protection; that something for which I long. No soul could be higher and finer than yours. You are my ideal. Life with you would bring a contentment which could never be described if it were not for one thing: the sex-feature. I love you, Don; your beautiful spirit—your loyal nature—but I abhor the sex in you as I loathe the sex in all men."

"You make me hate sex, Helen." "Please go away, Don." "And leave you here in this desolation? I will not." "I don't intend to stay here. Haven't you heard of the death of Mr. Julian Vaughan?" "No. When did it occur?" "A week after my mother died. In the letter from the law firm in New York, making the announcement, I was told that Mr. Vaughan had left half of his great fortune to me." "How good that was of him!" "It was more than that. It was magnani-

mous—after all that John had brought to him of shame and sorrow. Donald, before we part—probably forever—I wish that you would promise me to look after John always. Will you?” “I promise you that most solemnly.” “Will you collect the rents from this plantation every year and apply the money to making my brother more comfortable?” “I will.” “I would never use one dollar for myself that came from this place.”

“I can understand.” “Of course, I shall provide an independent income for Dora Morris.” “Of course. What are your plans, Helen?” “I have decided to devote the remainder of my days to reconstruction work in the desolated countries of Europe.” “You have chosen well. Where will you go first?” “To France. I have made every arrangement to start next week.” “All the while, I shall be plodding along with my profession; living by the hope of seeing you again in life. In the hereafter, I shall ask God to let me stay where I can look at you; not to speak to you, nor to touch you—but simply to look at you. That would be heaven for me.”

Breaking down suddenly, he exclaimed, in the strong agony of his renunciation, “Oh! Helen, Helen; how can I give you up? How

can I live without you?" She extended her hands again to him. He took them in both of his and laid them against his cheek, then covered them with kisses. "Good-bye, sweetheart, Don," she murmured; "good-bye. You must give me to humanity. Let that thought comfort us in our separation." While she watched him slowly disappear among the lengthening shadows, she whispered, "God pity me. How I love him! My Donald!"

Months afterward Dora and her mother were seated on the back gallery at the Mansion sewing. "Do you think that Helen Granville will ever marry?" Mrs. Morris asked musingly. "Never! and I'm glad of it." "Why?" "Once a gypsy woman told me that if I never married, my soul after death would grow between lilies in paradise. Helen must have that lily-growth; and I'm going to have it, too."

Mrs. Morris smiled, but there were tears in her eyes.

The Triumph



The Triumph

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE SURPRISE

Lord and Lady Neville had gone to Scotland for the summer—to the home in the mountains which was fraught with such romantic interest for both of them. Upon their entreaty Helen Granville had temporarily laid aside the humanitarian work in France which she had assumed and was now with her friends for a much-needed rest.

Toward the close of a quiet afternoon, the girl found her way to a secluded part of the splendid park which opened out into the forest. With a quivering sigh, which was half shudder, she sank with extreme languor upon a rustic bench and allowed her gaze to dwell upon the waters of the picturesque lake which stretched before her in deep serenity.

From her waist she drew a letter which had been written a month previous, and had followed her from point to point on the Continent. It was from Donald Gordon.

This is what she read, with dry eyes from which the light of joy had faded: "My dear

Helen: It is my sorrowful duty to write you about John. For a long time he was confined to his bed, almost totally paralyzed. For several months he was unable to carry on a connected conversation. During the last weeks of his life he was unconscious, talking in disjointed sentences of his Southern home, of his father and mother—but especially of you. He died suddenly. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the throat. For quite a while it had been impossible for him to swallow food and he had to be fed by artificial means. Soon after John's marriage to Estelle Vaughan, he became very much depressed. In those days, he spoke often of death and made me promise that if I should outlive him, I would have his body buried in New York. All that is mortal of him now rests in that great city. Your grief is mine, Helen, over the supreme tragedy of John's life and death. The brother whom you have lost was the best loved friend and comrade of my boyhood. I exist now, as in the past, to serve you. Allow me a continuation of that precious privilege, will you not? Yours most faithfully."

Thrusting the letter into its envelope, Helen Granville sprang to her feet with a

gesture of despair. As she turned to leave, she found herself face to face with Donald Gordon. She stood mute, while her heart beat wildly and her throat ached with the fever of unshed tears. In silence, she held out her hands. Don kissed them reverently, then directed the girl gently to the seat which she had vacated.

Quelling her emotion, Helen said, "I have just finished reading this from you, Donald," glancing at the letter in her hand. Then hurriedly, like the introduction of an after-thought, "John's terrible illness—the insanity—the paralysis, ending in death—were not the results of heredity, were they, Don?" "No, indeed. When Colonel Granville was in such distress over John's condition, he told my father that there had been no vice-taint in the blood of his ancestors, nor in that of your mother's progenitors, as far back as it was possible to trace the records; at least, for three generations preceding the birth of John." "Thank God!" Helen exclaimed under her breath. "The same is true of my family," Don Gordon announced proudly. "If it had not been, I would never have asked you to marry me, Helen. When my father was revealing to me, as a boy, the secrets of life and

instilling into my nature a horror of sensualism and its inevitable retributions, he taught me to honor the heritage of sex-purity which had come to me from both sides of my house."

"You have been good to me, Don," Helen replied, laying her hand suddenly on the young physician's and as quickly withdrawing it. "I didn't expect you here. How did it happen?" "I came on business—to buy some surgical instruments in London which I could not find in America. I had a few days of grace after my purchases had been made, so I ran up here to pay my respects to our Lady Alice." "She must have been surprised to see you." "She was." "Did she send you into the woods to look for me?" "She did—almost immediately upon my arrival a few moments ago." "Dear Miss Alice!"

"Do you realize, Helen, that two years have gone by since you left the United States?" "Yes, Don." "Do you appreciate the fact, Helen, that you have written to me only twice in all that time?" "Yes, Don. Have the two years been good to you?" "Wonderfully so—in a professional way; but my heart has been starved from lack of your presence. Is this to go on forever? The separation? The endless torture that comes

from being away from you?" "You are brave to reopen that subject, Don Gordon." "Oh! more than brave: bold, presumptuous, insufferable! Everything that is ugly and forbidding! Helen Granville, I worship you. How can you expect me to keep silent before a love that enthralls and overpowers me? A love that is all of life to me? A love that had no conscious beginning and which shall have no end? It is my eternity." "You have kept beautifully silent for two years, Don." "Because you demanded it. I could not obtrude myself upon you. Fortunate chance arranged for us to meet again. The very sight of you has sent a storm of longing through my being that will not be held in check. I must speak."

"You haven't asked, Don, how the past two years have dealt with me." "I did not have to question you. I see it all in your eyes: the mental suffering, the ceaseless effort to conquer your own soul." "The hideous loneliness of it all!" The girl shivered. "I have been in the midst of stress; the crowds have pressed upon me hungry for sympathy and for bread. I have beheld frightful desolation. I have heard the anguished cry of humanity. I have tried to answer by personal devotion and by lavish outlay of money, but

the loneliness continues. It engulfs me. My days are dark because of it. I had arrived at a definite conclusion, Don—long before you came.” “Yes? what is it? Tell me, Helen.” “That all the world is nothing to me without you, Donald Gordon.” “Helen! Helen Granville! Do you mean to say that—that—after all—you are willing to be my wife? That—” “Yes, Donald Gordon, I am willing to marry you—here—in old Scotland—and to go home with you—*home*. Listen! Is that the voice of Miss Alice? Yes, she is calling us. Come, Don.” Hand in hand they walked away together, their radiant faces turned toward the larger life found in destiny fulfilled.

